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GUILFORD REVIEW



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EDITOR'S NOTE

This issue of the Guilford Review revolves around women on the social scene--as crusaders for reform, religious leaders, laborers in the marketplace, teachers, shapers of culture through literature and scientific discovery. As in our last issue, which focused on women's awareness of their changing lives, we have included poetry, journal, and fiction in order to give a richer view of the meanings of social activities.

The fall issue will publish material drawn from the current Faculty Colloquium on the development of sex roles. Next spring's issue will investigate science and the imagination. The Editorial Board would welcome possible contributions to these issues from people associated with Guilford College.

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Copies may be ordered from the same address at \$2.50 per copy, \$5.00 for a year's subscription. The following back issues are available for \$1.50 each: #2, "Woman and Mythology"; #3, "Myth in Multiple Perspective"; #4, Poetry and Fiction; #5, "Creative Process in the Arts and Sciences"; and #6, "Women in Change."

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MOTHER'S STORY

I do not really know Mother's story. I remember parts of what she has told me and I know that I have forgotten parts even as I have chosen to forget parts of my own. But what I can reconstruct now, after some years of looking for clues and hints about Mother's story and what it means to her, must begin a long time before she was born. In fact, it must begin with Desire Chase, Mother's great-great-great-grandmother, because the story of her life affected Mother's and thus mine. We have very little information about Desire Chase herself, at least in our family. My mother's father, Alfred Simkin, was the son of Samuel Simkin and Ann Rebecca Chase. Ann Rebecca was the daughter of Joseph Chase and Winifred Bocot. Joseph Chase was the son of Judah Chase and Phebe M. _____. Judah Chase was the "Son of Desire," of Nantucket Island. The other males of the Chase family born in the same generation as Judah were listed in the Chase-Simkin family records that my grandfather, Alfred, gave me to keep, as sons of Isaac or James or Benjamin, etc. Only Judah has no male parentage. My mother knew this. I do not know how this generation from a female line was interpreted to her as she grew up. I suspect it was kept a secret for a long time. After all, there were other stories to tell about the Chase family and how they had left the island of Nantucket and moved to central New York State to maintain their Quaker life but to cultivate the fields instead of fishing for whales in the sea.

In fact, my mother's great-grandfather, Joseph Chase, and his brothers, Owen, Benjamin, William, George, and Alexander, were all larger than life in the family stories. The legend has it that all five of these brothers were whaling captains. That together they weighed half a ton. That they had all gone to get leviathan from the sea but that the quest had been accomplished or at least shown to be a feeble quest and that they had all turned from the sea to farming. Owen Chase, in fact, became famous because he had at an earlier date been the first mate on the Whaleship Essex which was stove in by an enraged sperm whale. Nine men survived this ordeal. Survived at the cost of cannibalism, or dire exposure, of being carried all over the south seas on small boats and finally on other whalers which eventually returned to New England if only then to Nantucket. Owen Chase was chastened by this experience, which he recorded in a diary and later elaborated. But he went back to the sea for quite a spell before he turned to the land. His story found its way into the hands of Herman Melville and served as a major inspiration in the creation of that great and fearsome mammal beast, Moby Dick. True, there were more exciting stories about the Chase family to be told than to go back to the question of Desire. And certainly, they were more appropriate stories for a young girl to hear. Surely, my mother did not expect, nor did any of the people telling her these stories, that she, a girl, would ever do anything as heroic or as active as take to the sea either to earn her livelihood or in search of some metaphorical or mythic creature such as Moby Dick. She could hear the stories because they were safe for girls to hear.

But there was that story of Desire that the older generation knew about. And gradually, each generation looked at the records or heard the story and wondered about Desire. My mother's brother took his father back to Nantucket and they asked about the male parentage of Judah Chase. Years after the event, the genealogical librarian on Nantucket looked askance at anyone who would ask such a question. She replied that she would not seek out such information if she were they, and that all she knew was that Desire Chase was the mother of Judah

Chase and the father was "a stranger." As I remember hearing the story in my adolescence, it was as "The Stranger."

My mother learned two things from these stories. One she learned that girls did not venture off to the sea, or the land, or anywhere. Males went off to win the bread, to fight the elements. Women stayed home to have the babies and to care for them. The second thing that she learned, probably too early, was that there was a secret in the story of Desire and that no one would tell her what it was. She got hints of the power of that story early in her own adolescence. Comfortably ensconced at home with her father and mother and her two younger brothers, her older brother being away at Quaker Boarding School, she remembers being angry that she was not a boy. She was being molded into the kind of woman her parents and relatives and small rural community thought she should be. She did not think she could go away to boarding school even though she had far out-distanced the teacher at the one-room school house in the village. To keep her from being a pest at that school, she was sent to the Select School at the next crossroads. This school was run by a Quaker woman of independence and fortitude and might well have served my mother's needs very well. There she might have encountered the world of abolition, of women's rights, of peace concerns and concern for the poor which made up the life of Emily Howland, the Quaker founder. However, another story was being played out which she did not know of, but which sent her instead to a boarding school far away.

Alfred's sister, Winifred Chase Simkin, had married a man, Herbert Mosher, and had had two daughters, Marian Louise and Mildred Emma. The first lived only two years. The second, Mildred Emma, was an older, but beloved cousin of my mother. Ten years her elder, she entered into womanhood far ahead of my mother but also far ahead of her own ability to cope. She knew the desire of the young women. She knew the desire of her great-great-great-grandmother and she became pregnant out of wedlock. Her mother, Winifred, knew the story of Desire. She also knew that the society had no tolerance of such a passion early in this century. She took her daughter to Auburn, and had an abortion performed. Mildred died. My mother was told that she had appendicitis. She only knew first the loss of a beloved cousin. She also must have felt the tension of the family; known in her own way that only part of the story was being told. She does remember the grief of the stricken mother. Later, she experienced powerful love and care from this chastened woman. This she remembered with joy and later as she heard the whole story, with pain.

At any rate, her mother and father sent her to boarding school so that she would be protected from her desires. Surely she would have learned anatomy at Emily Howland's Select School. And surely she would have been introduced to the classics of American literature, such authors as Melville, Hawthorne, Emerson, and Thoreau. Perhaps at Emily Howland's school she would also read from Lucretia Mott's writings or hear of Elizabeth Cady Stanton, or Susanne B. Anthony, all past acquaintances of the aging Quaker educator. But instead Mother accomplished another desire. She got to break the mold of femininity. She got to leave home and adventure out into a different world much as Emily Howland had done years before her. She did encounter mathematics, biology, history, and literature. Her independent spirit which came at least partly from the independent Nantucket Quaker women in her past did not get explored in her schooling. But it was nonetheless there, and Oakwood, far away from home, was an adolescent adventure. If she had some idea that it was a safe protective haven to keep her from her desires, she would have only sensed it then and not cared at all. Later, the realization that that was the reason for her being sent away must have sombered her if it did not confuse her. At any rate, she learned many great things. She did come into her own passion, and fortunately it was in the context of marriage. She taught me what she had learned at Oakwood, Earlham and Cornell, just as she taught me gradually what she had learned in the family and the small Quaker community of home.

OTHERS' STORIES

No-one's personal story can ever be seen apart from the story of the people and the ideas around them, the cultural story. Like individuals, the culture hides some stories or forgets them. The culture ignores some stories and tells and retells others. Some stories are told at one time, but only listened to later. Some stories are so powerfully told that they become the dominant way to define a kind of experience at a certain period of time. And some stories which should be told are either not told at all, or are lived instead of being told, or are simply not recorded, that is, written down for future generations. And some stories are not told because the people who have the stories are not the people who think of themselves as story tellers.

I would like to project some of the cultural stories which may have shaped or at least impregnated the meanings of the stories I have told. I have mentioned that Owen Chase, the brother of my great-great-grandfather Joseph Chase, and the grandson of Desire Chase, did write part of his story, "The Shipwreck of the Whaleship Essex." Herman Melville, early in the 1840's, had met a sailor named Hall who knew Owen Chase and who had heard the tale of the powerful attack by the sperm whale. Melville knew also that there was a manuscript by Owen Chase, and as he neared the end of his story of Moby Dick, his father-in-law procured a copy of this manuscript for him and brought it to him for his perusal and for his note-making. The story of the horror after the shipwreck did not seem to interest Melville at this time. Rather, the description by Owen Chase of the power of the enraged whale as it twice attacked the Essex, and the dialogue between the captain and the first mate, were taken and embellished to create these scenes at the climax of Moby Dick.

Moby Dick was certainly a story which affected my mother. She knew of her distant relationship to the Essex and Owen Chase. But the book was also one which she encountered in boarding school or college. Certainly Ahab's quest, which was not that well received in the 1850's when it was first published was by my mother's time of education becoming a standard way to define man's serious passions. I assume that it was interpreted as an heroic human quest for the whale, not just a definition of the male pursuit of meaning. And certainly in the context of the Quaker education which marked Mother's education, the human dimension of the story of Ahab's struggle with forces beyond himself would have been stressed. Mother would have struggled to find something of Ahab in herself and would have probably been surprised to find that it was there. But on another level, she would have known that first of all, it was inappropriate for her to follow such a quest as a woman, and secondly she might well have been struck, consciously or unconsciously, that the story of Moby Dick gives no insight to the female experience of life. As Lewis Mumford wrote in 1929, at about the same time that Mother would have been working through these ideas,

All Melville's books about the sea have one anomaly and defect of the sea from the central, human point of view: one half of the race, women, is left out of it. Melville's world, all too literally, is a man-of-war's world. Woman neither charms nor nurtures nor threatens: she neither robs man of his strength nor rouses him to heroic frenzy: she is not Circe: she is not Rosalind or Francesca or even the Wife of Bath: she simply does not exist. When the Pequod spreads sail, woman is left behind: she is the phantom of home for Ahab and Starbuck. The whales dally in Moby Dick and beget offspring; but all the trouble, beauty, madness, delight of human love, all that vast range of experience from the mere touch of flesh to the most enduring spiritual loyalty--all that is absent. One looks for some understanding of woman's lot and woman's life in Moby Dick; and one looks in vain.

[Lewis Mumford, Melville.]

Where then did my mother go in American literature for a definition of woman's experience? What literary classics did help to define the cultural story that was especially for women? Well, one place would have been Melville's contemporary and acquaintance, Nathaniel Hawthorne, the definer of women's passion in The Scarlet Letter. Certainly Hester Prynne and the finely embroidered "A" for adultery was imprinted not only on the pages of that book but in the cultural story of that day. She was a symbol of woman's degradation, shame, passion, and the ostracism which came to any woman who was so brazen as to indulge in her desire and to be willing to carry her sin publicly. Yes, my mother would have known of Hester Prynne and it would have given her a context to put the story of Desire Chase into. It would have helped her to interpret her own Aunt Winnie's fear for her beloved daughter. Certainly no mother could stand by and let her daughter be so judged, so ridiculed, so shamed. No, it would have helped her understand the pain that drove Aunt Winnie to seek the abortion. And yes, the story of Hester would have been reason enough to try to protect me with knowledge, to seek out adolescent girls, to help them understand their bodies and the desires that they must guard against. I do not remember that Mother ever spoke of Hester Prynne, but the scarlet letter was branded on the culture and it thus was branded on her.

I have just come from reading about Hester Prynne. I went this time to look for the definition of her passion and I came away disappointed. Certainly she is a literary character of note, in fact, she is a symbol of femininity for all to gaze upon, but Nathaniel Hawthorne has not helped to explain the important part of woman's experience. No place in the book is there discussion of the passion which led Hester to her downfall. Nowhere is there insight into the pleasure and pain of the passion itself. Hester bears with shame but with courage and almost pride the mark of her outcast status, but we get no glimpse of why she should do this. There is the sense that she is being true to herself, and that she is also being true to the community and its definition of sin, but we are left wondering at the greatness of her passion which led her to bear all of this.

The story may be about Hester Prynne, but the passions which are explored are those of the Reverend Mr. Dimmesdale and Roger Chillingsworth. The former, his lust and passion and his willingness to hide this from the community. Roger Chillingsworth's passion first for love from his wife (Hester), then his passion for adventure (leaving Hester) and then his passion for revenge against Hester's lover. The unweaving of the story is really about the drama between and within these men and Hester is a foil against which this drama is presented.

One gets several undeveloped impressions about Hester's (woman's) experience of passion. First, there is the clear notion that the wildness of her little daughter Pearl is the wildness of the passion which conceived her. Yet Hester is ambiguous about her acceptance of this. She sees Pearl as wild and as justly so, but never does she resist this in her daughter and never does she report this in herself. One does not get any hint that Hester resists the outrage of the community, and yet one wonders what sustains this belief in the right of the community to treat her so harshly. But Hawthorne is perhaps most successful, if here still only slightly, when he portrays the elder Hester returning to the community from which she has fled. Voluntarily re-acquiring the scarlet symbol, and the place of outcast in the community. Voluntarily opening her pain and care to the women of the community who have been wrecked with the same kind of passion that was hers, or women who felt passed by because there was no passion for them. But still there is only the hint of this most powerful experience that defines Hester and made her a cultural symbol. In many ways, Hawthorne has presented a story of woman which became definitive in the culture's story, but he does not really get at the essence of that passion.

It is particularly interesting to know the personal stories of Melville and Hawthorne during the period of time when these two great tales were being written and presented to the world. Melville read The Scarlet Letter in 1850 and thrilled to find a man of like understanding and literary accomplishment. In his own solitude and desire for thinking companionship, he writes Hawthorne and seeks him out. One gets the sense that the younger Melville is more tolerated by the elder Hawthorne than understood. But during this period of visits and correspondence between the two men a fascinating incident occurs. Melville, while he was visiting in Nantucket, met a lawyer and entered into a lengthy discussion with him. "One night we were talking, I think, of the great patience and endurance, and resignedness of the women of the island in submitting so uncomplainingly to the long, long absences of their husbands, when by way of anecdote, this lawyer gave me a leaf from his professional experience." Melville heard the story of Agatha that night but later requested that the lawyer send him the outline of the story.

Briefly outlined the story of Agatha is about a young woman who met a stranger, a sailor from a shipwreck off the island. The man entered into the community and in due course, they married. Agatha became pregnant. The man went to sea and nothing was heard from him for 17 years. Here was no outcast, no Hester. Rather there was a woman struggling to care for herself and her daughter. Word comes back 17 years later, that the sailor had not died at sea (flashback to Hester's assumed experience with Roger Chillingsworth in The Scarlet Letter), but that he has moved to another state and has married again and has another family. The interesting part of the story is that Agatha does not press charges, she does demand part of his inheritance and she can find no reason to inform the other wife and child of this man's infidelity. Again the hint is that the passion which led to her child was worth the absence, was worth the silence, was worth the refusal to shame her lover or his new wife.

Melville, admitting to his "strange impertinent officiousness," sends not only the letter with this account to Hawthorne saying, "To be plump, I think that in this matter you would make the better hand at it than I would," and this should "right belong to you," but he goes on to send the following:

Supposing the story to open with the wreck--then there must be a storm; & it were well if some faint shadow of the preceding calm were thrown forth to lead the whole. Now imagine a high cliff overhanging the sea and crowned with a pasture for sheep; a little way off--higher up,--a light-house, where resides the father of the future Mrs. Robinson (Agatha's married name) the First. The afternoon is mild and warm. The sea with an art of solemn deliberation, with an elaborate deliberation, ceremoniously rolls upon the beach. The air is suppressedly charged with the sound of long lines of surf. There is no land over against this cliff short of Europe and the West Indies. Young Agatha (but you must give her some other name) comes wandering along the cliff. She marks how the continual assaults of the sea have undermined it; so that fences fall over and have need of many shiftings inland. The sea has encroached also upon that part where their dwelling-house stands near the lighthouse. Filled with meditations, she reclines along the edge of the cliff and gazes out seaward. She marks a handful of clouds on the horizon, presaging a storm tho' [thro?] all this quietude. (Of a maritime family and always dwelling on the coast, she is learned in these matters). This again gives food for thought. Suddenly she catches the long shadow of the cliff cast upon the beach 100 feet beneath her; and now she notes a shadow moving along the shadow. It is cast by a sheep from the pasture. It has advanced to the very edge of the cliff, and is sending a mild innocent glance far

out upon the water. Here, in strange and beautiful contrast, we have the innocence of the land placidly eyeing the malignity of the sea. (All this having poetic reference to Agatha and her sea-lover, who is coming in the storm: the storm carries her lover to her; she catches a dim distant glimpse of his ship ere quitting the cliff.)

P.S. It were well, if from her knowledge of the deep miseries produced by marrying seafaring men, Agatha should have formed a young determination never to marry a sailor; which resolve in her, however, is afterwards overborne by the omnipotence of love. P.S. 2 Agatha should be active during the wreck, and should, in some way, be made the saviour of young Robinson. He should be the only survivor. He should be ministered to by Agatha at the house during the illness ensuing upon his injuries from the wreck. Now this wrecked ship was driven over the shoals, and driven upon the beach where she goes to pieces, all but her stem-part. This in the course of time becomes embedded in the sand--after the lapse of many years showing nothing but the sturdy stem (or, prow-bone) projecting some two feet at low water. All the rest is filled and packed down with the sand. So that after her husband has disappeared the sad Agatha every day sees this melancholy monument with all its reminders.

After a sufficient lapse of time--when Agatha has become alarmed about the protracted absence of her young husband and is feverishly expecting a letter from him--then we must introduce the mail-post--no, that phrase won't do, but hers is the thing. Owing to the remoteness of the light-house from any settled place no regular male/mail reaches it. But some mile or so distant there is a road leading between two post-towns. And at the junction of what we shall call the Light-House road with this Post Road, there stands a post surmounted with a little rude box with a lid to it and a leather hinge. Into this box the Post boy drops all letters for the people on the light house and vicinity of the fishermen. To this post they must come for their letters. And of course, daily young Agatha goes--for seventeen years she goes thither daily. As her hopes gradually decay in her, so does the post itself and the little box decay. The post rots in the ground at last. Owing to its being little used--hardly used at all--grass grows rankly about it. At last a little bird nests in it. At last the post falls.

The father of Agatha must be an old widower--a man of the sea, but early driven away from it by repeated disasters. Hence, is he subdued and quiet and wise in his life. And now he tends a light house, to warn people from those very perils, from which he himself has suffered.

And from yet another letter to Hawthorne about Agatha containing some new information about the real Mrs. Robinson the First, we find this quote and comment:

I was satisfied and I think he was, that their motives in keeping silence were high and pure, creditable in every way to the true Mrs. Robinson. She stated the causes with a simplicity and pathos which carried that conviction irresistibly to my mind. The only good (?) it could have done to expose him would have been to drive Robinson away and forever disgrace him and would have made Mrs. Irvin (Mrs. Robinson, the Second) and her children wretched for the rest of their days--"I had no wish," said the wife, "to make either of them unhappy, notwithstanding all I had suffered on his account."--It was to me a most striking instance of long continued and uncomplaining submission to wrong and anguish on the part of a wife, which made her in my eyes a heroine. [The Letters of Herman Melville, ed. M. Davis and W. Gilman.]

One stands amazed at the audacity of Melville in this exchange of letters with Hawthorne. The plot in the Agatha letter is too close to the beginning of the setting in The Scarlet Letter. Certainly he did not expect Hawthorne to start his own novel over again and write it in a different way. And yet, it does seem like a judgement on The Scarlet Letter or at least another way of demonstrating a heroine's figure in the very same setting. And if the affront were not sufficient in just sending the same tale with a different version and ending, Melville begins to define the character, define the setting and lavish the symbolism with his words and thoughts. I have not studied to find out what response was forthcoming from Hawthorne. Rage, I would suspect, or bemused tolerance at best. At any rate, we find in Melville's words in another letter to Hawthorne that Hawthorne has declined the use of the story and Melville claims that he will take it up himself.

Melville does not do this. He does turn to writing something of women and men in Pierre, but this particular story is never told for the rest of us to read in a more developed way. I am saddened by this. I think that implicitly there is a criticism of The Scarlet Letter because the passion of Hester is not developed. Melville, attuned at this time to Ahab's kind of passion in Moby Dick, seems at least in the Agatha story to perceive that every quest, every passion has to have some driving force behind it. If it is not fully developed in Agatha, it is nonetheless hinted at. The penetrating quality of the sea is not fled from by Agatha. She goes to it, reclines by its edge, goes actively to save the sailor and meet a fate which she has vowed not to choose and yet seeks out. There is something in the sensuousness of Melville's language which speaks strongly of Agatha's desire. And then we get Melville's interpretation of her heroine's quality. She has found her desire and he has left her. Twice daily, the waves come and go to remind her of her desire, daily she goes to get word from her lover and is left barren and when the chance comes to her life to claim that which is hers, she chooses to hold true to the earlier passion, or its memory.

There seems to me to be something working in this story which is autobiographical for Melville and yet which he does not know how to claim for himself. He has just spent himself on the fable of Moby Dick. He has in some sense followed his quest in Ahab, but he has none of the release which his character has. The figure of the hero, Ahab, dies in his quest. Melville does not die. Neither does he ever succeed again in reaching the heights of his search. His friendship, such as it was, with Hawthorne comes to a conclusion, his masterpiece is not that well understood. But life must go on.

There is no heroic figure of the male who simply remembers. There is no masculine symbol which allows for the shift from the mad passion to the day-to-dayness of caring for the child who comes from the passion. In the story of that time, the passive passion and the struggle to stay true to that passion for the days and days and the years and years which follow, is a story only of women. It is true that Melville really faced this same life himself, but he could not see that this also is heroic action. True he knows that the father of Agatha has turned from the sea and has become wise, but the pull of the sea and the quest in it are so profound that Melville cannot give to the world this other story which is clearly in him.

There was, one is driven to believe, something in Herman Melville's life that caused him to dissociate women from his account of man's general social terms, that the quest of power, which has preoccupied Western man since the Renaissance, has incapacitated him as a lover and kept him from understanding woman and all her essential concerns. If that is true, Melville pushed his aberration to a logical extremity; and he who captured to the fullest the poetry of the sea, became as bashful as a boy when he beheld Venus, born of its foam, rising from the waters he knew so well, the most unexpected of monsters and the only denizen of the sea he dared neither snare nor harpoon nor otherwise dispose of, except by flight. [Lewis Mumford, Melville.]

For both Melville and Hawthorne there is clearly a sense of the passiveness and yet passionate courage of women which is symbolic and which must be portrayed. Neither of them seems able to find anything in that symbolic figure which speaks to him. And yet in their writing about symbolic women they fail to really define the passion for their women readers as well. Because they cut themselves off from the story of women, they also helped cut women off from themselves because at that time in our cultural story, men were writing the cultural story. Their definition of women as important, as patient, as passive and as true to themselves even if that was in a very confined environment, became a part of the cultural story for men and women. Yet the heroic quality of this did not penetrate the culture. The depth of the women's passion is not there to be grasped. A symbol such as Hester Prynne becomes not a symbol of strength and courage for women; it becomes a symbol of sin and shame and fear.

Briefly, I would just like to mention that Hawthorne does conclude Hester's life story by projecting that there was something wrong with the cultural story of the time and that Hester knew this:

Women, more especially, in the continually recurring trials of wounded, wasted, wronged, misplaced, or erring and sinful passion, or with the dreary burden of a heart unyielded, because unvalued and unsought, came to Hester's cottage, demanding why they were so wretched, and what the remedy. Hester comforted them, too, of her firm belief, that, at some brighter period, when the world should have grown ripe for it, in Heaven's own time a new truth would be revealed, in order to establish the whole relation between man and woman on a surer ground of mutual happiness. [The Scarlet Letter.]

About fifty years after this, in the 1890's, one woman writer tries to go again to the passion of women. Kate Chopin in The Awakening tells us the story of Edna Pontellier. Here is a woman who is patient, passive, important and not sinful. She should have been a heroine and within the tiny space allowed to her, she was. But she had neither passion nor was she able to be true to it nor true to herself. Edna learns to swim in the sea. The sensuousness of the experience opens her to the possibility of passion in her own life. She sees around her two ways of passion. One like that of the men around her would mean that she pour her life into some kind of creativity, some kind of larger activity which will define her life. Never is the picture of a cultural story-at-odds-with-itself demonstrated better than in this facet of the story. Edna, as a woman, has had no training, no development, no preparation for such a quest. The pathetic attempts to make her art, create her own space and to be her own self are shown as not tragic, but just sad. Women who read the book are proud that she even tried, even if she so utterly fails. There were, at this point in the culture, women who were taking this way of passion and giving their lives to it completely. But that choice meant the choice not to experience the passion of their mothers. No sexual passion, no marriage, no giving of oneself to another in the direct physical way was allowed the women who chose then to expand the area of their passion and quest.

Edna thus tried the impossible for the time, that is, she tried both a woman's passion and a man's passion, as the culture defined them then, and she failed miserably at the latter. Her sexual passion was aroused by a man other than her husband. In fact, by other men; that was the quality of her sexual passion. It was genuine, it was real but it was fleeting. It had none of the intensity of commitment which allowed Hester or Agatha to endure after the passion was over. No, it was so new an experience to Edna and so odd a one to openly acknowledge to the world, that the telling of the passion becomes more important than the passion or the life-sustaining activity of day to dayness which followed. Edna goes to the sensuousness of the sea, not to search it out, but rather to escape from the cultural

story and her own story, which simply do not blend. The sea she swims into to drown, is not a sea full of strife and shipwreck, it is a quiet, too warm, too placid sea.

Kate Chopin did tell the story of the sensual passion. If the times could not sustain a woman's life pursuing male and female passions together, and if the attempt to do both by a woman damaged her ability to do either part, so the culture of the time was unable to accept Kate Chopin's story of passion: sensual, sexual passion. Her courage was putting this passion in print and the world was not ready for it. After this novel was published, Kate Chopin wrote no more and it took at least till my mother's generation of young adult women, for the cultural story to accept the truth that all these women had demonstrated but been afraid to tell; that there was a passion in their lives which was heroic in the passion and in the living with it afterwards.

It is up to my generation of women to see that our stories are told. To find our mothers' stories and our grandmothers' stories. It is up to us to write these stories. It is up to us to be faithful to the passions by the sea and in the sea, so that our sons as well as our daughters will know that the story of women is also the story of men.

* * * * *

CLAIRE HELGESON :

SHE TELLS WHAT IT IS SHE HAS AGAINST POEMS

I know by now there can't be poems so live they die,
The live ones live, aren't flowers. That seems
To be the point. I know a poem about an ending
Can't just vanish but must end after beginning
Middling. Still I cannot learn that the poem
About a flower must then be about death and
Life and ends and beauty, the beloved's body,
The dream's body, tho' every poet says it.
I say, "I won't be a poet."
Still, often on a careless walk I think I'd
As soon bring home a poem as a flower
If it would then just sit on the desk like
The flower in its vase a few days, and not
Make universal suggestions, demands, just be
Its own self there in the dark when I can't read
(But it lies in my veins all night humming itself
Vaguely) and in the morning would simply be
Part of the room, the next day almost the same
(In the same room, the completely new day
Makes never-before shadows on the wall)
The third day, almost forgotten, shoved
Off somewhere to clear a space.

INTRODUCTION

The destruction of the Reconstruction brought to a dramatic end almost all the social, political, and economic improvements gained by African-Americans, especially in the South, after the Civil War. This massive destruction was accomplished by racial oppression, racial discrimination, political disfranchisement, peonage, and mob violence--attacks, shootings, and lynchings. There were many forces that were involved in the destruction of the Reconstruction, the most important being the newly organized Ku Klux Klan (KKK) and its supporters or sympathizers.

In many southern states, there were many African-American men and women who fought and resisted white mob violence. One such person was Ida B. Wells-Barnett, who became known nationally and internationally as the greatest black female anti-lynching crusader in the history of the United States. In addition to being an anti-lynching crusader, she was a teacher, a journalist--a profession she effectively utilized to inform the American public about the evils and practices of lynchings--and a political activist and organizer. This short article is about this great and remarkable African-American woman.

IDA B. WELLS: THE TEACHER-JOURNALIST

Ida B. Wells was born in 1862 in Holly Springs, Mississippi, the oldest child of house slave parents. She first attended the local Rust College. When she was fifteen years of age, her parents and a brother died in a yellow fever epidemic. She concealed her real age and secured a teaching job at a very poor black school in order to support and care for her five surviving brothers and sisters. Unable to make ends meet in her home town, she moved in 1884 to Memphis, Tennessee, to better herself financially, materially, and educationally.

Wells' two major interests were teaching and writing. In Memphis, she got a job as a teacher at Korteht Public School, a black school. In addition to her teaching responsibilities, she started to write on a number of subjects and within a very short time she had become "the star of local literary circles, and won admittance to Memphis black society, an aristocracy based on (color) complexion, education, and talent."¹ She also at the same time enrolled at Fisk University, where she hoped to improve her teaching skills, educational qualifications, and knowledge.

Because of the prevailing pervasiveness of racial and political oppression, racial discrimination, and widespread economic exploitation of uneducated and poor black workers, Wells began to utilize, rather effectively, her literary talents in series of articles in the local black press exposing these racial, political, and economic injustices suffered by the majority of the black population of Memphis. Her boldness and courage in writing these articles won her approval and great admiration from the black community.

In addition to writing about the injustices and humiliations suffered by the Memphis black population, she translated her literary concerns into action. For example, a few months after her arrival in Memphis:

She paid first class fare in order to assert her right to ride in the railroad's ladies' car; and at being forced to leave, she had fought to the point of taking the Chesapeake, Ohio, and Southwestern to court

in 1884. She had even won the local decision, though it was later reversed by the Supreme Court of Tennessee.²

The publication of her vivid descriptive account of her legal battles in the Tennessee court system won her further acclaim and admiration from not only the blacks of Memphis, but also from blacks all over the state.

She then began to write articles for the black newspapers throughout the country under the pen name of "Iola." Her articles and columns were marked by race pride, the importance of studying one's racial heritage, and urgent appeals to African-Americans to resist and fight racial oppression and racial discrimination as well as political oppression and economic exploitation. She also dared to bring to public attention the habitual and widespread sexual abuses of black women by white men and the pervasive myth that sexual contacts between black men and white women were based not on mutual agreements but on rape.

By 1886, Wells had established herself as a dynamic and promising young journalist. In 1887, at the National Afro-American Press Convention held in New Orleans, Louisiana, she was named assistant secretary for the group and was acclaimed the most prominent and outstanding correspondent for the American black press.³ It was her objective reporting and her mushrooming journalistic talents that brought her this position and honor.

In 1891, she wrote a very scathing article in which she exposed the inadequate school facilities for black children in Memphis. She also reported that many black children were learning very little because they were taught by poorly trained and unqualified teachers. In retaliation for her investigative reporting, she was fired from her teaching job. It was then that she decided to make journalism her career.

With some of the money she had saved working as a teacher, she bought a third interest in a local black paper called Free Speech and Headlight. The editorial offices of this paper were located in the Beale Street Baptist Church and under the nominal editorship of the Reverend Taylor Nightingale. Wells viewed the profession of journalism as a medium for informing and educating the masses as well as a medium for propaganda against injustices.

Immediately after buying an interest in the paper, she assumed the editorship. According to David M. Tucker:

Since the duties of ministering to the congregation and presiding over the University of Western Tennessee, which was housed at the time within the Beale Street Church, prevented Nightingale from doing more for the weekly paper than sell it from the pulpit on Sundays, the real editorial work fell to Miss Wells and J. F. Fleming.⁴

Fleming was formerly the owner and publisher of a newspaper called The Marion Headlight. The paper, which was published in Crittenden County, Arkansas, was closed in 1888 when about 100 gun-carrying whites descended on the offices of the newspaper and ransacked them. The whites believed that the paper was "undermining prevailing good relations between the races." In order to protect himself against bodily injuries, Fleming escaped to Memphis, where he joined forces with the Reverend Nightingale.

Upon assuming the editorship of the paper, Wells turned the direction of the paper around. Previously, the paper had devoted a great deal of its time to covering social, civic, and religious events and functions. In its new direction, the paper began to place a great deal of emphasis on the coverage of such critical and important issues as racial oppression, racial discrimination, lack of economic and educational opportunities, and the growing and uncontrolled menace of lynchings.

Wells made anti-lynching crusade her top priority because of the alarming number of African-Americans who were meeting their death by lynching throughout the nation, but principally in the South. Beginning from 1880, the number of black men and women lynched every year averaged a hundred. In 1891, there were one hundred and sixty-one black men and women lynched,⁵ with the state of Tennessee contributing its fair share to the lynching statistics.⁶

Since all of the perpetrators of these criminal acts were never caught and put to trial in the courts of law, Wells began to advocate publicly the tactic of retaliatory violence as the most effective method by which African-Americans could prevent criminal mob violence directed against them by the whites. In an editorial of September 6, 1891, reprinted by a local white paper called Appeal-Avalanche, Wells states that:

Those Georgetown, Ky., Negroes who set fire to the town last week because a Negro named Dudley had been lynched, show some of the true spark of manhood by their resentment. We had begun to think the Negroes of Jackson and Tullahoma, Tenn., of Forest City, Ark., and nearly the whole state of Mississippi, where the lynching of Negroes has become the sport and pastime of...white citizens, hadn't manhood enough in them to wriggle and crawl out of the way, much less protect and defend themselves. Of one thing we may be assured, so long as we permit ourselves to be trampled upon, so long we have to endure it. Not until the Negro rises in his might and takes a hand in resenting such cold-blooded murders, if he has to burn up whole towns, will a halt be called in whole lynching.⁷

The white press of Memphis, outraged by Wells' advocacy of retaliatory violence by African-Americans against lawless white mob violence, responded by publishing a number of articles justifying the violent and brutal practice of lynching as the most practical and effective method of keeping "niggers" in their proper places.

A number of whites, in reaction to Wells' articles, threatened her life, vowing to kill her if an ideal opportunity presented itself. In order to protect herself against these threats to her life, she "walked the streets of Memphis with two guns strapped to her waist."⁸ She also made it public that she would not hesitate to use them against anybody who threatened her life or attempted to attack or attacked her.

In 1892, three black businessmen, Tom Moss, Will Stewart, and Calvin McDowell, were brutally lynched by a white mob. The three murdered men were stockholders and managers of a community-owned business venture called the People's Grocery Store. The hatred against the three men erupted into the open when their store began to take most of the business away from a white-owned store located just across the street. Wells charged in her paper that the lynching of Stewart, Moss, and McDowell was instigated by W. H. Barret, owner of the white store, because of fear of economic competition. She also urged the black population of Memphis to emigrate to the West, especially to Oklahoma. A sizeable number of black families left Memphis and moved to the West.

Some time after the lynching of the three black businessmen, Wells went on a business and lecturing trip to New York. While she was away, a group of whites broke into her editorial offices and press at night and destroyed everything they could lay their hands on. In addition to destroying her offices and press, they later issued a warning that if she ever set foot in Memphis she would be killed and that they meant to carry out their threat.

In response to this serious threat to her life, Wells decided to make New York her new residence. She then, by herself, launched a nation-wide crusade

against lynching in the South. Her anti-lynching crusade immediately gained national attention. She sought to bring the whole brutal practice of lynching African-Americans before the public eye. Her contention was that "lynching was an integral part of the system of racial oppression, and that the motives for lynching usually had little to do with crime, but were either economic or political."⁹ She also published her first pamphlet about the horrors of lynching in the South, called Southern Horrors.

In 1893, Wells made a tour of Great Britain, where she lectured on racial oppression in America and the widespread practice of lynching African-Americans. The British liberals, especially, responded to her lectures by organizing the British Anti-Lynching Society. Wells' anti-lynching crusade in England and the formation of the British Anti-Lynching Society generated a great deal of angry comments in the white American press. The white press believed that Wells' lectures on racial oppression and lynchings in America were tarnishing the American image abroad.

On her return to America, she once again started her solitary campaign against white mob violence and lynching by lecturing and pamphleteering on these two subjects. She lectured a great deal in the northern states and in 1894, she returned once again to England. She lectured in many cities and drew large crowds who sympathized with the plight of black people in America. A number of people joined forces with her in her crusade against all forms of injustices and oppression dictated by racial prejudices.

IDA B. WELLS: THE POLITICAL ACTIVIST AND ORGANIZER

A year after her return from England, Wells moved to Chicago. In that year, she married a prominent lawyer named Ferdinand Barnett and became "manager and editor of the Chicago Conservator, a newspaper founded by her husband."¹⁰ In addition to her responsibilities as editor of the paper, she organized and became the chairwoman of the Anti-Lynching Bureau of the National Afro-American Council. She also became an active participant in the formation and organization of black women's civic, social, and religious clubs. She helped to organize the first black women's club in Chicago, which named itself after her--The Ida B. Wells Women's Club. Wells-Barnett became its first president. She also found time to write a book about lynchings called A Red Record.

In 1908, she focused her attention on the formation and organization of socio-political organizations. The first such organization was the Negro Fellowship League, and she was selected to head the organization. Immediately after its formation and organization, the League purchased a settlement house in one of the poor sections of Chicago. The house was used to give shelter to persons or families that might be evicted by landlords. In addition to providing social services, the League established action-oriented programs designed to eliminate racial discrimination and to involve people in local and city politics. The League, because of these activities, became very influential and powerful in the black community.

Wells-Barnett also became involved in the founding of organizations whose orientation was national and international in scope. For example, she was one of the founding members of the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People (NAACP). She later withdrew from the NAACP because it did not measure up to her expectations of a more militant race-conscious leadership in African-American affairs. She and her husband were some of the greatest critics of Booker T. Washington's accommodationistic policies.

Wells-Barnett was a non-believer in the formation of organizations whose membership was open to all races. She believed that African Americans should organize and maintain their own separate organizations and that any form of

coalition or alliance these organizations might have with white organizations should be based on an equality of power and interest. This belief led her to organize the Alpha Suffrage Club, an all black women's political club. She organized this all black female political organization because she believed that women's suffrage was one of the instruments for achieving the emancipation of African-Americans--male and female. Her organization played a very important role in the Chicago mayoralty elections of 1914.

Wells-Barnett finally died in 1931. Before her death, she had seen some of her social, political, and economic objectives being forcibly articulated by such great leaders as Marcus Garvey. This mother of four children was given a heroine's funeral, which was attended by many blacks from every part of the nation. She was eulogized and praised for her dedication and commitment to the eradication of all forms of injustices, not only in the United States, but throughout the world.

CONCLUSION

Ida B. Wells-Barnett spent a great deal of her time in the public eye, a life that extended into the third decade of the 20th century. Her permanent place in history is a result of her anti-lynching crusade, her struggle against racial and political oppression, and her active involvement in the formation and organization of various organizations committed to fight against all forms of injustices. It was her persistent political militancy and her willingness to stand and fight for what she believed in that gave her a position of undisputed leadership in her community and throughout the nation. Indeed, Wells-Barnett was a great and remarkable African-American woman.

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¹David M. Tucker, "Miss Ida B. Wells and Memphis Lynching," Phylon, Vol.XXXII, No. 2 (Summer 1971), p. 112.

²Ibid.

³Weekly Pelican (New Orleans), August 13, 1887.

⁴David M. Tucker, "Miss Ida B. Wells," p. 113.

⁵August Meier, "Introduction," Ida B. Wells-Barnett, On Lynching (New York: Arno Press, 1969), p. 1.

⁶For more information on lynching state by state, see Ralph Ginzburg's book called 100 Years of Lynching (New York: Lancer Books, 1962). This book, which is a documentary, starts discussing lynchings from 1880 until 1961. Ginzburg, on pages 253 to 270, gives a partial list of names of approximately 5,000 African-Americans lynched in the United States since 1859.

⁷Appeal-Avalanche (Memphis), September 6, 1891.

⁸Lerone Bennett, Before the Mayflower (Chicago: Johnson Publication, 1966), p. 236.

⁹Gerda Lerner, "Black Women Attack the Lynching System," Gerda Lerner, ed., Black Women in White America (New York: Pantheon Books, 1972), p. 197.

¹⁰Joyce A. Ladner, "The Women: Conditions of Slavery and the Foundation for Their Liberation," Ebony August, 1975, p. 78.

NORTHERN SINAI. CIRCA 1400 B.C.

He grabbed the boulder and pulled himself against it, breathing heavily. It was broiling hot, and with the wind behind him he kept eating his own dust as he climbed. He heaved his tired body into the shadow of the rock and sat, resting, panting.

He could feel his heart hammering in his chest and felt a curious weakness, almost an ache, in his left shoulder. Getting old, getting old, he thought. He remembered climbing a worse mountain than this, once, alone then too, but shied away from the results of that trip.

A palm tree, he thought. A single damned palm tree would go so nicely, now. But of course there were no palm trees on God-forsaken mountains in the God-forsaken desert.

He rolled to his feet and started climbing again. The glare was so strong that tears came to his eyes, and he sneezed suddenly, explosively. That reminded him of a man he's known, a long time ago, and the name wouldn't come to him. He remembered talking to the man about sneezing when you went out into the sun. They had been sitting under a palm tree drinking wine, watching some slaves doing something or other.

He could see the top, now, he thought, but it was depressingly high up even yet. He thought about resting again, but forced himself to continue climbing. Sweat rolled down his forehead into his eyes.

Hamor! That was the fellow's name. The slaves had called him Chamor, an insult that he hadn't understood until a long time later. But it was a good memory. They had both been so very young, and ambitious for their own futures. Not that there was much of a future for minor nobility under Ramses.

Even after all the years that had passed, he still felt a clutch of anger at the king. Damn him! Damn him!

He pulled on a rock to lever himself up and it came loose. He slipped forward heavily, and a minor avalanche cascaded down the side of the mountain behind him. His shoulder was definitely hurting, now, and he could feel a pain in his jaw as well. He closed his eyes for a moment, feeling too the aches in his back. Old, old.

He remembered how pleasant it had been to sit near the River, talking to friends and teachers. They used to chuckle at those who worshipped the River, awed by the immense quantity of water, but the laughter was self-conscious. He remembered how cool it had been in the evening, by the River, bathing in it. He hadn't immersed himself in water for a generation, now. That was a pleasure he missed.

He forced himself to breathe shallowly. It hurt less that way. And it was no longer so far to the top. He looked behind him, and the floor of the desert shimmered back at him. He could barely see the camp of his people--or those whom he had made his people, he reminded himself, though it was so long ago now it scarcely mattered. He remembered leading them against the Amelakites. Their bronze against our iron! He smiled at the recollection, and climbed again. But Katar-Hizem had been killed in that fight, too. Big Katar, with his toothless grin and thousand jokes. There was a man. He had been among the first to meet by the side of the River to conspire against Ramses.

Ahead there was a flat shelf on which he could rest before climbing the rest of the way to the top. He hoped to God he could see the new country from the

top of the mountain. It would be a shame if he had climbed all this way for nothing. But he didn't laugh at himself, as he might have, because he was holding in the pain in his left arm and his jaw.

He reached the shelf, and flattened himself across it. He almost closed his eyes before the flash of color jolted them open again. Green, green, green.

He was high above a broad valley, but even from here he could see the individual trees. And farms! So there were people here. He gazed back and forth, and in the middle distance he saw a flash that drew his attention.

He gasped at the sight, because it was a river, flowing, flowing through this new land, a river!

The gasp was his undoing, and he knew it, even as he levered himself up on his arms to see better. The pain was in his chest, now, and it was agony. As he looked at the river it seemed that in the far, far distance it curved, not to the side but upward, as if it would flow around the whole sky and return to its source. But that was against all reason.

* * * * *

"LÜTZEN, GERMANY. NOVEMBER, 1632.

Soap-scum.

That's what it looked like, he decided. The scum spreading out from a cake of strong and bitter soap left lying on a chipped wooden bucket. The ragged drifts of fog sped down the frozen, rutted road ahead of him until they vanished into greater grayness beyond. The wind was not strong, but he knew from experience that it would gain strength once the dim light from the sun went down into blackness. And it would be colder. Surely that.

To his left a skinny, dung-brown horse snorted white breath and shook his head, then lowered it to pull at a tuft of grass. The cavalryman on the horse's back was hunched forward on his horse's neck, dozing. The fog was so thick that Kurt could barely see the shapes of the other cavalry beyond him.

If only it wasn't so cold, he thought. The metal helmet seemed to be freezing off the top of his scalp, and his torn shirt could not keep out even the weak breeze that came from behind him. It was usually not so cold in November, particularly this far South.

Soon it would be the new year, he thought. 1633. He savored the sound of it on his tongue, and the pike-man to his right looked at him curiously. Anno Domine, sixteen hundred and thirty-three. It felt like a fresh, new sound, like harvesters cutting the turnips in the fall, long knives slicing, slicing, slashing. The Year of Our Lord, 1633.

A year of His peace, perhaps, he prayed, thinking of Lotte and the farms of their fathers near Ansbach. Now that the great Wallenstein was again Captain-General of the Emperor's army, perhaps there could be peace and he could go back to marry Lotte.

But first God must grant victory over the Swedes, he thought. He looked again left, right, but could see only a half-dozen men to either side of him. Still, he knew that there were many thousands here, good men and strong to fight God's battle against the heretical Swedes. And with Wallenstein to lead them, they would soon drive the big, blond bastards back to their frozen country across the sea.

Thinking of Sweden reminded him again that he was cold, and a powerful urge to urinate anguished him. He shivered involuntarily. Someone had told him the night before that the Swedes were being paid not by their own king, the monster

Gustavus, but by the king of France. But Kurt had always thought that the Cardinal Richelieu was king of France, and how could a cardinal fight His Holiness' own soldiers? He shook his head. It made no sense. Karl must be crazy.

The urge to urinate was overpowering, now. Disgusted with himself, he opened his drawers to relieve himself. The pike-man next to him wrinkled his nose and gave him a hateful glance, but he couldn't help it. He always had to go when it got cold. He remembered an earlier fight when some big mercenaries from Mecklenborg had pointed to him and laughed, changing his name from Kurt to Kurtz. The thought still rankled.

When he was finished, he looked up again. There was a momentary break in the fog to his left, and he could see a rank of cavalry stretching off for several hundred feet. A lot of men here today, he thought.

There was a sudden loud boom in the distance ahead of him, followed by several more. After a few seconds he heard the whispering, deadly sound of a cannon-ball whirl overhead. The Swedish guns were over-shooting the imperial lines in the fog, not knowing where to aim. He smiled, a little, and wondered if the tercios to his rear would answer back.

For no reason he suddenly thought of the church they had camped in the night before. Most of it had been burned, so that it was not possible to tell if it were a heretic church or a true house of God, but one stained glass section still remained, against all reason. It showed a five-pointed star with rays radiating from it, rather like the Star of Bethlehem figures in the Cathedral he had seen as a child. But the town of Bethlehem below the star, if it had ever been there at all, was now but broken and empty panes. The oddest thing about the window was the hands.

There had been one hand, connected to the beginnings of a thick and muscular arm, that was reaching for the star, striving for it, fingers outstretched. But the wrist of that hand was grasped by another hand, this one wearing a ring with a bright jewel on its third finger. He had thought of the second hand last night as that of a woman, because of the ring, but now the thought came to him that it, too, seemed to have a thick and muscular arm. And the first hand was a right hand, the second a left, unless he remembered wrong. He shook his head. That made no sense. He would return that night and look at it again, he thought.

There was a sudden tenseness in the men around him, and he strained to hear. He had not been able to hear well since his first battle, when he had stood but a few feet in front of one of the big guns, as a guard, for six hours. Now it came. A confused yelling in the distance, accompanied by sounds like the smith's shop on a busy morning. Hammering, hammering.

There was a shouted command now to his left, and he saw the block of cavalry start to move forward, picking up speed so that they could assault the Swedish infantry. But before the man immediately to Kurt's left had moved more than a few feet the man's horse suddenly collapsed, spouting blood, shot through the lung by a chance Swedish musket-ball. The man kicked his feet out of the stirrups and leaped free, swearing horribly. Kurt hefted his own musket, suddenly feeling his heart constrict. He was no longer cold, but he felt again the terrible urge to urinate.

He felt suddenly a sickening fear. Despite the men all around him, he felt alone, defenseless. Even for that there was no time, now, for a huge man on a brown horse had appeared in the fog ahead, swinging a sword and shouting. The fog was so thick that he had almost reached the imperial lines without being seen. Kurt's musket was in his hands. He brought it up and fired, already thinking about powder, ball, reloading.

The big horse reared, Kurt's ball in its chest, and the Swede fell

heavily to the ground. The dismounted cavalryman ran towards him at Kurt's side, pistol primed and ready in his hand. The man lay on his right side, struggling; his right leg seemed to be broken. Gustavus Adolphus' gray eyes almost seemed to recognize Kurt as he stood above the injured king, but it was the ring on the man's left hand that Kurt stared at.

The Swedish musket-ball hit Kurt squarely in the forehead. The ring! The ring! was the thought he took with him into Heaven.

* * * * *

SUSSEX, ENGLAND. OCTOBER, 1066.

Two men stood on the coastline and looked out over the Channel. They were waiting for Duke William.

"A cold day, Eornbert." The older man slapped his hands together, then beat them on the sleeves of his leather jacket in a hugging motion. Occasional gusts blew cold and salty water towards them.

"Colder tonight." The younger man shuffled his feet restlessly. They were part of the fyrd, the Saxon peoples' army. Both carried heavy axes with long handles; the older man wore three light throwing spears at his back. The sun was going down behind them, and the waves threw back bright reflections of orange and red.

Eornbert stared northward, suddenly curious. He was a stranger to this coast, a man of Selwood in Wessex. The great mound of rocks had an odd symmetry about it.

"You know this land, Hlothere," he said. "What is that rock pile over there? Have people been at work on it?"

The old man grinned, showing four teeth. "At work on it! Yes, all of that. They say it was built by the Romans. They called it Anderida."

"Anderida? That's an odd name."

"They spoke an odd language, the Romans did. In the morning I'll take you over there and show you where the walls used to be."

"Walls?" asked the young man incredulously. "That pile of junk had walls?"

Hlothere was offended. He took pride in his home eorldom. "Indeed it did. It was the mightiest fortress on this island."

Eornbert looked disgusted. "That? A fortress? Five three-year-old girls could take that place now."

Hlothere spoke again. "There should be some respect from you, Eornbert. There is much history over there. Much."

"Junk. Rocks. It has all been done. We are what is happening, not that mess."

The older man fell silent, knowing that he had lost the argument, knowing that nothing would convince Eornbert. But it saddened him still, and when he looked at the ruined fortress a few minutes later it seemed that it had changed even in his own eyes.

The old man turned to the younger. "The history is gone from the place," he said, and tears wet his eyes.

Eornbert did not answer. He was gazing out to sea. At the limits of his vision, there was a sail.

* * * * *

HERE AND NOW.

It was getting on towards late afternoon, and I would have to leave soon. The sunlight coming through the window to my right had waned until I could barely see the equations she had written on the curling yellow legal paper, or my own notes as I checked them. But I didn't want to get up even to turn on the lights, to break the rhythm of the thoughts that rang in my head. When I read her work the mathematics spilled forth faster than I could have written it down. I could see the pattern building, reaching, and finally finishing. I could look ahead now, seeing it form, seeing its shape more and more clearly as the light from the window slowly faded.

My left hand tapped on the dark wood of the desk top, carrying my thoughts into drum rolls and rock beats. A cigar I'd let go out hours ago assaulted my sense of smell. I remembered briefly how shocked she'd been when she found out I smoked the wretched things. Disgusting, she'd pronounced smugly, drawing on her Salem.

Even as the math tumbled by, I wondered if she'd gotten the program to run yet. The computer should be completely free during the week of vacation, so the debugging should be fast. I considered a linear operator she had defined and started to construct its spectrum of eigenvalues. Simple, simple, simple. This was right: I felt it. It had that inevitable quality, a subtle perfection.

She was good, she was very good. I remembered her as a freshman, in T-shirt and jeans, defiantly telling me that she wanted to major in physics, somehow certain that I didn't approve of her. Her work had been good even then, but it was simple stuff, pendula and springs. The lovely, symmetric operator checked out, spectrum correct, even to the degenerate values.

There was a knock at the door, which I ignored. I didn't want to be interrupted, now, and there was only a page or so to go, anyway. Whoever it was could wait until Monday. I followed a clever expansion of a tricky integral, step by step. The only work I'd seen before that hit me like this was that done by the real masters, Einstein, Fermi, Bohr. The conclusions, when you saw them, came into the mind as if they were remembered, not learned at all. But so much of their work had led, in the end, to death. Poor Einstein, reaching out for the ineffable glory of the Unified Field Theory, the gift he wanted so much to give, and ending instead with a handful of ashes: the atom bomb, to hold off the Fascists. This wasn't like that, at all. This was . . . life.

"It's me." Her voice came through the door.

"A moment," I said, and pushed my chair over to open it.

She looked no neater than she ever did, with hiking boots, jeans, and, this time of year, a sweat shirt. She wasn't smiling (she never did) but held a stack of computer printout in her right hand, and bounced lightly, ever so lightly, on her toes. I looked up at her and wondered if young Einstein's teachers had ever felt this special kind of love. "The Childe Albert to the Dark Tower came," I said, and raised my eyebrows.

"I think it runs o.k.," she said, and I felt the excitement again. She moved to the bare table under the window and spread out the computer paper so I could inspect it.

I rolled my chair over and scanned down the columns of numbers. There was a single, penciled notation at the bottom: See diagrams. I turned to her.

"You did it."

"How about the math?" she asked, looking at the sheets on the desk.

"How can you see in here?" She walked to the door again to turn on the lights.

"Poorly." I gathered up the notes I'd made and tossed them into the wastebasket. "I didn't get to the end, but there's nothing wrong up to page 22. Is there anything startling after that?"

"No. Just some integrals."

"The Zeta deals?" She nodded. "No hassle, then." I picked up my dead cigar and the pack of Shoreham-Americana matches. I lit the damned thing and tossed the match into the wastebasket.

"You'll burn yourself up someday, doing that," she said. She sat on the table with the printout, rocking slowly back and forth.

"Not before you get cancer from those things you breathe all the time. Do you know what you've done?"

She nodded slowly, and a smile almost appeared. I didn't give her a chance to respond, though. "You've made me curious again to see how the future turns out."

She did smile that time. "Good, I guess."

"The diagrams?"

She shoved them over so I could look at them, and I did, turning pages once in a while to check numbers, labels, graphs. And so I saw the first starship on the back of the recycled paper she always used. After a long time I pushed myself back a bit from the table, and blew out some smoke. It floated up, up to the ceiling, getting thinner and thinner all the time, until I couldn't see it at all.

"It's big."

She nodded, jerkily. "We'll want to bring along a lot of stuff. Trees, and gardens. And animals."

I felt a startling twitch of emotion, and self-consciously put my hand on the place where my legs used to be. I knew who she meant by "we."

"Tobacco, too, I'll bet. And menthol. Jesus."

Again she almost smiled. I rapped one section of a diagram. "What's this big indentation?"

She looked. "Well, it'll be spun on its axis to make artificial gravity. So you can walk around the whole inside of the outer shell." She gestured. "It's shaped like a doughnut."

"A ring," I interjected. "I'm trying to keep my weight down."

"O.k., a ring. Well, I'm putting in a trench all along the outer wall, and we'll fill it with water. The outside will be warmer than the inside, so the water will rise towards the center. Coriolis force will drive it around. We'll have a circular river."

My own voice seemed to come from a long distance off. "And you'll line it with willow trees."

"Sure."

"And take it anywhere."

"The planets first." She knew what I meant.

We were quiet then, for a while. She took out a cigarette and lit it, and I blew smoke rings at the ceiling, not thinking. After a while, she said, "The river . . ."

"Yes?"

"I think we'll name it after you." And she didn't smile, didn't smile. It was very still on the deserted campus.

When it was finally almost completely dark out, she asked suddenly, "Do you want the shade pulled?" I nodded. The string was forever getting loose and climbing higher than I could reach.

She leaped nimbly to the tabletop to pull it down, and hesitated for just a moment. I strained my eyes against the reflection, and followed her gaze. In the sky, just above her head, I saw the fitfully twinkling red light of Mars, straining against the light of the failing sun.

HER QUAKER HERITAGE

Orianna Wilson Mendenhall lived in the anteroom of Quaker History and since her death her name has remained there. Her husband, Nereus Mendenhall, on the other hand, lived in the spotlight as much as any North Carolina Quaker of his day. However theirs was a dual role in spite of its hidden aspect. Nereus could never have run the full course of his career without the support of Orianna: support which remained unpublicized. They were in reality a husband and wife team through most of the history of New Garden Boarding School, and in the affairs of the Yearly Meeting through a comparable period. In the school and in the Yearly Meeting Nereus held his rightful position of leadership while Orianna, almost unnoticed, supported her husband in his work, made her own career of holding the family together, blending herself into the lives of her five remarkable daughters, and meeting with equanimity the harsh crises which gripped the country through much of her married life.

History may be rebuked for allowing Orianna to be hidden in the shadow of her illustrious husband: even her daughter, Mary Mendenhall Hobbs, may be implicated in this charge since, in her biography of her father, Nereus Mendenhall, she gives very little space to her mother. For whatever cumulative reasons, this general neglect of Orianna Wilson Mendenhall in Quaker annals is a pity. She possessed and exhibited strong qualities of intellect, personality, and dynamic initiative in keeping with the genius seen in several members of her branch of the Wilson family and in keeping with the ability and initiative of her husband.

Orianna's father, Jethro Starbuck Wilson, lost his membership in the Society of Friends ten years before her birth: he never sought reinstatement. Thus, through her early years she was deprived of a place in Quaker records, the happy hunting ground of genealogists and local historians. Her application for membership in Back Creek Monthly Meeting, a few weeks before her marriage, brought her name into Quaker history for the first time.

Nereus Mendenhall was a birthright member of the Society of Friends and through his father's line his Quaker heritage was long, rich and well known. Some of his roots reach back through the early years of Pennsylvania history and from there to Wiltshire, England, and others through the Nantucket colony to England. In the course of their migration from England all the way to Deep River Meeting in North Carolina, the Mendenhalls broadened the heritage for Nereus by marrying into other reputable Quaker families: among them the Worth family of Nantucket. Only his mother's immediate ancestors of the Pegg family were not widely known in Quaker circles.

What claim to Quaker distinction could Orianna Wilson find in her ancestry? Even though she was not a birthright Friend her Quaker ties through her Wilson grandparents run as far back into history as the ancestry of her future husband. Her father's Starbuck and Worth ancestors were among the Nantucket Quakers. This induces the possibility that Orianna Wilson and Nereus Mendenhall were related through the Worths of Nantucket Island.¹

William Wilson, Orianna's grandfather, was a member of Centre Friends Meeting in the southern part of Guilford County. The report of his marriage, January 21, 1776, to Eunice Worth, marks his first appearance in Quaker records. Starbuck and Worth relatives appear in the Minutes of Centre, New Garden and Deep River meetings. The Wood family, to which Orianna's mother, Laura Wood Wilson, belonged, was prominent in the history of Randolph County, North Carolina, but nothing has been found to indicate that anyone of that family ever had any connection with the Society of Friends.

MEANDERINGS OF THE WILSON FAMILY

The attempt to follow the meanderings of the Wilsons is fraught with difficulties. The bits of relevant information which have come to light are mainly signposts along their trail and some of these are not clear.

On March 3, 1794, eighteen years after the wedding of William Wilson and Eunice Worth, Deep River Monthly Meeting received a certificate of membership from Centre Meeting, for Eunice Wilson and her three daughters: Elizabeth, Mary and Matilda. Two months later a second certificate was received from the same Meeting for Eunice Wilson and her four sons: Joseph, William, Jethro and Thomas.² Conspicuously absent from these accounts is any mention of William Wilson, the husband of Eunice and the father of the seven children. His name does not appear in the Minutes of any of the meetings with which the other members of the Wilson family became affiliated. The separate certificate for the four boys in the family indicates that something had happened to their father. Since he is known to have died in Morganton, North Carolina, in 1832, it may be assumed that he lost his membership in the Society of Friends while living within the limits of Centre Monthly Meeting. The Minutes of that Monthly Meeting for that period were destroyed by fire and consequently we may never know why his membership was terminated.

The Wilson family lived within the limits of Deep River Monthly Meeting for less than two years. On December 7, 1795, a certificate of membership was issued to Eunice Wilson and all of her children except Mary. It was directed to New Hope Monthly Meeting, near Greenville, Tennessee. The Minutes of that Meeting contain no reference to the certificate but eighteen months after the date of issue it showed up in the Minutes of Lost Creek Monthly Meeting, near Knoxville.³ Two and one half years later Deep River Monthly Meeting granted a certificate for Mary Wilson to Lost Creek Monthly Meeting, which indicated that she had been living at Muddy Creek, a subordinate Meeting of Deep River, located two miles south of Kernersville.⁴ It is not known that the Wilson family lived there prior to their going to Tennessee.

Dr. Louis Round Wilson's account of the Wilson family has no reference to any sojourn in Tennessee. The records of Deep River and Lost Creek Monthly Meeting are reliable sources of information about this phase of the life of the family. Depositing their certificates of membership with Lost Creek Monthly Meeting met the Quaker regulation that they be left with the nearest Monthly Meeting and leads to the assumption that they lived near that Monthly Meeting; probably in one of the Quaker communities to the south or east of Knoxville.

The Wilsons went to the eastern part of Tennessee at a time when land in that area was making a strong appeal to land-hungry people in the Carolinas and Virginia; when emigration from these states was flowing at high tide. The migration to Tennessee began in the 1770s, but it was not until after the Revolutionary War that it increased tremendously. In the 1780s and 1790s a large number of Quakers went from North and South Carolina to eastern Tennessee and set up four or five local meetings and two Monthly Meetings, before 1800: New Hope was the first Monthly Meeting and Lost Creek the second. Many of these Friends went from Centre, Deep River and New Garden Monthly Meetings.⁵ It is evident that the Wilsons at Lost Creek were among Friends whom they had known in North Carolina.

During the sojourn of the Wilsons in the Lost Creek community the history of the family, in so far as it is revealed in the Minutes of that Meeting, is largely a record of disownments, which seem to have been an obsession of Quaker meetings in the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries. On November 27, 1807, Mary Wilson Gardner is reported to have given a satisfactory apology for her marriage "out of unity" and was restored to membership. Many years later this aunt of Orianna took her niece into her home after she had lost both of her parents.

Elizabeth Wilson was disowned on July 30, 1808, with no reason recorded in the Minutes. Since her husband was not a member of the Society of Friends it is assumed that this is the reason for her disownment.

With reference to the men in the family the Minutes of Lost Creek are precise and sternly frank: On October 19, 1799, Joseph was disowned for fighting; On June 29, 1811, Thomas was disowned for fighting; August 29, 1812, Jethro was disowned for fighting.⁶ This took care of all the men in the family except William, who disappeared into the West without leaving a trace.

In the Minute of disownment Lost Creek Meeting refers to Jethrow Wilson as "removed." This indicates that he was not living within the geographic limits of Lost Creek Meeting at that time. This may be the link which connects this incident with the battle which took place in Jethro's office in Charlotte, North Carolina. According to the story, which Dr. Wilson draws from family history, the two brothers, Joseph and Jethro, had, at different times, studied law in Randolph County, North Carolina. Their teacher was Reuben Wood. In 1805 Joseph married his former teacher's daughter, Mary Wood, and in 1818 Jethro Wilson married Laura Wood, another daughter of Reuben Wood. Laura Wood Wilson was evidently an attractive and influential person for her name became popular among her descendants.

Close association of Joseph and Jethro continued as they practiced their profession in Charlotte, North Carolina. While Joseph was United States Solicitor for the Western District of North Carolina he successfully prosecuted a case against some Burke County men for defrauding the National Government in the administration of the Federal Mint in Charlotte. The men were found guilty and the young Solicitor would not recommend mercy, so the judge imposed a penalty which was so severe that relatives of the convicted men invaded Charlotte to get revenge on the aggressive Solicitor. When they did not find Joseph in town they stormed into the office of Jethro to vent their spleen on the nearest of kin. When quiet was restored Jethro was standing in the middle of his office with three of the invaders sprawled on the floor before him.⁷ The case was closed so far as the Wilsons were concerned. If this incident is what caused the Lost Creek Friends Meeting to disown Jethro the action of the Meeting indicated that Friends abjured fighting no matter what the cause: self-defense was no reason for special consideration. The Charlotte incident demonstrates the Wilson dexterity in this method of adjudication and the Lost Creek Minutes indicate that they must have had a lot of practice in it.

At the time of his disownment Jethro Starbuck Wilson was twenty-six years old. He is reputed to have married Laura Wood in 1818, when he was thirty-two. While there is the probability that it was the slaughter of the invaders in his Charlotte office which brought about Jethro's disownment, the Lost Creek Minutes give the impression that Joseph and Thomas did the fighting for which they were disowned while they were living in Tennessee. Joseph was nineteen years old and Thomas twenty-eight.⁸ These actions may give the impression that the Wilsons were "fighting Quakers." Be that as it may, in the history of Friends for that period, they do not stand alone in this respect. The eighteenth and nineteenth century Minutes of Quaker Meetings reveal many cases of disownment for this type of "laying on of hands." In the general society which developed in the wake of the frontier, fist-fighting became almost a way of life for many men: proficiency in it seems to have been a sort of status symbol, and many young men of the Society of Friends were not immune to its practice.

For some unknown reason all the members of the Wilson family left Tennessee, and most of them came back to North Carolina. On March 26, 1814, Eunice W. Wilson and her daughter Matilda were given a certificate to Deep Creek Monthly Meeting, located four miles north of Yadkinville, North Carolina. It is believed that their home was in or near Morganton, North Carolina: Deep Creek was the nearest

Monthly Meeting. Two of the members of the family had already moved to Burke County, North Carolina, and now the parents joined them there and by doing so ended the Wilson occupation of Tennessee. This is the last time that Eunice W. Wilson's name appears in Quaker records. She died in 1833, one year after the death of her husband, William Wilson.⁹

ARKANSAS: PLACE OF BIRTH, CHILDHOOD AND TRAGEDY

Members of the family of Jethro Starbuck and Laura Wood Wilson must now become the focus of attention in this treatise.

Mary, their first child, was born in Charlotte in 1819 and died in infancy. Soon after the baby's death Jethro and Laura caught the "western fever," which at that time was in epidemic stage. For nearly two decades the emigrant wagon trains had been rolling through the Appalachian Mountain passes and along the emigrant roads to some eldorado of land-hungry emigrants. Congress had been busy setting up new states: Louisiana, Indiana, Mississippi, Illinois and Alabama in rapid order between 1812 and 1819. Missouri received statehood in 1821. Jethro Wilson could use the home of his brother-in-law, Augustine Willis, in the north-western corner of Mississippi, as the base from which to make his search for suitable land in a favorable location. His choice was land west of the Mississippi River, in Arkansas Territory.

In their new home nine children were born between Christmas day, 1820 and December 22, 1834. Two of them died in infancy. The second, listed in the Wilson records as "Sally Orianna Wilson," was born July 31, 1822. Twenty-eight years later the Minutes of Back Creek Monthly Meeting, in Randolph County, North Carolina, would give her name as "Orianna R. Wilson," and later her daughter, Mary Mendenhall Hobbs, reduced it to "Orianna Wilson."¹⁰ The ninth of the Arkansas-born children was born December 22, 1834, and was given the name Jethro Reuben, for his father Jethro Starbuck Wilson and his grandfather Reuben Wood.¹¹

In March 1835, when Jethro was only three months old, tragedy struck the family: the mother, Laura Wood Wilson, died. Within a very short time Jethro moved the family of seven children across the Mississippi River into the south-western corner of Tennessee. But tragedy was following close on their heels, for in the fall of 1836, Jethro died, leaving the children in a small house on a one hundred acre tract of land for which they had no deed. In some way these seven cruelly bereaved children, ranging in age from less than two to just over fifteen years, reached the home of their Uncle Augustine and Aunt Evalina Wood Willis, where they remained until arrangements could be made to divide them out among their uncles and aunts in Mississippi and North Carolina.¹²

Before the caravan of children left Mississippi for North Carolina the first heart-break over separation came to them: Evalina, the oldest, was to stay in Mississippi in the home of their uncle. This made Orianna, then just fourteen, the oldest of the six children in the horseback troop. The names of the adults in the caravan are not known.

The journey was a stern physical test to these young travellers: over seven hundred miles of undeveloped roads, over mountains and across numerous unbridged streams. Inns were poor and far apart, and generally homes along the way were not open to travellers, especially large groups. They could spend the nights at emigrant camping places or wherever convenient to them. From tradition it is learned that Orianna held little Jethro on her lap on this long ride to North Carolina. From this it would be assumed that she used the type of sidesaddle to which women riders were restricted in those days.

On this journey, at the age of fourteen, Orianna is seen in the role of an adult: caring for her younger brothers and sisters; taking the place of their

mother, whom they had left in her grave in Arkansas. She was exhibiting qualities of care and strength which would characterize her during the remainder of her life. Twenty years later when Jethro would be plagued and incapacitated by a chronic ailment he would go to the home of Orianna where she and their beloved cousin, Delphina Gardner Mendenhall, would devote three months of loving care to bring him back to good health.¹³

When the hardened young travellers reached the first homes of their relatives in North Carolina they met the stern test of parting with each other, as, one by one, they were assigned to their new homes. Someone, or perhaps it was a family council, decided that Orianna should go to the home of her aunt, Mary Wilson Gardner Long and her second husband John Long, Sr., a member of Cane Creek Monthly Meeting, in the southern part of what became Alamance County.¹⁴ When the Wilsons were members of Centre Meeting they must have known the Long family, located only a few miles from them.

It was Orianna's good fortune that her foster parents were Quakers who had a high regard for education. They and other Friends around them had close ties with, and strong hope for the new Yearly Meeting Boarding School at New Garden. John Long's oldest daughter, Rebecca, was the wife of John Newlin, who had been the chairman of the committee which had been responsible for raising the money for the construction of the building for the school. Three of their children would be in the school during the first two years of its existence. It is not surprising that the Longs saw to it that Orianna was enrolled at the school for its second year.

Nothing is known of Orianna's school experience in Arkansas. It is possible that the children in the family were taught by their mother and father: both were doubtless well equipped for it. Before entering school, in the fall of 1838, Orianna had time to get acquainted with people in her new environment. Her aunt Mary Long had two daughters: Delphina E. and Flora M. Gardner, both several years older than Orianna. Though Delphina had been married to George Mendenhall for a few years Orianna must have had plenty of opportunities to know her, and Flora was in the Long home when Orianna arrived. Both of these cousins would soon enter prominently into the developing life of Orianna. It is quite possible that attending Monthly and Quarterly Meetings during the first few months at Cane Creek enabled her to find friends among the ten boys and girls of the Cane Creek area who would be in school with her, at New Garden, during the following year.

Orianna must have found life in the new school a thrilling and valuable experience. She was with young Friends from the different quarters of North Carolina Yearly Meeting, with whom she could match her intellect, ambition, and eagerness for learning. It may seem surprising that she was at New Garden for only one year, but this seems to have been considered sufficient to prepare the more mature students for teaching in the schools of that day. A study of the list of students who were at the Boarding School during the first few years of its history shows that a high percentage of them, perhaps a majority, studied there for only one year. Even Braxton Craven, the first President of Trinity College, now Duke University, and one of the most noted educational leaders of North Carolina during the nineteenth century, found one year there sufficient.¹⁵

It is easy to assume that, during the twelve year interval between her boarding school experience and marriage to Nereus Mendenhall, Orianna used her talents and enthusiasm to the fullest extent. It is not hard to find grounds for the assumption that she was teaching in some Friends school during that time. Teaching was one of the few occupations open to women. Certainly it offered Orianna ample opportunity for the creative use of her talents. Cane Creek, Centre, Deep River and New Garden were Quaker communities in which she had friends and

relatives: all of them had schools and school houses. The thought that she taught in one or more of these communities will not go away, though history does not provide any specific evidence to support the assumption. Cumulative circumstances make it easy to see her enriching the primal school system of the thriving Back Creek Quaker community, in Randolph County.

It is no surprise that Orianna joined the Society of Friends: the surprise is that she waited until 1851 to do so. Since coming to North Carolina she had lived almost constantly in a Quaker atmosphere: in homes, school and communities. One even wonders how she was able to attend New Garden Boarding School without being a member of the Society of Friends, since enrollment was restricted to Friends.

One important aspect of her experience at New Garden Boarding School was her immersion in Quakerism: by word of mouth and by association. Her teachers were evenly divided between New Englanders and North Carolinians: all were Quakers. All the students were from Quaker homes. The school was always under the stern and watchful eye of the Yearly Meeting: ministers and elders made regular visits to keep watch as best they could on teachers and students, in the class rooms and about the buildings and grounds. Some of the leading ministers of North Carolina Yearly Meeting and visiting ministers from other yearly meetings often attended their Bible readings and meetings for worship, and were not hesitant about giving messages on the principles, purposes and spirit of Quakerism. Nathan Hunt was probably the most frequent and most influential visitor during Orianna's year at New Garden. In addition to the Quaker exercises in the school building the whole school marched twice each week to New Garden Meeting House for meeting for worship with Friends in that Meeting.¹⁶ The whole year was an intensive course in Quakerism for Orianna and it must have had a definite influence on her life.

ROMANCE AND MARRIAGE

What gave Orianna Wilson and Nereus Mendenhall the opportunity to meet, and the numerous occasions for the development of their love for each other, is one of the elusive questions arising from the meager information about this phase of their lives. Mary Mendenhall says Orianna's year at New Garden Boarding School was the first year of Nereus' connection with the school, but the Guilford College Alumni Directory indicates that his long connection with the school began the year after Orianna was there. I think Delphina Gardner Mendenhall, Orianna's cousin, must have been instrumental in bringing them together. She was the wife of George Mendenhall, Nereus' uncle. During the six years prior to Orianna's coming to New Garden, Nereus and his Aunt Delphia had developed a strong feeling of affection for each other. Delphina, who had become one of the dynamic leaders in North Carolina Yearly Meeting, won the admiration of her husband's nephew. Mary Mendenhall Hobbs said she

. . . was of rare spiritual and mental refinement and culture. To her had been given the best advantages which the country could afford for an education. She was, too, a beautiful woman. Her countenance radiated the luminous soul within, and her kindness went forth to all who came in contact with her. She at once entered into her husband's plans for the liberation of the slaves. . . . I have described this one family because it, more than all others, was helpful in forming the character of my father. This new aunt loved him devotedly and never lost the opportunity to manifest this love and solicitude.

When Ezra Meader, who was leaving New England to enter upon his work in connection with the Baltimore Association, was calling upon John Greenleaf Whittier, a friend of the family, and was asked what place he would go, replied, First I expect to go to the home of Delphina Mendenhall, Whittier said, 'Delphina? why she is a whole Quarterly Meeting in herself.'

Thus within a mile of each other these two congenial families lived, mutually helpful, sharing each other's joys and sorrows, encouraging one another in every good word and work.¹⁷

This long quotation has been given to show something of the mind and personality of this gifted woman who was a constant help and influence in the life of Nereus Mendenhall, a nephew of her husband, and to suggest that she could not have shown less interest, love and solicitude for her own cousin, Orianna Wilson. Certainly she visited Orianna at New Garden Boarding School and had her young cousin in her own home as often as possible. It is not hard to imagine that Delphina's home was a meeting place for Orianna and Nereus on several occasions during Orianna's year in boarding school. After her marriage her home would be only a mile from that of Delphina and their mutual association would be close, helpful and affectionate.

A part of the genius of early Friends is shown in the way church government set the stage for Cupid, in Quaker garb, to set the lures for the outwardly shy Quaker boys and girls. Though every Friends meeting was for worship or business or both, nearly all of them were fringed with a distinct social aspect: lively and friendly conversations before and after each session, sometimes followed by warm-hearted association in home-visits. In Quarterly Meeting sessions friends were drawn from all the constituent Monthly Meetings. Since these sessions were of three-day duration the Friends from the more distant meetings would crowd the homes of those who lived near the place where the sessions were held. Many Friends came to the annual sessions of the Yearly Meeting prepared to camp in the groves near the meeting house; some of them stayed in the dormitory rooms of the Boarding School. These gatherings were popular with young Friends. Often special meetings were held for them.¹⁸ Whether it was intended or not, the stage was set in these meetings for young Friends to have ample opportunity for friendly association. In addition the Discipline encircled them with a protective wall which made the whole Society of Friends off limits for gentile wolves: a Quaker could marry no one except a member of the Society of Friends. Cupid and all the young Friends were expected to understand this limitation. Certainly Nereus and Orianna were conspicuous in this important aspect of Quaker life in North Carolina.

After Orianna's year at New Garden the Back Creek Quaker community in Randolph County must have furnished opportunities for Nereus and Orianna to continue their romance. Both of them had close family connections in that area. In 1838, while Orianna was at New Garden, her cousin, Flora Gardner, daughter of her Aunt Mary Gardner Long, married Barnabas Nixon and went to live at his home in the Back Creek community. Having lived together in Flora's mother's home, they could have developed a strong attachment for each other. Shortly after this marriage Orianna's sister, Cornelia Ann Wilson, went to live with her cousin Flora Gardner Nixon. This provided another reason why Orianna would be attracted to the Back Creek community to live and work. What could have been more alluring to these two sisters than the opportunity to live together again, under the same roof, perhaps in the same room? Orianna must have been a favorite cousin to the Nixons, for when their fifth child arrived she was named "Orianna Wilson Nixon."

Eliza Mendenhall, sister of Nereus, married Nathan Hill and moved her membership in the Society of Friends to Back Creek Monthly Meeting, as she had moved her residence to Randolph County. If Nereus needed any support for his visits to Back Creek this family could have provided it.

By whatever means--in Quaker meetings, boarding school, homes of relatives, or other divinely chosen place or manner--Orianna and Nereus did get together. Since Orianna joined Back Creek Meeting and since her wedding took place there it is safe to assume that she lived in that community; possibly for several years.

On February 25, 1851, Back Creek Monthly Meeting received "Orianna R. Wilson" into membership on her request. On October 2, 1851, Deep River Monthly Meeting granted Nereus Mendenhall a certificate to Back Creek Meeting to marry. Nearly four weeks later, October 29, 1851, "Orianna R. Wilson," daughter of Jethro and Laura Wood Wilson, both deceased, married Nereus Mendenhall, son of Richard and Mary Pegg Mendenhall, at Back Creek Meeting. Now this remarkable couple was off on what would prove to be a thrilling and adventurous life of service to the Society of Friends and to society in general. They were old enough to know what they were doing: Nereus was thirty-two years old and Orianna was twenty-nine.

On May 26, 1852, "Orianna P. Mendenhall" requested that her certificate of membership be sent to Deep River Monthly Meeting, the home-meeting of the Mendenhall family. She and Nereus remained members of that meeting as long as they lived, even though their residence was at New Garden for several years.¹⁹

EQUAL PARTNERS IN AN ILLUSTRIOUS FAMILY

Though, in her biography of Nereus Mendenhall, Mary Mendenhall Hobbs gives her mother very little space, she gives laconically but clearly some of the admirable characteristics of her mother. Orianna is shown with qualities in full flower which made members of her branch of the Wilson family illustrious: she is pictured as one of them, and as one fully capable of walking with her husband as an equal partner. Though her attributes were not synonymous with those of her husband, the differences were not disparaging to her: the two personalities complemented each other; made them a strong team for their adventurous life. As seen in this context by her daughter:

Her character in many respects the counterpart of her husband's, seemed admirably adapted to giving him the assistance needed. She had perfect health, sound common sense, and excellent mind, much ability, and withal a disposition which always looked on the bright side and made things pleasant, full of helpfulness for all about her. Her care for his health was constant, and it was largely due to this fact that he afterwards became a strong and vigorous man.²⁰

Though an overtone in this evaluation of Orianna may reflect the popular idea of that day, that the major function of the wife was to assist her husband in his career, with no thought of reciprocal responsibility on his part, it states clearly that she was a very talented person and that her husband owed much of his rich life to her.

The evaluation continues:

She was what William James would have called a once born soul with a simple direct faith. When once her husband asked her whether she had any doubts and perplexities about religion, she answered, 'No. The Lord has cared for me thus far and I know He always will if I do my part. What is the use of perplexities? You know what is right, do it and that is all there is to it.' She never failed to do her part. It was never left to someone else to do. Hers were the hands that 'are quicker unto good' in her home and in the community.²¹

In these two paragraphs there is the strong implication that Nereus Mendenhall relied heavily on Orianna throughout their life together. This is also apparent in some of the crises which Nereus had to face. When he was under pressure from public tension over the issue of slavery and the threat of a civil war, the opportunities which he saw in the rapidly developing Middle West lured him to the decision to emigrate to Minnesota. Though the brief account of the decision to emigrate does not mention Orianna it is difficult to imagine that it was made without her consent.

. . . the household goods were packed in boxes and home-made trunks and carried to the station at Jamestown and the family ready to leave on the morrow. The conviction grew stronger that it was the will of the Lord for him to remain at New Garden and stand by the school, come what might. He was obedient to the holy vision and, after assuring himself that such a course would meet the approval of his wife, ordered the boxes brought back and himself went again to the old school room.²²

Here as usual Orianna's consent was essential.

They moved their family into the farmhouse, the first dwelling house built on what later became the campus of Guilford College. Here they lived for several years. It seems quite likely that this was the house which stood until about 1920 where Ragsdale House, the home of the President of the College, now stands.

In the bitter tension which soon exploded into the Civil War another test came to Nereus and Orianna Mendenhall. It came from the distribution of Hinton Rowan Helper's book, The Impending Crisis. This strong attack on the institution of slavery ranked next to Uncle Tom's Cabin as the best seller of that day. To the pro-slavery segment of the population of the South it was like a red flag in the face of a bull. The General Assembly of the State passed an act suppressing the book and imposing a prison sentence on anyone who was convicted for selling it. In Guilford County the most noted distributor of the book was arrested, tried, and convicted. While under bond, waiting for an appeal to the Supreme Court, he was threatened by mob action and left the state.²³ When some of his friends learned that Nereus Mendenhall had distributed several copies of the book they advised Orianna to collect the copies and burn them. As Mary M. Hobbs told the story:

This the Doctor would never have done himself, but it was doubtless the simplest way through the difficulty. She (Orianna) hurried from house to house collecting the books, driving several miles before all the scattered documents were again at the starting point. These with those still undisposed of she quietly tore open and heaped upon the blazing fire in the sitting-room. 'What is thee doing that for?' her husband queried. 'Because Cyrus (Mendenhall) sent me word that it must be done and I intend to do it.' He said no more but regretfully watched the funeral pyre until it consumed the whole.²⁴

These quotations give a clear evaluation of the mind and determination of Orianna Mendenhall. They show that she could assume command when a situation demanded it, and they support her daughter's assertion that she was "always knowing what to do and how to do it."

Another of Orianna's daring acts, which came in the heat of the war tension, reveals the depth of her convictions and the strength of her determination to implement them. As the number of bushwhackers--deserters and those evading conscription--increased, they sought hiding places and food wherever they could be found. The large barn on the farm of New Garden Boarding School was used by some of them as a hiding place. On many occasions, Orianna Mendenhall and Elizabeth Cox, Matron of New Garden Boarding School, hung baskets of food in the old barn for these hungry men. It was a daring act, fraught with great risk, but we can almost hear Orianna say: It's the right thing to do and that is all there is to it. Though their food supplies were limited they could not allow these men to starve.²⁵ It made no difference to them which military force they were evading.

ORIANNA AT THE HEART OF THE FAMILY

The scarcity of information makes it impossible to make a clear comparison of Orianna's influence in the home with that of Nereus. There was certainly

no rivalry between them over this important aspect of their lives. We are led to believe that there was nothing but mutual love and wise cooperation as they guided their children through childhood to maturity. In preparation for this Nereus had the advantage in formal school training but nothing has been found to indicate that Orianna took second place in leadership of the vibrant family life in the Mendenhall home. They must have made an effective team for the responsibilities with their five daughters, for all of them in their adult life seemed to emulate the parental distinction in education, cultural refinement, and in service to society.

Every one of the five daughters had excellent and carefully planned educational training for positions of leadership for women in their day. Each of them studied at New Garden Boarding School or Guilford College. In addition to their studies in North Carolina all of them had one year, or more, in schools in the North: in Pennsylvania, New York or Massachusetts. Gertrude was the only one who never married. All four of the sons-in-law of Nereus and Orianna had studied at New Garden Boarding School or Guilford College: all were members of the Society of Friends. All the daughters became teachers and three of the sons-in-law became outstanding in that profession.

Mary, the oldest daughter, began her school training in Deep River Friends School, went from there to New Garden Boarding School and then to the Howland School, on Cayuga Lake, in New York. She taught at New Garden Boarding School before marrying Lewis Lyndon Hobbs, Principal of the Boys School, who later became the first President of Guilford College. In 1921 she received the honorary degree of Doctor of Letters from the University of North Carolina.

Laura Mendenhall attended New Garden Boarding School and the Howland School in New York and then taught in New Garden Boarding School. She married J. Franklin Davis who became one of the great scholars in the history of Guilford College.

Julia Fiske Mendenhall's scholastic experience took her through New Garden Boarding School and Germantown Friends School, in Pennsylvania. Her teaching experience was in a school at what later became Burlington, North Carolina, and at Woodland Friends Academy, Wayne County, North Carolina. She married George C. Moore of Woodland, who had been a student at New Garden Boarding School.

Gertrude Whittier Mendenhall went from New Garden Boarding School to Wellesley College, Massachusetts, where she graduated. Her first teaching was at Peace Institute in Raleigh, North Carolina. She became a member of the first faculty of Guilford College as that institution emerged from New Garden Boarding School. She left this position to become professor of mathematics in the first faculty of what is now the University of North Carolina in Greensboro. When she retired from that position the University honored her for her long distinguished service by naming one of its dormitories for her. She served as Recording Clerk of North Carolina Yearly Meeting for many years.

Judith Genevieve Mendenhall, the fifth daughter, studied at New Garden Boarding School, studied art in Philadelphia and graduated from Guilford College in its second class, that of 1890. She married W. Augustine Blair, her classmate. Two years of his long teaching career were at Guilford College.

As intimated above, both parents were deeply involved in the cultural growth of their remarkable daughters, but one aspect of their dual guidance needs attention: Nereus was away from home during several of the important years of their development. His work with railroad companies as a civil engineer kept him away from his family for long periods, but his most conspicuous absence was the greater part of four years in Pennsylvania. From 1876 to 1878 he was teaching at Penn Charter School in Philadelphia. This was followed by two years at Haverford College

as Superintendant and part time teacher. During his four-year absence Orianna and the five girls remained at the Mendenhall home near Jamestown, because Orianna wanted it that way.²⁶ During these years there can be little question about the part Orianna played in guiding the family.

The following characterization of Orianna is a gem in her biography and it enables us to visualize her as a dynamic mother keeping pace with the girls as long as they were in the Mendenhall home: "She who had always been strong, full of life and fun, with the elasticity and gaiety of her girlhood still about her, always knowing just what to do and how to do it."²⁷

Orianna began playing the role of the resourceful mother in the early years of her married life. She had the experience of managing the Mendenhall household alone when young children demanded her constant attention. Three of the daughters were born during the years of the developing tension which led to the outbreak of the Civil War. In 1858 when Mary, Laura and Julia were six, four and two years old, respectively, her youngest brother, Jethro, incapacitated by illness, came to the Mendenhall home. For three months this busy mother and their beloved cousin, Delphina Gardner Mendenhall gave him the loving care needed for his recovery. At that time Nereus Mendenhall was away from home: "engaged in the survey of Western North Carolina Railroad from Greensboro to Asheville." A few months earlier Jethro had visited him at Marion, North Carolina.²⁸ This is enough to indicate that Nereus entrusted the responsibility for the family to Orianna through most if not all of that year.

Orianna, left with the delicate and ever-present responsibility of parenthood, allowed neither the emotional disorders of the times nor the incessant demands of growing children to divert her from the needs of persons or the community around her. The first three children were born in the pre-war period, the fourth during the war and the fifth soon after: all grew up in Orianna's vibrant presence during the Reconstruction Period--the most difficult time in the history of the South. Nereus, who had been away from home during long periods of the early years of the first three children, began his four-year sojourn in Pennsylvania when the other two were ten and fourteen, respectively, and when the older three were in the process of determining what their course in life should be. During all these years Orianna was always with the girls demonstrating and sharing with them ways of joyous living in days of adversity. During their adult life the intellectual caliber of the five daughters, their cultural refinement, and their constructive living in the Society of Friends and in society in general reflected a priceless heritage from their parents: for it they certainly owed as much to their mother as to their father.

In the early part of 1890, when Orianna's health was seen to be failing, she and Nereus moved to a little cottage which they had bought, located on the western border of the campus of Guilford College. Four of their daughters were at the college: two as wives of members of the faculty, one as a teacher in the college and the youngest as a student there. Their nearness to each other must have been a joy to all of them, especially to Nereus and Orianna, but this was soon broken: on August 1, 1890, one day after her sixty-eighth birthday, Orianna died suddenly. Nereus died three years later. They were both buried in the Deep River Friends cemetery.

Orianna lived in an age when the patterns of thought and unquestioned conventions subordinated the life of women to that of men. Intellectually she must have accepted this order of life without question, but the flow of her thought and daily life from teenage to the last of her days ran counter to this regime. She demonstrated that she was led by an inner force--be it the impulse of human freedom or divine leading--as much a part of her as breathing, which she followed without thinking of its relevance to any age-old convention or practice.

It is not likely that Orianna ever heard of "woman power," and certainly "Women's Lib" had not been thought of; but the social patterns for which these terms stand found expression in her daily life, in her home and in her public life. Her style of living must have been contagious, for her daughters exhibited the same manner of social behavior. Was all this a living demonstration of the principle of equal rights for women before its day had come? Certainly if Orianna had been faced with the question she would have said: It is the gift of God and there is nothing to do but use it without making a fuss about it.

* * * * *

¹Nereus Mendenhall's grandmother, Judith Gardner Mendenhall, was the daughter of Stephen and Jennie Worth Gardner of Nantucket: Orianna Wilson's grandmother was Eunice Worth Wilson from Nantucket.

²Louis Round Wilson, The Jethro Reuben Wilson Family (Chapel Hill, 1969), pp. 5-6, bound typewritten manuscript in the Library of Guilford College. The certificates mentioned are reported in the Minutes of Deep River Monthly Meeting for March 3, 1794 and May 5, 1794.

³For some reason Lydia's name does not appear in this certificate.

⁴Minutes of Deep River Monthly Meeting for June 4, 1798.

⁵Data relative to the membership of these migrating Friends have been gleaned from the Minutes of these meetings for the years following the war.

⁶These disownments are recorded in the Minutes of Lost Creek Monthly Meeting for the dates indicated.

⁷Wilson, op. cit., p. 8.

⁸Dates of birth found in Records of Centre Monthly Meeting, p. 49.

⁹Wilson, op. cit., p. 5.

¹⁰Minutes of Back Creek Monthly Meeting February 26, 1851. Also Mary Mendenhall Hobbs, "Nereus Mendenhall," Quaker Biographies, Series II, Volume V: p. 267.

¹¹Wilson, op. cit., p. 5.

¹²Ibid., p. 29, in Jethro Reuben Wilson's account of his life. ¹³Ibid., p. 35.

¹⁴Minutes of Cane Creek Monthly Meeting show that members of this Long family were living in what is now Alamance County as late as 1815.

¹⁵List of New Garden Boarding School students and when they were at the school, given in Guilford College Alumni Directory (Guilford College, 1937), pp. 111-128.

¹⁶Dorothy Lloyd Gilbert (Thorne), Guilford, A Quaker College (Greensboro, N.C.: Guilford College, 1937), Chap. II gives evidence of the Quaker atmosphere at school.

¹⁷Hobbs, op. cit., p. 267.

¹⁸Journals of many travelling ministers tell of special meetings for young Friends.

¹⁹The data relative to the certificates mentioned in the two paragraphs above are found in the Minutes of Back Creek and Deep River Monthly Meetings for the dates given.

- ²⁰Hobbs, op. cit., p. 268. ²¹Ibid. ²²Ibid., pp. 271-272.
²³Hugh T. Lefler and Albert Ray Newsome, North Carolina (Chapel Hill: University of North Carolina Press, 1954), p. 420.
²⁴Hobbs, op. cit., pp. 269-270.
²⁵Gilbert, op. cit., p. 106; Hobbs, op. cit., p. 274.
²⁶Hobbs, op. cit., p. 285. ²⁷Ibid., p. 289.
²⁸Wilson, op. cit., p. 35. ²⁹Hobbs, op. cit., pp. 290, 297.

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"Let's play cards."

"Uh, okay. What game would you like to play? Do you know how to play poker?"

"Um!! Let's play war!"

"Alright."

This is a hell of a way to study! But Joey is in a good mood. Something tells me I should just go along with him.

"Those are your cards."

"Thanks. Okay, let's play....You win."

"No. You win...deuces are wild." Boy, I haven't played this game since I was a little kid. I remember we used to play cards lying on the living room floor--especially during the holidays. Then we used to get a bunch of kids together to play a little penny poker. That was fun, the time we went over to one of my friends' grandmother's house and she just cleaned us out.

"War!!"

"One, two, three, over. Oh, I lost two aces!"

"Ha! Ha!"

* * * * *

"Well, that was a good game! How would you like to do a little reading now?"

"Okay. What do you want to read?"

"No, Joey! You tell me what you want to read."

"Well, I don't know."

"Then how about doing a little reading in your history book? Do you have it home?"

"Yah."

"Okay! Come on! I'll read every other paragraph, if you'll follow my reading with your finger."

"Alright."

"'Traveling down the Mississippi . . . '"

* * * * *

Wow!! This is the first time Joey didn't fight me when I tried to get him started on his history. I wonder if that session of playing cards (seven minutes) could have had the effect of relaxing him. Especially since he beat me. . . . I guess it gives him a feeling of accomplishment. It seems like I've been doing something terribly wrong up until now. I knew there was a certain amount of work that had to be done--I knew that Joey had the capacity to do this work. But I was treating Joey as if he were my brother. He had to do the work I gave him and there was no other way about it. I knew the right way of doing it, and I didn't stop to think that what was right for my brother wasn't necessarily right for Joey. It was becoming increasingly clear to me that I should not be so insistent on doing things the right way. Rather, I should be more pliable, more flexible. I should let Joey's moods lead me on and give me the clues which would let me know how much I could demand of him, and what approach I should make towards him.

* * * * *

"How much further I gotta go? You want me to read to the end of the chapter? I ain't."

"No, Joey! I don't want you to do anything you don't want to. We'll just continue reading until you've had enough. When you're tired of reading this we'll read one of the other books. Okay! I'll read the next paragraph--you follow with your finger. 'New Orleans became a major shipping center of...'"

Just like that, all the time. He's scared of the book. He thinks he won't be able to read the book, so he's afraid to try. Every time I say, "Let's read in your history book," it's "No, No!! It's too hard. Can't read that book. I'm gonna rip that book." "Why, Joey? You can read it!" "I ripped lots of books already!" "Look, I'll help you with it. Any words you don't know just ask me and I'll explain it to you." "It's too hard--can't read it." "Just read to the middle of this page."

I've got to give him some confidence in himself. Give him only a little bit at a time. When he finishes that, congratulate him and then push him on to the next section. Don't tell him he's got to finish the whole chapter. No, just one paragraph at a time. Don't make him swallow the whole meal at once, just one bite, one mouthful at a time. Once he has swallowed the first mouthful, I'll proffer the next to him.

"Hey, we read past where you said I had to!"

"Oh, how d'you like that? Boy, you really are working well tonight. You're just flying through that stuff as if it were nothing. You keep it up, Joey--you're really doing great. Do you want to stop with this and go on to one of the story books now? Here, this one looks interesting: The Stolen Bush."

"Okay."

* * * * *

"What do you think of the way the policeman handled the fellow who was trying to steal the bush?"

"Yeh, that was funny! Making him dig another hole an' everything."

"How do you spell trunk?"

"Uh! I don't know! Hell! I don't wanna spell."

"Come on, Joey, let's write it a couple of times. Here, you write it each time I write it."

"No! I ain't gonna do no damn work."

"Here. T-r-u-n-k, trunk. T-r-u-n-k, trunk. T-r-u-n-k, trunk. That's it, very good. Now, how do you spell trunk?"

"T-r-u-n-k."

* * * * *

Work him easy. You know he can do the work, but don't swamp him all at once. Let him know you're working with him. Next word. S-t-r-e-a-m. Write this word four times. Next word: F-l-o-w-e-r. This word write five times. What purpose is served by writing a word numerous times? Sometimes it's good--but must have him spell each word as he writes it. What does it mean? Use it in a sentence. Damn, wish I had taken a course in explaining the meaning of words--some of my explanations really stink. Can't even give a clear, concise, understandable meaning for the word toward. Must learn the knack of defining. Sure, I know what it means, I can use the word beautifully--but big deal, if I can't explain it. Maybe a dictionary definition is best, then a few sentences to illustrate its use. Give him a feel for the word.

"Okay, don't write the word five times by writing each letter separately, you won't remember it that way."

"r-r-r-r-r, i-i-i-i-i, b-b-b-b-b, o . . ."

"Stop it now, Joey. Spell the word as you write it and pronounce it

when you finish it." Son-of-a-gun, this kid is swift-- he writes r, and says t; he writes i, and says o; he writes b, and says w. . . . oh boy, he got himself a little confused that time. Do I stop him and tell him to do it right or do I let him continue with his defiance? For one thing, he sure is concentrating on both words. It's pretty difficult to say one thing with your mouth and to simultaneously write another thing on the paper.

"Okay, write the word again, Joey." Son-of-a-gun--he's getting better at it. Oh, well--once more. "Okay, Joey, now spell ribbon."

"T-o-w-a-r-d."

"Spell toward."

"R-i-b-b-o-n."

"How about tired?"

"You want me to write that too?"

"No. Just look at it. Think tired. t-i-r-e-d. t-i-r-e-d. t-i-r-e-d. Spell it."

"T-i-r-e-d."

"Very good. See, if you just concentrate on something you'll be able to remember it." Switch things around. Don't make it boring for Joey. Throw new ways of doing things at him. Now we write, now we spell out loud, now we just look at the word, form a mental picture of it, think, feel it, be it. But follow Joey's lead. If he "don' wanna write," do something else.

* * * * *

Why should he have advantages other kids don't have? Let him work just like everybody else who wants to get ahead. If you're going to pay him to study, what about the kids who study because they believe it's the best thing for them? Now you'll be better off if you're born disadvantaged--you'll get everything on a silver platter, everybody will kiss your ass, they'll pay you money to study. . . .

. . . talking about asses, boy are you an ass to even be so blind as to think this way. If you just want to be purely practical . . . think, don't give these disadvantaged kids any incentive to study, to pull themselves out of the ghetto, don't give them a chance to make a better life for themselves. And what's going to happen? Society still won't advance, or improve itself. If you want a good, just society you must have good, just people--this can be accomplished through education, through examples of what is good and just. But if they see no need for education, no profit for them, if they don't feel the same way about education as the middle class child, can we then say that he is deprived, stupid, less intelligent and inferior to the middle class child? And even if assumed inferior can this inferiority be improved and remedied? If one offers a student five dollars a week if he produces decent marks will not the student have an immediate goal to work for? And what's so horrible about that? Don't middle class parents reward their children for good school work? And then just think, you lay out a certain sum of money now--but look at the return for your investment: a society where a greater number of people are educated, where people can live more harmoniously together, and possibly even fewer people on the relief rolls. You have to stop thinking in terms of what is right and what is wrong, because what's right for you may not be right for the next guy. Sure, it's not right to seek learning for the sake of getting money, but if one doesn't have money to live, to buy clothes with, then why should one go to school? Already we have sunk a great deal of money into bettering the ghetto child, into making useful citizens out of the hard-core unemployed; and we have observed the monumental failure of most of these programs. But no matter how small the progress is, it is progress; and the work must go on

towards building a better society. The only other alternative is to carry out mass extermination programs similar to Hitler's. Since our society can't condone such actions, it is our duty to work towards interracial peace and harmony, otherwise we allow the seeds for society's destruction to germinate.

* * * * *

"Well, Joey, you really did a great job tonight. Here's a quarter. Now, write these ten words five times each for next week. And if you do as well next week there will be another quarter for you."

"I'm sorry I gave you a hard time last week. I won't be such a wise-guy any more. Anyway, thanks a lot, see you next week!"

Sorry! Wiseguy! Thanks! See you next week! I can't believe it! Did he really say that? Son-of-a-gun--that tough little kid actually said he's sorry. It's a little hard to believe. Guess now I will have to work even harder at trying to help Joey with his work.

* * * * *

"Howdy, Mr. Brown."

"Oh, how are you, Jim? How did it go with Joey today?"

"Amazingly well."

"Oh, I saw you playing cards there."

"Yes, that seemed to be just the thing to loosen Joey up, to get him to relax a bit. It seemed to increase tremendously my ability to help him."

"Well, that's quite surprising."

"Hi, Beverly!"

"Hi, Jim! How did it go tonight, or shouldn't I bother to ask? It's written all over your face that you are very pleased."

"Yes, that I am. I have never been able to accomplish so much work with Joey as I was able to accomplish tonight. We went through a chapter in history, and three stories--and without any problems either. You know, he even apologized for giving me a hard time last week."

"That's unbelievable. Do you know you're the first one who could get anyplace with Joey?"

"Well, I think I should have been the one to apologize. It seems that Joey's competence depends a great deal on his emotional state. I had to learn to recognize in Joey's manner the cues which would tell me how much I could demand and expect of him."

"Well, Jim, I'm glad you're interested in doing a good job and I've found that most of the kids from Queens College have really done an excellent job. However, I'm dissatisfied with the results of the program. Oh, listen: I've done a bit of work with this type of kid, and I know better than to expect to see results right away. If we've been able to make even a small dent in their lives, then our work has been well worth it. Oh, I don't mean that I expect overnight results; what I am disappointed in is the fact that we at the House have not seen to it that the boys were a little better behaved when the tutors came. Yes, it seems that if the boys were absolutely certain that no fooling around would be tolerated we might have been able to accomplish a little more."

"Well, Beverly, it's been good talking with you. I hope that in my future courses I will be able to return to Patterson House."

* * * * *

Just give in to the kid. Play cards with him if he wants to. Follow his cues. He knows what's best. Let him decide what he wants to read. Let him decide what he wants to study. Sure, then we can have complete anarchy. Why, you don't even need a teacher then. Why should I let this little punk kid tell me how I should teach him?

Is it really anarchy? Or is it a way of sparking interest in what we are working on? If he says, let's play cards, do I say no, because we've got to study, not play? Or do I say, yes, let's play for a while and then we'll study a little? If he says, I don't wanna read that, do I say, you gotta? Or do I say, let's read something that you'd like to? Am I less of a man and less of a teacher because I allow myself to learn something from and about my student?

* * * * *

EPILOGUE

Boy, sun is nice today. It's a pleasure. Make a right at the corner. Washington Irving High School. Died 1789. Yah, remember the first night I passed by here. Were two cops outside. Ohh! Oh! Speaking about cops. Oh, this is too much. Those three little kids are going to get in trouble and they don't even know it. They're so intent on trying to get the fuse of that firecracker lit, they don't even see the cop standing behind them, Quite amusing. Oh well, down past the Chinese laundry again. BUZZ! BUZZ! What the heck's the matter with these people, they don't have anybody at the entrance anymore. BUZZ! BUZZ! Ah! here comes somebody. Better go down and check in.

"Evening, Beverly."

"Oh, hi, Jim."

"See you later." Up the stairs, 'round the corner. Here's Joey's room. KNOCK! KNOCK! Always knock; gives Joey the feeling his privacy is respected. I think that's a good feeling for a fellow to have. KNOCK! KNOCK! No answer.

"Oh, hi, Mr. Brown."

"Ah! Joey's not in tonight."

"Uh? What's the matter?"

"Joey ran away."

"Oh, well, can I help somebody else at least?"

"Yah--help Sam tonight. Sam, Jim's going to help you tonight. Jim, he's got math and spelling to do. See that he does it."

"Hey! Mr. Brown, I ain't got math to do."

"Get in there and don't come out. You want me, call me, and don't come after me."

"Um, the New York Times. VIET CONG LAUNCH NEW ATTACK ON SAIGON."

"Whacha doin', Sam?"

"Current events. Hey, Mr. Brown, got the scissors and tape?"

"Here." SNIP. SNIP. SNIP.

"Joey--I mean, Sam, do you know what you're cutting out?"

"Naw."

"Well, do you want to read it?"

"Naw, it's too hard."

"Well, let's try it anyway. I'll help you with it. You read the first paragraph, I'll read the second paragraph."

"Today in the capital of South Viet Nam the . . . ' Hey--you made me read the whole thing."

"Well, come on, it was only a couple of paragraphs. It says turn to page thirteen--you want to read the rest of it?"

"No."

"Okay. Then let's read up here."

"No."

"Who's playing the radio in the hall? I'll close the door."

"You calling Mr. Brown?"

"No."

you want me to read?" SLAM!

"Okay, let's read here."

"Four reporters murdered by Viet Cong . . ." BANG! BANG!

continue to read." "Stop banging the scissors on the desk. Give them to me. Okay, now

"Hey, are you married?"

"Let's just read the paper."

"Are you mean?"

"Just read the paper."

"I asked you a question."

"Well, I'm not going to answer it."

"Oh."

"What spelling do you have to do?"

"Here, these words."

"Hum. . . . How do you spell intent?"

"Mmm . . . e- um . . ."

pick your pen up off the floor." "Here, take a piece of paper and write it." BANG! "Cool it, kid. Now,

"Why'd ya say cool it?"

it three times." "Now write intent. Okay, now spell it. Spell courage. Um . . . Write

"Whaaat???"

Okay, write it once more." "Yeh, three times. Okay, now write it again. Spell it as you write it.

"C BANG!-o BANG! -u BANG! -r BANG! -a BANG! -g BANG! -e BANG!"

Twenty words! Boy, he knew just about all of them. Guess I'm a pretty good teacher. They weren't easy words either. Wait a minute! You dope! I'll bet he's been through these same words with his other tutor. He's just trying to pull my leg. Boy, you've got to watch these kids--they can be pretty sharp. RING! RINNNG! Time is up.

"Git ya hans off'a me! Leave me alone! Damn it! Don't touch me! OUWW!"

"Git into your pajamas! Git in bed! And just shut your trap!"

"HA! HA! HA! HA!"

Hey, listen, pal, you come in here instigating trouble and you'll be putting your pajamas on too."

"No! No! I'm leaving, Mr. Brown."

Mr. Brown." "Hi ya, Mr. Brown. PHWEE! I see you're having a lot of trouble there,

"Yeh."

"So what happened with Joey, there."

"He mentioned he was going to run away, said he was going home."

"Well, yeh, he was home, but then he left again."

"How long has he been gone?"

"Two days. . . . Hey, Angelo, where ya going?"

"Down to the boys' club."

"Make sure you're there because I'm gonna be down there later."

"Yeah."

—
place?"
"And Angelo, you seen Joey Nunez today?"
"No. He wasn't at school, Mr. Brown."
"I don't mean school, I mean after school, was he hanging 'round any
place?"
"No."
"Well, if you see him you grab him and bring him back here."
"Why, he run away?"
"Yah!"

* * * * *

B E T T Y N . W E A V E R :

WHY KEEP A JOURNAL ANYWAY?

I look back on the pages of my life
for this year past spent
and see myself forever growing
learning that I knew nothing before
and may know less later.

It is like my reflection in glass,
slightly distorted, I look at me
without envy or regret
but watching as though seeing a stranger
knowing and yet being surprised.

On those pages go impression,
funny stories, or so they seemed at the time,
and emotions, diluted for the written word.
Pages of notes on life as if I knew how to play,
I keep time this way as I laugh.)

I turn the pages and breathe "I remember,"
but somewhere I died and was born again
turning trite phrases into breathing
as though life is worth living
one damn day at a time.

The Society of Friends has, during the three hundred years of its existence, stood for the equality of men and women. To show that this is true, and to make clear that Quakers have stood out against the attitudes of the rest of the world, I have chosen five areas in which to observe the expression of this Quaker belief in equality.

PREACHING AND CARRYING THE WORD

From the very beginning of the Quaker movement, women carried the news of their religious beliefs, preaching and traveling to visit small and struggling groups of Friends and meetings in remote places, just as men did. It should be noted that this was in a time when women were usually bound to their homes. Quaker women, however, making arrangements for the domestic front to be covered by husbands, relatives, and members of their home meetings, left home with the encouragement of all these people, and made long, arduous, and taxing journeys. There is clear evidence that husbands and fathers were supportive of these efforts. Of the so-called "Valiant Sixty" (actually sixty-six) who spread the word over Britain in the 1650's, twelve were women. This is all the more remarkable when we remember what the dangers and discomforts of travel were in those days.

One of the earliest examples was Mary Fisher, a servant girl who had become a convinced Friend: she made a trip from England to Massachusetts in 1656, a period when any kind of religious variation was dangerous there, taking with her one companion, an older woman. She was imprisoned and examined for marks of witchcraft. Her books were taken from her and burned; then she and her companion were put back on their ship and the captain warned never to bring another Quaker to Massachusetts. This was the first visit of Friends to the colony.

Even before this, she had begun her public career. At the age of thirty, with an older woman aged fifty, she visited the University of Cambridge to carry "the Truth." When they preached in the streets, they were mocked by the students who assembled to hear them; their retort was, in forthright seventeenth century language, that "their college was a cage of unclean Birds and the Synagogue of Satan." The mayor was notified and came to see what the disturbance was about. He asked them their husbands' names. They answered that "they had no husband but Jesus Christ, and he sent them." The mayor, furious, ordered them to be whipped in the market place "till the blood ran down their bodies." This was done at the whipping post, where they were stripped naked to the "waste"; their flesh was miserably cut and torn. Their final words to their persecutors, after they had prayed God to forgive them, were: "If you think you have not done enough, we are here ready to suffer more for our Saviour Jesus Christ." They were finally roughly thrust out of town.

After suffering various imprisonments for her beliefs, in 1657, a year after her trip to New England, Mary Fisher made a trip to see the Sultan of Turkey, for whom she believed a message had been entrusted to her by God. This entailed a journey of incredible hardships. When she started out, she was accompanied by two other women and three men, but during the last six hundred miles on foot through Greece, Macedonia, and over the mountains of Thrace to Turkey, she went alone. All along the way she told those who questioned her that she was a bearer of a message to the King from the Most High. The peasants whom she met were not sure what she was. Was she a heavenly messenger or a

madwoman? In any case, they accepted her, fed her, and showed her the way. Finally she reached an encampment of rich, lofty, sumptuous tents in which the Sultan and his entourage were staying. His court was a corrupt, cruel one, vitiated by luxury. She asked for an interview with the Sultan, and was at first refused. She, however, gently and obstinately persevered. The grand vizier was finally won over, and she got her audience.

The scene that followed must have been a remarkable one. She, a servant girl, plainly dressed and shabby from travel, stood quietly among the richly adorned assembly, her face alight with her sense of the presence within her. The sixteen year old Sultan sat facing her, decked in cloth of gold lined with sable. She waited without speaking for the moment when she would feel it right to speak. The Sultan, thinking she was overcome by shyness, asked whether she wished to speak to him alone. "No," she answered. Finally she delivered her message; the assembly listened quietly, treating her with respect. They offered to let her stay, or to provide her with an escort on her trip back. She refused both offers. What did she think of their prophet, Mahomet? She answered that she didn't know him; she knew only Jesus Christ. They might judge their prophet by whether his words came to pass. The Turks assented. She turned away, and set out on her long journey home.

This story has been recounted at length partly because of its inherent interest and partly because it is typical of women's activity in this early period of Quakerism. The same thing continued later. Between 1684 and 1773, the visitors to the colonies traveling in the ministry from England, Ireland, and the Barbadoes numbered 79 men and 32 women. A good example of the latter is Rachel Wilson from Lancaster in England, who in 1768 crossed the Atlantic and traveled thousands of miles on horseback through summer heat and winter snow, sometimes sleeping on the ground. At one point she was on horseback and is said to have landed head-first in a snowdrift. In the next century an English Friend, Anna Braithwaite, mother of seven, made three trips to the U.S. in six years. She went humbly, experiencing no delusions of grandeur; she traveled, she said, just from the desire to obey what she felt to be the will of God. "I look not for great things in my steppings along," she is reported to have said. Later in the same century (the nineteenth), Sybil Jones, from a remote country village in Maine, sometimes accompanied by her husband and sometimes not, visited England, Scotland, Ireland, Norway, Switzerland, France, Greece, Syria, Palestine, Liberia, and Sierra Leone. The women whose travels in the ministry have been cited above are merely representative; many others could have been chosen instead.

PERSECUTION

Another area in which Quaker women participated fully was that of suffering persecution for their beliefs.

We have already spoken of the treatment Mary Fisher and her companion received at Cambridge University; in 1654 two other women were barbarously beaten at Oxford. Four Quakers were hanged on Boston Common, one of whom was a woman, Mary Dyer. She went to Boston, she said, "to bear her testimony against the persecuting spirit." Banished once, she returned "to look the law in the face," and was then hanged. A statue of her by the Quaker sculptor Sylvia Shaw Judson stands on Boston Common. After her execution, two other women went to Massachusetts, where they were first imprisoned and then whipped at the cart's tail. Three women going to deliver the message to the colonies in America in the 1650's and 1660's were drowned. Two women going to Cyprus fell into the hands of the Inquisition and suffered imprisonment and severe privations in Malta, where

they were confined for three and a half years. Many more examples, especially of long imprisonments, could be cited, and the barbarous conditions in the prisons in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries makes the record even more impressive.

EDUCATION

The early years of the Quaker movement were a period when there was almost no education provided for women, and what little there was took place in the home. Friends have always considered that women should be educated.

The founder of the Society, George Fox, felt that a certain kind of education was so important that in 1668 and 1669 he saw to it that two schools were founded, one for boys and one for girls; this was before he had set up much by way of organization for Friends in other areas. It should be noted that this founding of schools was important for two reasons: first, that it came so early, and second, that he thought girls should be educated in a school. He wanted them, he said, to be taught "all things civil and useful in creation." To our age, which thinks the principal common meaning of the word civil is polite, the statement is misleading. Only recently has it come to mean this. In Fox's time the meanings live for him were orderly, civilized, educated, pertaining to citizens, humane, gentle. So by things civil he meant things open to human beings as citizens and as participants in civilization, things which are civic, civilized, educated, gracious and personal, things civil as distinguished from useful.

This has been the attitude of Friends towards the education of women throughout the years. Jonathan Dymond, Quaker writer, put it well in 1825: "There does not appear any reason why the education of women should differ in its essentials from that of men."

Three Quaker colleges, Earlham in Indiana, Guilford in North Carolina, and Swarthmore in Pennsylvania, were among the first American colleges to provide equal education for women.

CHURCH GOVERNMENT

Women have been genuine participants in the responsibility for the governance of the Quaker movement from very early times.

About 1653 the first "Men's Meeting" met fortnightly, taking the responsibility of caring for the poor and the persecuted of the Society, for keeping records, and for settling disputes. Three years later the women's meetings were created, an institution which began in London, then spread over the Quaker world. It began in part because the storm of persecutions of Friends meant many imprisonments, and consequently many families in want; the men's meeting was swamped with business. The women's body met once a week "to look unto the necessities of all Friends, sick, weak, in want, widows, fatherless"; it achieved increasing independence and authority as persecution increased and more and more men Friends were in prison.

It is interesting that there was some opposition in the Society to women's acting in this role, but Fox and those close to him held firm and encouraged the women's meeting; a few of the most determinedly opposed were disowned. It is also clear that the giving of this responsibility to a separate women's meeting was in no way an acknowledgement of the inferiority of women, by relegating them to an inferior body. Their responsibilities were heavy and important, and it was felt that women had a peculiar gift for the handling of situations involving personal relations.

At some time between 1675 and 1680--the exact date has been lost--an epistle was sent out from the Woman's Meeting in Lancashire to Women's Meetings

everywhere (it was common at this time, and still is, for a Quaker body of some sort to send out an official message from its sessions, known as an epistle). This epistle is especially remarkable because it describes the functions of women's meetings, and also because it expresses no hostility or resentment or subservience toward men; equality between the two seems to be taken for granted.

The epistle begins with a statement on this, phrased in the theological terms of the time:

We are all children of God by faith in Christ Jesus, where there is neither male nor female, but we are all one in Christ Jesus.... And in this dominion and power, the Lord God is establishing his own seed, in the male and the female, over the head of the serpent, and over his seed and power. And he makes no difference in the seed between the male and the female....

The epistle then goes on to speak of the duties of the women's meetings.

1. To worship together.
2. To have the oversight of the conduct of the members of the meeting. "If there be any that walks disorderly...or lightly, or wantonly,... then send to them...to admonish and exhort them, and to bring them to judge, and condemn, what hath been by them done or acted contrary to the Truth...."
3. To have the general oversight of marriages. To see that couples who wish to marry are investigated twice by the Women's Meeting and twice by the Men's Meeting, beginning with the Women's Meeting. They are to be sure that the couple is clear of all other entanglements, and that they have their parents' consent.
4. To see that children are trained up in the fear of God.
5. To take special care of the poor, and those that stand in need; of widows, especially those with young children; and the infirm and aged, "that they be looked after, and helped, and relieved in every particular meeting, either with clothes, or maintenance, or what they stand in need of...."
6. To see that the testimony against tithes is maintained.
7. The business of the meeting must be set down in a book, and any decision agreed on is to be read aloud at the next meeting to see whether the action agreed on has really been taken. Financial transactions are also to be recorded in the book. To have charge of these records, some "faithful honest woman"--or women--must be chosen who is qualified for the task by her ability to read and write.

It is interesting that in 1678 the Women's Meeting of Maryland sent two hogsheads of tobacco to the Women's Meeting of London, a gift apparently much appreciated and enjoyed.

Of course, in a culture in which women were very differently treated, it was inevitable that there would be some lapses on the part of the Society of Friends--the dyke couldn't keep the water out completely. For example, one English women's meeting noted that they were "in much unity and subjection of minds with the men's meeting." On the other hand, we should note that in the mid-1700's, the Men's Meeting in Rhode Island noted that giving the last word to men on certain matters set up a preeminence of males "where Truth admits of none."

In the Victorian era, the system degenerated. The real power was in the hands of the men's meetings. Almost the only important functions of the women's meetings were to worship together and send an epistle.

By the end of the nineteenth century, however, a ferment began to work. This situation was felt not to be right. In 1896 in London women were recognized as having an equal share again in the business and spiritual leadership of the Society. The form it took this time throughout Quakerdom was that gradually the men's and women's meetings joined; this happened at different times in different yearly meetings. Philadelphia was one of the last to do so in 1924. There have been from time to time presiding yearly meeting clerks (the top office) who were women; the present clerk of Philadelphia Yearly Meeting is a woman, and the next clerk of London Yearly Meeting will be a woman also.

Before we leave this topic, it should be noted that women have consistently, from the beginning, been eligible for appointment as elders, and in that capacity have, along with the men elders, participated in the responsibility for the spiritual life of the meetings.

SOCIAL WITNESS

The Society of Friends has, from its earliest days, been interested in bringing about social justice, and women have been involved in this too. Some of the names associated with this witness are well known, and I shall not linger over them, only mention a few: Elizabeth Fry, who began by visiting Newgate Prison and reading to the women prisoners (1812) and went on to become a recognized authority on prison reform (she was the first woman ever to be asked to give advice to a committee of the House of Commons); Lucretia Mott, a notable abolitionist, founder of the Philadelphia Anti-Slavery Society, one of the first secular organizations for women. She worked with the Underground Railroad and also helped to found Swarthmore College. Along with the much younger Elizabeth Cady Stanton, she organized the Convention for Women's Rights at Seneca Falls, and was one of its leading speakers.

Others might be mentioned not quite in the main Quaker stream: the Grimke sisters, Angelina and Sarah, were both Friends, but left the Society because the branch of Quakers with which they were associated was too conservative for them and they too militant for it. They were almost the first women to give public lectures. Abolition and women's rights were their interests. Letters on the Equality of the Sexes (1838), by Sarah Grimke, was the first full-fledged argument for women's rights published in this country. Susan B. Anthony, from a Quaker family though not herself a member, was close to Quakerism and identified with it by the general public. She fought especially for the right of women to control their own earnings and to have the custody of their children. One of her famous remarks has always endeared her to me: "In this country everyone may vote save idiots, lunatics, convicts, and women--and I don't like the company I'm in!"

To come down to more modern times, Jane Hull, great pioneer in the modern concept of social work (Hull House is of course associated with her name), though not a Friend, was undoubtedly greatly influenced by them. During the First World War, when women picketed the White House to protest war, a large number of them were Quakers. Alice Paul, one of their leaders, was a Quaker social worker who co-authored the Equal Rights Amendment, first introduced to Congress in 1923.

Chronologically speaking, it is probably true that the first Quaker woman to interest herself in social reform was the founder George Fox's first convert, Elizabeth Hooten, who, as a result of her imprisonments for conscience sake, became a proponent of prison reform, and tried to put pressure on the authorities to improve prison conditions, by writing a series of letters to them.

At the present time, the rest of the world is to a considerable degree catching up with the Friends' ideas on the equality of the sexes, and the Society has not been remarkable for its leadership on this front, even in some cases seeming to have fallen somewhat behind. There are, for example, at present no women presidents of co-educational Quaker colleges. Among pastoral Friends, there are fewer women pastors than there were a generation ago.

Probably the main contribution of Friends in the last fifty years in this area has been a quiet one, made by people who went about their daily life in such a way as to demonstrate their fundamental belief in equality. I remember that my husband and I created a few ripples back in the 1940's when we shared a job in the Quaker college where we were teaching in the days before this was thought of as a possibility. I can still recollect the astonishment on people's faces when we explained what we were doing, and the inevitable comment which would come in some form or other: "Well" (to me), "I understand what you do with the rest of your time, but what does he do?" The idea never crossed their minds that he, at home, did just what I would have done had I been there--and, in many cases, did it better.

There are signs today of a reviving interest in the Society of Friends in a public testimony for the rights of women, and it may be that in the future we shall once again find ourselves in the van.

In the remaining space, let us think a little about why for so many years Friends have been leaders in this area. Why have equal rights for women always been a part of the Quaker tradition? Why were Friends for so many years leaders in this area? Their leadership from the earliest times is all the more remarkable when we remember that the Society was born in a period when the position of women was very low. Attitudes in the seventeenth century were in marked contrast to those in the Middle Ages. Convents at that time offered education to girls, and important administrative positions were open to women. Not only were there women leaders of women's religious orders, but even in a few instances women were in charge of a whole order, both convents and monasteries. There were opportunities for women to become proficient in languages, art, music, and literature. Even in the trades, working women were protected by the guild laws; upper class women were often responsible for great establishments.

In contrast, in England of the seventeenth century, women's opportunities were largely restricted to domestic service and small shopkeeping--and, of course, marriage. Child marriages were frequent. The new generation was brought into the world and trained by mothers fourteen, fifteen, and sixteen years of age, almost all of them uneducated and illiterate.

The weight of Puritanism was behind this system. The illustrious John Knox, for example, promulgated it in his sermons. Another great Puritan preacher, Richard Baxter, classified women in one of his more complimentary remarks about them as being "betwixt a man and a child." A tract called "A Friendly Dialog between Two Countrymen, the One a Christian and the Other a Quaker, Concerning Women's Preaching" (1699) was written to show that women's preaching was contrary to the Scriptures and to be accounted an illusion of the Devil.

How then can we explain the Quaker attitude, which cut across the grain of a cultural trend? Why is it that, for over two hundred years, the Society of Friends was the only well known religious group to give women the chance to speak in public, to participate in group decisions, and to develop and use their gifts for moral and religious leadership? Undoubtedly the explanation lies in one of the main religious convictions of Quakers. They have always believed that God's light shines within all hearts. There is no necessity, they feel, for a mediator, for example, a priest; nor does revelation come only from

the Bible; it comes also in the depths of the individual human soul. The degree of possible illumination depends not on the amount of training or education or sex, but on openness to the Light, the degree of attention paid to it, and the extent of obedience given to it. The inevitable conclusion of the acceptance of this principle--that Truth is accessible to all--is clear: a woman, like a man, is an individual, not part of a category. So from the beginning, Friends have held the belief that women are by nature as capable of discipleship as men.

It is probably significant that the first convert of the founder of Quakerism, George Fox, was a woman. Elizabeth Hooten was her name (she has already been mentioned in the section on prison reform). He found her in a group of Baptist dissenters, broken off from the main church. She was a married woman, middle-aged, in comfortable circumstances. She listened to him and became his devoted follower, showing most of the traits we have observed in the other Quaker women mentioned earlier: she preached, she carried the message, she suffered several imprisonments, she traveled widely, going to America three times. After an unpleasant experience in Massachusetts, where a person could be fined for giving a Quaker a glass of milk, she returned to England, determined to help the Friends in Massachusetts. She waited for the King (Charles II) wherever he went with her petition; she once created a sensation--as no doubt she intended to do--by appearing before him in sackcloth and ashes. Finally, worn out by her insistence, he gave her permission to buy land in Massachusetts on which there would be a house, a refuge for Quakers. Back in Massachusetts--she was over seventy by now--and remember the hardships of travel then--she found that the King's orders were ignored. She was given 110 lashes in three separate towns; she had to walk to them tied to the back of a cart. Finally she was left alone in the wilderness. We hear of her next back in England. After this she went again to New England, having presumably won her point. Her last trip was to Jamaica to support George Fox there at a time when he was in poor health; there she died. Her life presents us clearly with the usual pattern: a preacher; a woman burning with a message; a woman with a concern for social justice.

Throughout the existence of the Quaker movement, certain customs have expressed significantly the inner attitudes of Friends towards women. In the marriage ceremony, both man and woman give the same promise. There was never, even in the earliest times, a promise that one would obey and the other endow. Both were to be faithful and loving. The status of a Quaker woman does not depend on marriage to the same extent as for others. She is known by her full name, not her husband's first name; she carries no title like Miss or Mrs. In some sectors of Quakerism, this is not so true today as it used to be; in others it is scrupulously followed. The modern protest in favor of Ms. is a step in the same direction, promulgated from outside the Quaker fold.

George Fox, in the early days of his quest, interrupted a preacher in a church because he had not permitted someone to speak because she was a woman. As his ideas in general developed, so did his ideas about women. He wanted women, he said, to have their rightful place. In fact, he said of both men and women that he wished the Society of Friends "to liberate for the service of the church the gifts of government which lay dormant and barren both in men and women." He commented amusingly that many men fear that women will be "too high," but, he says, men "need not fear anyone's getting over them; for the power and spirit of God gives liberty to all." So, from the first, Quaker women had an advocate.

In closing, I should like to speak briefly of the greatest woman in the early Quaker movement, Margaret Fell, who married George Fox. Coming as she did

from a higher social rank than most (her first husband was a judge), as soon as she joined the Quakers, she naturally, but informally, assumed at once a position of responsibility and authority. She was an organizer with a capacity for administration. Through her, a fund was established which financed impoverished traveling ministers, provided them with clothes and books, and paid their passage to foreign countries. She herself was the largest contributor. All the accounts were turned over to her. She gave hospitality to many at her home at Swarthmore Hall; she cared for the wives and children of those traveling, and she cheered those in prison with material aid and news of their families. Before the establishment of any administrative machinery (men's and women's meetings) she, with Fox, had the ultimate decision in matters of conduct and discipline. The many letters to her show the deep respect and affection with which she was regarded. She pled for the release of prisoners, sometimes successfully, and spent four and a half years in prison herself. At the close of her trial, she said before the authorities: "Although I am out of the King's protection, I am not out of the protection of Almighty God." On another occasion she said to her judge: "...For which of these things hast thou kept me in prison three long winters, in a place not fit for people to lie in; sometimes from Wind and Storm and Rain and sometimes from Smoke: so that it is much that I am alive, but that the power and goodness of God hath been with me."

After she and Fox were married, they had only two years together out of sixteen, so much of their time was spent apart in travels or in prison. Their letters to each other breathe affection, perfect confidence and mutual respect.

She lived ten years longer than he. To the end, she showed vigor and insight. Her last epistle to Friends (April, 1700) deplored what she felt was a growing spirit of outward conformity (a conformity which was, in fact, to lead in the coming generations to the traditional Quaker costume of sober grays and blacks). She pleaded that young people should wear pleasing fashions and bright colors. "We must all be in one dress and one color . . . this is a silly poor gospel," she wrote scornfully.

So she died, a mother in Israel. She had, by her life, pointed the Society of Friends away from pure concentration on individual salvation toward seeking salvation in lives of service.

In many ways she was an exemplar of Quaker womanhood.

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Women have not yet achieved full equality in the workplace. I am not referring here to the fact that they often do not receive equal pay for equal work, but to the broader issues of equal acceptance, equal opportunity for responsibility, for leadership, for advancement. That they do not yet have equal status is not only reflective of sexual discrimination; women themselves have not fully learned how to overcome stereotypic roles, behavior patterns, and future expectations. With the encouragement of affirmative action programs, the women's movement, and books such as The Managerial Woman and Getting Yours: How to Make the System Work for the Working Woman, we are moving towards the achievement of equality in the marketplace, but nearly every working woman knows that some fundamental changes still lie ahead.

One historical reason why equality in the workplace is still a future goal is that during the last century, most women who have been gainfully employed have worked in "women's" jobs. Employers have designated certain occupational categories as specifically for women. Some of these jobs have been simply the industrialized version of tasks pre-industrial women performed in their homes, such as textile and garment manufacturing or canning. Domestic service, teaching, nursing, and social service jobs were also occupations in which women felt comfortable and which men found acceptable, because these jobs were merely public extensions of the private nurturing role. Other women's occupations such as department store work or typing and clerical office work were created by a maturing industrial society. These jobs became women's work for social and economic reasons not yet entirely clear.

The nature of her work experience varied, of course, for every woman, but I think that together women and their employers created a set of behavior patterns, employment structures, and expectations which set women's work experience distinctly apart from that of men. In this article, I shall examine one of the new 19th century women's occupations, department store employment, in the years from 1870 to 1920 in order to identify some of these special features of woman's work. I do not think that department store work patterns had any clear consequences for patterns in other women's occupations. I merely mean to suggest that its close analysis will form a case study of patterns which were evident at the turn of the century and which remain characteristic of women's work experience today. Perhaps, by recognizing them, we may become aware of what and how we want to change.

A variety of historical sources are necessary to discuss a non-traditional subject such as women's work experience. We have records of the experiences of department store women from the papers and records of store managers, of employees' organizations, from house newspapers. Progressive reformers at the turn of the century were very concerned with the conditions of women's work, and conducted numerous studies. Personal accounts, individual testimony, and statistical information about department store women are available from these studies. I shall draw upon all of these very different types of sources to discuss the experience of the department store women.

The growth of the department store was an important American business innovation in the late 19th century. Its appearance signified a reorganization of retail selling from small specialized shops which sold small numbers of goods at a high margin of profit to large palaces of consumption which sold a large volume of goods at a low margin. This change in retailing is an example of the processes of economic rationalization occurring in many businesses and industries

in the post-civil war era. Notions of scientific management encouraged retailers to make their businesses more efficient and more profitable by selling many types of goods, organized into distinct departments within the store. Shoppers could then purchase all of their needs in one place. The vast expansion of retail operations with the rise of the department store created a need for a large inexpensive labor force. Women were the perfect candidates. Accordingly, retailers replaced their few male clerks with vast armies of "shopgirls," as their contemporaries called them.

These young women were available for department store employment at the end of the 19th century because of significant changes in the American economy. From the opening of the first textile factory in Waltham, Massachusetts in 1815, the processes of industrialization initiated a reorganization in the family economies of America. Early manufacturers recognized young unmarried women of New England to be a rich source for factory labor. They advertised for employees, claiming that young women would be well cared for and well paid in their factory towns. Further, they claimed that factory employment would save daughters between 10 and 16 who were essentially unsuited for heavy farm labor from idleness and vice. [B.M. Wertheimer, We Were There, New York, 1977, p. 56.] Fathers saw their daughters' textile mill incomes as a source of cash to finance their farms, and perhaps, to educate their sons. We have substantial evidence that the Lowell Mill girls' wages were often used for these purposes.

In addition, Nancy Gott, in her recent book The Bonds of Womanhood (New Haven, 1977), has argued that, with increasingly available manufactured goods, many unmarried daughters lost their economic importance in household industry in the early 19th century. As farm families became less self-sufficient, there was no home employment for daughters who might have been engaged in a variety of household crafts a century earlier. In the years between 1820 and 1840, many of these daughters became factory workers; others attended some types of women's schools.

By the post-civil war period, the process by which daughters moved out of farm households accelerated enormously. Small family farms became more difficult to maintain because of expanding numbers of agricultural producers and advancing farm technology. The problems of farming caused many families to move to the city. If whole families did not move, they often sent their daughters, and occasionally sons to join the urban laboring classes. Swelling the population and the labor force of American cities, too, were masses of immigrants, who arrived several million strong between 1870 and 1920. The vast expansion of American business and industry in the late 19th century was built painfully upon the labor of these millions of poor Americans from the farms and villages of rural America, Europe, and Asia.

The young women who sought employment in the department store were often native Americans or daughters of Irish immigrants. They had to be English-speaking, physically presentable, and able to do simple arithmetic. These qualifications eliminated many young women from that vast labor pool, but the numbers of shopgirls rapidly increased. In his census analysis, Women in Gainful Occupations, 1870-1920, Joseph A. Hill shows that less than 1% of those women employed in non-agricultural occupations were employed as clerks, typists, saleswomen, and bookkeepers in 1870. By 1920, almost 26% of working women worked in this general census category. Close to 10% worked in stores alone. [p. 39.]

The flood of women into retailing at the end of the 19th century can be compared to the influx of women into the textile mills of the early 19th century. Both were construed to be suitable women's employment, and special protective arrangements were made to soothe the public conscience, which questioned the acceptability of women in the marketplace at all. In Lowell, Massachusetts, and in other textile towns, employers built boarding houses supervised by a matron for their

employees. They carefully prescribed a daily schedule and strict rules. Department store owners created a family-like environment to assure the women and their families that department store work was respectable. Factory employment remained exclusively a woman's job for only about twenty years. During the 1840's, industrialists found it advantageous to employ immigrant families. Department stores, however, employed predominantly women at their inception and continue to do so today.

One way in which department store owners and managers convinced young women to seek employment in the department store was to define department store employment as woman's work. As early as 1855, Hunt's Merchants' Magazine advocated employment of women in retail establishments, suggesting that selling was well suited to feminine interests, skills, and personalities. They claimed that

They are more active and expert in handling dry goods, more tasteful in folding and arranging them, more polite and conciliatory to customers, and have better judgement in all matters of taste in relation to dress. On the other hand, young men should be employed in more active and manly labor. Measuring off calicos and tape is too light a task for their physical strength, and is usurping a place and occupation that properly belongs to women....It gives them [women] work that they can do as well as men, and it diverts the labor of men into other channels, and to more athletic and useful pursuits. [Vol. xxxiii, no. 6, December, 1855, p. 766.]

Managerial publications, the employee newspapers, store handbooks often discuss the ideal salesperson whose qualities are similar to those of the 19th century ideal woman. One manual, How Department Stores Are Carried On, written by W. B. Phillips in 1905, comments: "While large sales are important... genuine interest in the duties, the exercise of patience, showing goods pleasantly and cheerfully, polite attention and care in waiting upon customers are also very important factors. Clerks must always leave a good impression." [p. 36.] Women in the 19th century were taught to be polite, patient, and cheerful. Selling, then, was a "natural" activity for women.

A prize essay in the Siegel Cooper (a New York City department store) newspaper, Thought and Work, in June, 1903 entitled "Salesmanship" by Rosie Dempster reiterates this theme. She says, "Faithful, conscientious performance of all duties together with agreeable well-bred manners constitute good salesmanship." [p. 4.] The last phrase of this sentence might well be "constitute perfect womanhood," and none would have found it out of place in the extensive literature prescribing appropriate feminine behavior in the 19th century.

These phrases reinforced the notion that department store work was "woman's work" at the same time that women were employed increasingly in stores.

When R. H. Macy opened his fancy dry goods store on 14th street in New York City in 1858, he employed a number of women. Macy's establishment became a full-fledged department store by 1877, selling a variety of goods. About 500 people constituted the labor force at that time. By 1898 12% of Macy's 3000 employees were men, and many of these were employed as delivery and wagon men. Most of those employees who carried on the essential task of selling were women.

Department stores employed women in many different capacities. Children aged 10 to 14 worked as cash and errand girls, who carried packages and brought change from a central cashier to a saleswoman making a sale. Women were also employed as parcel wrappers, saleswomen, cashiers, seamstresses, scrubwomen, occasionally as buyers, and very infrequently as superintendents. Buyers, floor-walkers (floor managers), superintendents (general managers), and owners were almost entirely men.

The hours for department store employees were long. At Macy's from 1858 to 1909 the store was open from 8 A.M. to 6 P.M. six days a week. Employees were expected to be in the store before the store opened, and to remain to straighten up their stock after closing. Their work days were probably at least 11 hours long, about 66 hours a week. When there was a special sale, or during the Christmas season, employees often worked 80 or 90 hours a week.

And their wages were low. In the 1870's a salesclerk earned under \$5 a week. In 1914, clerks earned an average of \$7 a week, when \$10 was estimated to be a subsistence wage by various minimum wage commissions. There was a wage differential between the sexes. A saleswoman in the 1870's earned \$4 a week, while a man in the delivery department earned \$12. The cash girls earned \$1.50 to \$2 a week, while the wagon boys earned \$2 to \$3. In many cases, too, department store wages were lower than factory wages. Rose Schneiderman, a union organizer for the National Women's Trade Union League, and later an official in the N.R.A. under Roosevelt, confirmed this difference in her autobiography, All for One. Rose reported that she worked at Ridley's department store in New York City for three years, from 1895 to 1898, from ages 13 to 16. In 1895 she earned \$2.25 a week, and in 1898 she earned \$2.75. She then took a job in a cap factory where she made \$6 a week her first week. Rose commented, however, that despite her increase in wages, her mother was not pleased with her change in employment. Department store work was, according to Rose's mother, "more genteel." [p. 35.]

Department stores cultivated their reputation as "genteel" places for young women by developing an image of a family. They described themselves as a family. The Siegel Cooper Rules and Regulations for Employees, published in 1903, stated: "While you are working here you are part of one large family." Macy's buyer, G. H. Toulson, said in the May, 1920 issue of Sparks, the Macy's newspaper, that "We want every employee in this house to know that we are the happiest store family in New York City." [p.8.] The wages were low and the hours were long, but the store fathers took care of their "girls."

They cared for them by providing a variety of fringe benefits. The nature of these benefits and the firm's protective attitudes further strengthened the view that department store employment was woman's work. Macy's Mutual Aid, a management operated mutual benefit association, paid modest illness and death benefits. Founded in 1885, it required members to be employed for at least one year prior to joining, and then they had to pay a regular amount from their wages as dues. It was so expensive that only about one-third of the employees belonged until membership became mandatory in 1905. Other stores had comparable mutual benefit organizations. Macy's also established a number of social clubs which often had meetings and events after store hours. The Sparks of the 1920's refer to the Community Club, the Dramatics Club, the Training Course Graduates Club, and many others. In order to maintain a family-like environment, the store provided social opportunities after hours as well.

In addition, department stores originally gave only forced vacations without pay. The minutes of the Macy's Council of Managers proudly announced that no employees would be required to take vacations in 1918. As a gift to its employees, some stores purchased a vacation spot where their female employees could take their vacations inexpensively. Macy's bought property in upstate New York, at Burlingtonham. This camp site came to be named Isida after Isidore and Ida Straus, Macy's owners who drowned in the sinking of the Titanic in 1912. Siegel Cooper operated a cottage on the New Jersey shore at Langbranch. Store employees paid a modest amount and were exposed to healthful fresh air, exercise, and good food. There is no mention of a comparable place for male employees, or even of weeks set aside for the use of male employees. Employers felt compelled to provide such a facility for their "girls."

The interest in providing a vacation spot for working women is found in other organizations of the 19th century. Some upper-class women actually founded a New York Working Girls' Vacation Society in 1885 which raised money specifically to give poor working women a vacation in the country. These women and the department store managers seemed to believe that the effects of low wages and long hours could be mitigated by a week of healthful air in the country.

Under pressure from various reform groups, department store owners improved the store facilities for its employees. Until 1900, Macy's employees had no adequate locker or lunch or comfort facilities, but in its new store, opened in 1902, the firm built an employee lunchroom, a lounge, and a library.

Another fringe benefit for employees was shopping privileges. One of Macy's early employees commented in an interview in 1930 that conditions had changed significantly since her employment in the 1870's: "We were only allowed to shop one hour a week with no discount, and now employees shop five days a week with liberal discounts." [Macy's Documentary History, 1930, p. 42.] While it seems reasonable to permit employees to buy store items at a discount, to have specific shopping privileges seems a benefit decidedly aimed at women.

Though the benefits of department store employment were clearly many, these benefits were not primarily related to the actual conditions of hour to hour employment. Employees had no means of bargaining for higher wages; they had little promise of advancement; they had no job security; and there were no grievance procedures. And their hours remained long, and their wages low. Only by active intervention of reform groups concerned with the plight of the working woman, and by protective legislation did department stores begin to shorten their hours. The employees themselves had no influence over change. In other words, they had no union. Filene's in Boston established a company union, the Filene's Cooperative Association. Filene's employees clearly had more influence over management decisions than in other stores. Matters of store policy such as dress regulations were discussed in the Echo, the FCA's newspaper. Also, written into their by-laws was a grievance procedure to protest what an employee termed an "unfair" firing. One Filene's manager, however, freely admitted in an unpublished study of the Filene's experiment called "Industrial Democracy" that the FCA was successful because 70% of his employees were women who were not likely to exercise management options or grievance procedures. They are "easily handled," he commented. [p. 48.]

Macy's managers fought long and hard against unionization. They, and other stores, employed detectives to report any suspected union activities. Although the National Retail Clerks Protective Association attempted to organize department store workers as early as 1911, Macy's, for example, was not unionized until the 1930's.

Though stores gave many advantages to their "girls," as a stern father, and to squelch any unionization effort, owners insisted on a very strict discipline in the store. Macy's store rules required that all clerks be polite and subservient. The labels on the Macy's package wrapping in the 1880's requested that "customers will please report any incivility or inattention on the part of any employee of the house." The clerks were to dress neatly. At Siegel Cooper, they were required to wear black. Clerks were not allowed to engage in casual conversation with customers or other clerks. An infringement of this rule usually meant immediate dismissal. Employees were often fined for mistakes. A Macy's employee, Abigail Golden, recounted in her memoirs that she often lost a whole month's salary in errors when she was a cash girl.

Some of the emphasis on appearance and behavior may well have been a concern over the sexuality of these young women, another element which has been a part of the relationship between women and their employers. Mary Ryan, in

Womanhood in America, and other woman's historians have suggested that implicit in the Victorian view of women was a certain sense that they were primarily sexual beings, essentially inferior, because they were controlled by their bodies, and not by their minds. Women were the temptresses because they were possessed by their bodies, and so had to be protected from themselves. Because women were essentially physical, not intellectual beings, they were flighty and irrational. When women entered the workplace, their sexuality became an underlying issue in their work experience. Store rules attempted to set limits for them, to control their seductiveness. Women were not to flirt, and to be modest in their activities in the store and out of it. Siegel Cooper even commented that all activities out of the store would be watched: "Don't be under the impression that what you do outside of business hours is unknown to your superiors--it's a foolish notion." [Thought and Work, June, 1903, p. 1.] The Siegel Cooper Rules further stated: "You would be very much surprised if you knew the trouble and expense we go to, to find out 'character and habits.' Detectives you don't know often are detailed to report all of your doings for a week." [p. 35.] Employees themselves felt uncertain about women's sexuality in the workplace. Their newspapers are filled with articles with titles such as "Why Do Girls Flirt?" and with articles about the importance of protecting feminine virtue.

Reform groups actually investigated the rumors of the "low morality of shopgirls." The Committee of Fourteen, a New York group, conducted a six-month comprehensive study of the morality of shopgirls. In its survey of 200 shopgirls in Chicago department stores, the Juvenile Protective Association of Chicago expressed concern over the moral temptations to which shopgirls were subject. They identified three sources of potential problems for the girls: the cadet, the male manager of a house of ill repute, the procurer, his female equivalent, and the man higher up, suggesting that saleswomen were also subject to sexual abuse from their superiors. A similar cast of evil characters may be found on a pamphlet distributed by the Carpenter's Union during a strike of Macy's carpenters in 1911. The Union asked consumers to boycott Macy's by portraying Macy's exploitation vividly. The pamphlet includes a drawing of a young woman about to accept a job at Macy's for \$3 a week, and the evils which lay in store for her once she became a saleswoman. Again, the procurer, the cadet, and the man higher up were shown as ready to pounce upon the woman who works for starvation wages.

In addition to the notion that department store employment presents moral temptation is a view that store work provides a rich opportunity for meeting potential marriage partners. Filling the pages of the employee newspapers are comments like "Miss Cassie Cole of the Shipping Department, and Mr. N. H. Snow of the Order Room went away the same day. That may be a coincidence, but Cole and Snow going away together seems rather strange." [Thought and Work, August, 1904, p. 8.] Another article in the same August issue is entitled, "Matrimonial Bargain Counters." It comments that "Men clerks and women clerks have the matrimonial habit. They do not say so when they accept a situation, and they go into a shop for the ostensible purpose of selling ribbons and lace and notions instead of getting married but they are pretty sure to do the latter thing before they get out. Romance is in the air and they cannot help themselves." The article concludes: "All things considered, the matrimonial counter of a big store is the most interesting institution in the establishment." [p. 8.]

Marriage, according to the employee newspapers, was the goal of all its young women. The Siegel Cooper newspaper was effusive on this subject with this announcement:

You remember the pretty, brown-eyed lady, our shopper, Miss Jordan?
In September, she took that step into the Glorious Land of Deepest

Happiness and became Mrs. Winship. Chicago is her city of delight.

[Thought and Work, November, 1904, p. 9.]

Despite the fact that there were many more female employees in the store than male, store women seemed to think that there was ample opportunity for meeting men in the store, and for pursuing their "Deepest Happiness." Marriage, for most of these women, as the employee newspapers remark again and again, meant retirement from the work force.

What I have described here is how department store work came to be defined as woman's work. Store owners and managers convinced the public that selling was a feminine occupation. They created a protected, family-like store atmosphere for the safe employment of the weaker sex. To make the work attractive, they offered a variety of fringe benefits which improved the work environment, but were not related to fundamental conditions such as wages, hours, and employee control over work conditions. Store owners and managers were well aware that employment of women raised questions about their sexuality. Store rules were designed to keep the women under control, while continuous discussions of marriage suggest an appropriate outlet. That young women considered marriage to be their ultimate goal was advantageous for their employers, too, since frequent turnover of employees lessened pressure on employers to promote women.

It is clear, too, that at least some of the store employees, and probably most of them, accepted the protective employment conditions of the department store. Though the stores paid less than the factories, their "gentility" was a significant factor in attracting great numbers of employees. The evidence suggests that department store employment was a highly-sought occupation among working-class women.

To fortify my claim that employment conditions and future expectations in the department store defined the occupation as woman's work, I need to compare the department store experience to equivalent male employment. Space does not permit such an analysis here, but if we compared semi-skilled male industrial workers in organizations of comparable size we would find very significant differences. Some companies such as International Harvester did experiment with welfare work around the turn of the century to prevent unionization. The dynamics of a unionized occupation are also very different. One of the problems of such a comparison is that department store work became a service occupation, and there are no comparable male service occupations.

If we consider this discussion of department store employment as a case study of woman's work, we can identify some of the questions for contemporary working women. Are there some jobs which women can or cannot do because of their sex? What kinds of fringe benefits compensate for low wages? Low cost, industry-sponsored day care might be one significant fringe benefit. Are women fully reliable in certain kinds of jobs because of their sexuality? Should a policewoman be allowed to share a patrol car with a policeman? What is the connection between employment responsibilities and family responsibilities? Obviously the roles of government and the unions in controlling work conditions are very different today from what they were eighty years ago, but many of these same issues remain unresolved.

By defining certain jobs as woman's work, we constrain both men and women. We limit the range of possibility in the workplace and in all other areas of human relationship.

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GUILFORD REVIEW



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N O T E

This issue of the Guilford Review comes out of a Faculty Colloquium on the Development of Sex Roles, held in the Spring of 1978. The next issue will feature articles on Science and Imagination. The Editorial Board would welcome contributions to this issue from people associated with the college.

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Copies may be ordered from the same address at \$2.50 per copy, \$5.00 for a year's subscription. The following back issues are available for \$1.50 each: #2, "Woman and Mythology"; #3, "Myth in Multiple Perspective"; #4, Poetry and Fiction; #5, "Creative Process in the Arts and Sciences"; #6, "Women in Change"; #7, Women on the Social Scene."

This discussion has to do primarily with the field of genetic engineering, the manipulation of the hereditary material of living cells in order to change the inheritable characteristics of those cells. We will explain the bases for these manipulations and the practical considerations involved. We will discuss the application of these techniques to the human organism and the probable usefulness of these techniques. Finally, we will discuss the potential pitfalls of the ability to manipulate genetic material with respect to the sex roles of the human male and female.

For some, the term genetic engineering conjures up visions of a human society freed of disease--for others, it is a horrible monster, a Pandora's Box which must not be opened. As a scientist I am curious, I want to see as much of the biological world as we can discover; however, I am aware that sometimes the new discoveries carry with them a responsibility--such as the unlocking of the secrets of atomic energy. I am very happy that biochemists have recognized their responsibilities to protect the biosphere from artificially created, potentially viable forms, and have voluntarily taken steps to control their experiments. The aim of genetic engineering experiments is to alter the functioning of a natural system by manipulating the genome--to produce a predictable result! The barriers to accomplishing this task are many, and they are not easily overcome. I am going to give you first a little background on the nature of the genetic material, and then I will take you step by step through an example of how a genetic manipulation might be accomplished.

The genetic material of all living cells on earth consists of the chemical molecule known as deoxyribonucleic acid (DNA). This chemical molecule consists of a sequence of four organic bases: adenine, guanine, cytosine, and thymine. These bases are arranged as a linear sequence in the molecule. The metabolic machinery of the cell reads this sequence and uses it to determine the types of protein molecules which it can produce. Ultimately, one cell is distinguished from another by the type of protein molecules which it produces. In our bodies, muscle cells produce large quantities of the proteins actin and myosin; pancreatic acinar cells produce large quantities of digestive enzymes, and the two cells are easily distinguished. And so it goes for each of the different types of cells in our bodies--nerve, blood, bone, liver, etc. The different proteins are all determined by the sequence of bases in the DNA molecule. (Remember, however, that all the cells in our body have the same DNA, and that they all developed from the same fertilized egg cell.) In higher organisms the DNA molecule is found closely associated with protein molecules to form chromosomes, and these are located within an intracellular membranous structure known as the nucleus. When the sequence of bases in the DNA is to be used to produce a protein molecule, the sequence is first transcribed into a ribonucleic acid (RNA) molecule. This RNA molecule leaves the nucleus of the cell and directs the synthesis of the protein molecule within the cytoplasm of the cell. With this background, let us look at a specific problem in genetic engineering.

One form of diabetes results from an individual's inability to produce insulin in the cells of the pancreas. This results in an inability to control the level of glucose in the bloodstream and can drastically effect normal bodily function. With such individuals it would be tremendously advantageous if scientists could, through genetic engineering, cause the diseased pancreatic

cells to produce normal levels of insulin. Let us assume that in this particular type of diabetes, the inability to produce insulin is due to an altered or scrambled sequence of bases in the part of the DNA molecule which specifies the protein insulin. The genetic engineer would therefore like to incorporate a normal, unscrambled DNA sequence for insulin in order to correct the disease.

The first task would be to isolate the sequence of DNA which codes for normal insulin--which we would call the gene for insulin. This is not an easy task. Human cells contain 46 chromosomes containing highly coiled DNA molecules. The various sections along these DNA molecules are not marked with signposts, and so it is not possible to "snip out" the pieces which you want. However, biochemists do have some tricks up their sleeves. We can grow pancreatic cells in tissue culture (outside the body in a test tube) and treat them so that the major protein they are producing is insulin. We can then isolate the major RNA species present and purify it, and demonstrate that our purified RNA indeed directs the synthesis of insulin. Taking this RNA we can use an enzyme known as "reverse transcriptase" to make a DNA copy. Thus, we have synthesized the gene for insulin, but it is no good to us unless we get it into the chromosome of a pancreatic cell.

In order to get into the chromosome of a pancreatic cell the insulin gene will have to enter the cell cytoplasm, cross the nuclear membrane, and become incorporated into the chromosome. Cells have been provided with defenses against such a process. In both the cytoplasm and the nucleus, there are powerful enzymes which will digest any unprotected DNA, and these enzymes would surely destroy our insulin gene if it attempted the journey without an escort! One way we could outwit the cell's defenses would be to package the insulin gene inside the chromosome of a virus which normally is not affected by the defenses of the cell.

In order to incorporate one piece of DNA into another it is necessary that the two pieces of DNA have regions in which the base sequences are identical. This is not likely to be the case for our insulin gene and our proposed virus carrier. Therefore, we would have to synthesize identical, or homologous, sequences in both molecules. Using enzymes known as terminal nucleotidyl transferases we synthesize homologous "sticky ends" on both DNA molecules, and thus our insulin gene is incorporated into the chromosome of the virus. The scientist does not want the virus to harm the pancreatic cell which he will infect with it, so he now alters the viral chromosome to destroy a vital function which it needs to reproduce. The virus, in this case, is like a eunuch bodyguard! Using such "disabled" carrier organisms hopefully will prevent damage to the biosphere as a result of genetic engineering experiments. Now those of you who are following closely realize that I said that there must be sequence homology between DNA molecules before we can get incorporation of one into another. So you say, what good is it to get the virus into the nucleus with the insulin gene? Well, our biochemist has astutely chosen a virus which normally incorporates itself into the chromosome of the host cell. This function of the virus carrier we have carefully preserved and so we now wait for our diseased pancreatic cells to start producing insulin.

And we wait, and we wait, and nothing happens! It turns out that in order to get insulin production it is not good enough to simply get the incorporation of the insulin gene into the host chromosome. Remember back to the beginning of this lecture. We said that each of the different types of cells in our body, nervous, muscle, etc., are all derived from one original fertilized egg, and all have the same DNA. Why then are these cells different? The reason is that each type of cell utilizes only a small portion of the total DNA available

to it. It is estimated that the mature cell uses only from 1% to 10% of the total DNA in the chromosomes. Cells produce different proteins because they are utilizing different parts of the DNA molecules. The mechanisms by which cells regulate the use of different parts of the DNA molecule are virtually unknown. In order to get an incorporated gene to function properly in its new cell, we have to learn how to turn it on and off. Part of the answer lies in the fact that each gene is preceded by a sequence of nucleotides known as the promoter region. The enzyme which copies the DNA sequence into RNA is known as RNA polymerase. This enzyme must be able to bind to the promoter region before the gene can become functional. Oftentimes this promoter region is complexed to a blocking protein molecule which must be removed before the RNA polymerase can bind. Just what triggers the removal of this protein is not yet known for most genes. So you see that getting a new gene into the chromosome of a cell was a difficult business, but making it function, and function normally, is an even more difficult task. There is still a great deal of basic research which must be accomplished before this last phase can be realized by the genetic engineers. The incorporation of genes into chromosomes using a virus carrier has been accomplished using bacterial organisms. In one case it was reported that the new gene was functional and gave rise to a new cellular protein.

If we wish to apply the principles of genetic engineering to the human organism, we will find that it is not desirable to work with the whole organism. We would work instead with human tissue cells growing in tissue culture. Not all human tissue cells grow well outside of the normal bodily environment, and therefore we would probably work with the relatively undifferentiated fibroblast cell. Rather than trying to change the diseased state of particular organs, we could make the appropriate correction in a group of fibroblasts and then implant these as a subcutaneous, benign tumor. Such a system would also give us greater control over the genetic change since the altered cells would be readily accessible.

Another use of genetic engineering technology would be in the incorporation of desirable qualities into embryonic cells and perhaps even the cloning of "the perfect individual." Certain characteristics such as height, eye and hair color, breast size and to some extent personality characteristics and intelligence are controlled by the genes. As we learn more and more about the nature of these genetic controls it may become desirable to have parents choose which characteristics they would like their children to exhibit. In such cases the genetic engineering would probably be accomplished with the cells of the early embryo. Unfertilized eggs would be obtained by induction of ovulation and then fertilized "in vitro" with sperm cells carrying carefully chosen characteristics. Appropriate genetic manipulations could then be carried out during the first few division stages of the fertilized egg. It has been shown that during this stage of development the individual cells are highly resistant to damage. Once the manipulations have been accomplished the young embryo can be implanted in a receptive uterus and development allowed to proceed normally. The achievement of such technology is not a long way off and we will hear more about these experiments in the near future.

There are two areas in which the potential for genetic engineering and the examination of sex roles cross paths which I would like to talk about. Firstly, assuming the development of a clear understanding of the relationship between genetics and behavior, would parents choose more masculine traits or more feminine traits? The second area is in the choice of the sex of one's children--would the present day approximately balanced sex ratio be drastically altered when parents have a choice?

In the first area, our present state of knowledge of the relationship between genetics and behavioral characteristics is rather meager. Part of the problem lies in the lack of clear definitions of behavioral characteristics. Furthermore, it is not likely that scientists will be able to attribute specific behaviors such as aggressiveness or passivity to individual pieces of the chromosome. Many traits, such as stature, are controlled by more than one gene, and there may be hundreds of genes which in various ways contribute to an overall behavioral attribute. This being the case, it will be extremely difficult to genetically engineer such a complex system.

If such an option to choose behavioral characteristics were open to parents, we might see many choosing to have children who were aggressive and likely to succeed in this society. I think an important factor in this choice will be the state of the society which has the choice. First of all, what one society considers as more desirable will vary depending on the conditions currently prevailing in the society. For instance, in today's society parents desire children who will get ahead, while a hundred years ago many mothers would have wanted daughters who were passive and lady-like. I look forward to a future society in which parents will desire the qualities of cooperativeness and friendliness in their offspring.

There is a second, and very important, aspect to this discussion. The studies of behavioral geneticists have convinced most of them that one's genetic constitution may provide the potential for or predispose one toward certain characteristic behavior; however, the expression of that behavior is modified substantially by upbringing, culture, and the dictates of society. The best known instance of a linkage between genes and behavior is the case of the "super-male"; that is, an individual who has an extra Y chromosome such that the genetic constitution is XYY. Based on preliminary findings that violent criminals had an unusually high rate of occurrence of the XYY genotype compared to the rest of the society, it was postulated that there was a link between aggressiveness and the possession of an extra Y chromosome. Subsequent, more careful studies have uncovered many normal individuals who have the XYY genotype, but who have no history of aggressiveness. The more recent studies make it doubtful whether there is a direct link between the extra Y gene and aggressive behavior.

In summary, then, in the future parents may be able to choose some aspects of behavioral characteristics in their children. However, because of the extreme complexity of the link between the genes and behavior it is not likely that the genetic engineer will be able to give parents a warranty as to the behavioral traits which their children would show. The problem as I see it is that society has gotten too big for man--society dictates which aspects of our personality we exemplify and develop, society dictates how we must act in order to get ahead. Man must get control of his destiny: man must decide what qualities he wants to exhibit, and society must be made to reflect the attributes thinking men see as best.

The final topic which I would like to discuss is the possible effect of the new genetic technology on the sex ratio in the population. With present techniques, using amniocentesis, or "in vitro" fertilization followed by implantation, it is possible to control the sex of one's offspring. This potentiality causes some concern since conscious choice might lead to an imbalance in the present nearly equal male to female sex ratio in the population. Such a situation would have drastic consequences in terms of sociological upheaval as well as in terms of affecting the gene pool. A number of studies have been undertaken to determine what sex for their child couples would choose if they had the choice. Most studies, including the most recent, find that on average,

if parents had their choice, the sex ratio would remain nearly equal. Interestingly, a recent study reported the fact that of those couples who wanted more than one child, they consistently wanted a male as the first child. This raises some concern since firstborn males tend to be more aggressive than other males; however, this aggressiveness does not have a genetic origin but is learned.

In the matter of the sex ratio of the population, I think that again of importance is the attitude of society. Prospective parents, in answering the question would they prefer a boy or a girl, often answer in terms which are based on the child's expected role in the society. In societies in which the economic survival of the family is based on the working of the children, males are desired. In our own society parents often desire male children because one doesn't have to worry as much about them as they grow up. Consequently, I see it as extremely important that we continue to work at removing sexual stereotyping in our society. We must strive to view each individual male or female as a human being of unique worth. If we do not do so, our new powers over the gene may lead us to construct self-fulfilling prophecies.



John Money and Patricia Tucker referred to the development of sexual identity as a single road with many forks.¹ They mean, I think, to emphasize that the course of male-female differentiation is characterized by a single path from which there are numerous points of divergence, varying in the time at which these departures occur as well as in the separation between them and in their final destinations. This analogy describes the single origin and multiple endpoints characterizing human sexual identity. Let us examine the forks from conception to approximately the first birthday, in order to try to understand what biological bases may exist for differences found between males and females.

Some, including Freud, have argued that anatomy is destiny, and therefore that males and females differ greatly. This notion clearly points to the importance of the initial period of development: the sex of the child is established at conception, and thereafter development ought to differ accordingly. Obviously, examination of the very young child should allow us to see the results of these differences before there has been time for strong impact of cultural and environmental influences. Moreover, the differences which emerge at this time might be important throughout the life of the person, exerting a continuing influence in development and differentiation. What we are searching for are the biological events or mechanisms in the first two years after conception which could explain the differences we observe in older children and adults. Two interrelated factors are of greatest interest: genes and hormones.

At the union of egg and sperm, the sex of the child is determined. A girl receives an X chromosome from each parent, a boy receives an X chromosome from his mother and a Y from his father. There is no neuter developmental path, and if no male hormone is present, an anatomically female individual will develop. However, at about the 5th-6th week post-conception, the male fetal tissue, influenced by the Y chromosome, forms embryonic testes which begin to produce the male-linked hormones. Hormones are chemically related to steroids, and both the male and female groups of hormones are produced from the same precursor. The male hormones, androgens, include testosterone and androsterone, and are closely related in structure to the female hormones, primarily estrone, estradiol, and progesterone. The male and female hormones may be interconverted. In normal human beings, beginning somewhat after the critical period of male differentiation, hormones of both groups are produced by all individuals. In adults, the hormones of the appropriate sex predominate. These hormones, in adults, have as their primary function, to maintain the sex organs and the reproductive processes. However, there are additional processes influenced by the hormones, including partial regulation of basic metabolism, protein synthesis and breakdown, control of skin sebum secretions, skin thickness, fat distribution and level of circulating fat, muscle tissue growth, regulation of skeletal growth, and control of voice pitch. Obviously the role of the hormones in adults is complex. It is also incompletely understood. It is known that the male hormone must be produced at approximately the 6th week of development for a normal male to be formed; however, hormonal activity in the fetus, male or female, is not confined to that of the newly-formed testes. The pregnant woman secretes numerous steroids, of both the male and female groups, more than she does in the non-pregnant state, and more than do pregnant females of other species. In addition, the placenta produces female hormones, and the fetal liver produces androgens; finally the

adrenal gland, in adults usually thought to produce minute quantities of hormones of both sexes, functions differently in the fetus.² It should be noted at this point that there is a danger in attempting to rely on animal investigations for information concerning the human developmental course. As we see from the above, even human adult hormonal functioning may not be adequately generalized to describe fetal development. Hormone levels in prenatal humans have not been widely reported, although reports suggest that male newborns may show higher levels of both androgens and estrogens.³

We turn now to examine the important interaction between hormones and the central nervous system. This work has been performed largely in animals whose central nervous system development is thought to be similar to ours; limitations of its similarity have not been completely determined. Some of the work has been substantiated in human studies, however. Human gonadal hormone production is under the influence of a feedback circuit involving the hypothalamus, a central nervous system structure involved in regulation of life-sustaining functions such as eating, drinking, sleeping, and in emotional responses such as fear, rage, and sexual behavior. The pituitary gland, involved in this control loop, is not sexually differentiated, at least in some other mammals; however, the hypothalamus itself demonstrates two separate and sex-differentiated centers: a portion which is tonically active, maintaining an approximately constant level of electrical activity, and found in males; and a center found in females which shows cycles of increased and decreased activity, and whose functioning seems to be suppressed by heightened androgen levels.⁴ The two centers of the hypothalamus appear to have different responses to the sex hormones, as estrogens are taken up by the cyclic center and androgen by the tonic center. It is important to realize that while cyclic changes are more apparent and much more studied in females, they are present as well in males.⁵ Moreover, the studies of cycles have been performed in adults, or at least not in infants; thus even this apparently promising example of hormone-related sexual differentiation cannot be argued to be present in newborns, or in the first year of life. Current thinking postulates that the hormones circulating prenatally establish sensitivities in the two hypothalamic centers, much like a gating mechanism, such that they will be differentially activated later in development, during early puberty when the levels of circulating hormones rise and female cycles begin.

Thus our examination of the role of hormones in early development has shown a definite separation of paths when the male sex organs are formed under the influence of fetal androgen. Differentiation also appears in the hypothalamus. We have nothing more, however, enabling us to identify clearly the implications of the divergence. Furthermore, we must recognize the intricacy of the hormonal influence system, and be aware that the fetal development is complicated beyond that of the normal adult, factors requiring much caution in interpretation of investigations performed using animals or adult humans.

Returning to the genetic structure of males and females, we may inquire whether there are further genetic considerations differentiating between males and females. Some statistics indicate that males are more vulnerable at all ages, beginning from conception. It has been estimated that 120 males are conceived for each 100 females, that 110 of these survive to term for each 100 females, and that 106 are born live. Certainly male life expectancy in our society is shorter than female, although this difference may well be culturally influenced, and indeed studies from other environments suggest that the above figures on conception, survival, and live birth of male as compared to female infants may also be subject to environmental factors.⁶ Clearly the search for biological bases for male-female differences is difficult. Nevertheless, we do know that there are numerous sex-linked traits whose genetic background has been

located and many of these are more frequent in males than in females.

One well-documented example of the possibilities of genetic analysis is that involving the superior spatial abilities of males--older than one year to be sure. Several studies have investigated the heritability of spatial abilities and have shown that there are higher correlations between opposite sex parent-child pairs--between mother and son than between mother and daughter--in spatial ability. The hypothesis, strongly supported because it predicts correlations very close to those actually observed, is that spatial abilities are determined by at least two genes, one of which is linked to the X chromosome and recessive. The other gene (or others) appears not to be sex-linked.⁷ However, these spatial abilities are only partially determined by sex-linked genes; cultural influences still have wide latitude for influencing the possessor of the gene. There is wide overlap between male and female spatial abilities. Spatial abilities of males have an INVERSE correlation with androgen level,⁸ thus cautioning us once again that establishing the biological bases for any differences observed between males and females will not be simple. A final caution emerges from recent work suggesting that the spatial abilities may be related to maturation rate rather than to sex per se.⁹

Let us now look at newborn or young children to see what differences there may be between males and females and then perhaps we will have more adequate ways of choosing what to examine prenatally. A great many investigators have examined newborns; however, not all of their examinations will help us in pursuing sex differences. Sometimes no differences between males and females were observed, but as it is difficult to publish studies reporting no differences, these studies then remain unpublished, and frequently inaccessible. Meanwhile, studies in which differences are found, though such studies might actually be in a minority, are published more readily, and are then read and used to buttress arguments for the differences between boys and girls. Of course "no difference" studies are published, most often when other significant results are found. Some journals, it seems, now encourage or require examination of sex differences, and reporting of the results, whether they are statistically significant or not. In addition, there are cases, arguing both for and against sex differences, in which data have been suppressed, presumably because they do not coincide with the author's beliefs.¹⁰ Furthermore, there are cases in which differences initially reported cannot be replicated in subsequent studies. Thus again we exercise caution in examining data available.

At birth boys are slightly longer (1/4 inch) and slightly heavier (1/4 pound) than girls. It is hard to know whether to ascribe much importance to these differences since boys are clearly survivors of a more stressful time than girls, as indicated by the figures given earlier. In examining the sensory capabilities of newborns, Garai and Scheinfeld offered the following widely cited notion: "One might postulate a 'visual stimulus hunger' of the boys and an 'auditory stimulus hunger' of the girls. From the foregoing studies we may conclude that boys tend to be showing an inherently greater interest in objects and visual patterns while girls are congenitally more interested in people and facial features."¹¹ Girls are supposed to be more involved in faces and social stimuli, boys in visual stimuli and objects. But faces are both visual and auditory as they often speak--who is more interested in them? Objects often make noise--who is more into them? More important, studies attempting to replicate the original findings failed to do so. At least ten studies using a variety of types of measurements show no difference in the first few days of life, and thereafter a mixed set of results possibly showing more rapid habituation in boys--because they process the information more rapidly or because they are less interested in it?--an inconclusive set of results at best. In studies of infants up to age

one, there is neither a pattern nor a majority of studies indicating that either sex is more responsive to visual stimuli. It is possible that neurologically boys and girls mature at different rates, or the different portions of the central nervous system mature at different times in the two sexes, thereby giving rise to temporary differences. These differences have not as yet been established in infants, and they would not necessarily be maintained differences, rather than temporary ones.

In examining comparisons of audition in newborns we find either no differences or sometimes slight differences showing girls more responsive to sounds than boys, although the interpretation of these slight differences is somewhat in doubt: do girls show more interest in the sound, or are they processing it more completely, or less rapidly? With newborns and young children it is difficult to determine exactly what a given response may "mean" as they do not tell us. Recent studies seem to indicate that children remember stimuli presented previously, with no sex differences reported.¹²

In the case of touch, a split in the results reported exists and has not as yet been explained. Several studies show that girls are somewhat more sensitive to touch than boys, while a few more studies have found no differences between them. Various secondary variables including birth conditions and "chubbiness" of the child have been offered as explanations; however, the differences in results remain.

The senses of taste and smell are believed to show some sensitivity differences varying with levels of circulating hormones, specifically women have been shown to have greater sensitivity when hormone levels are high,¹³ but this would not be a cyclic change during the first year of life. The small number of studies in this area, along with the supposition that hormone levels may be higher in boys than girls leaves us in doubt as to any sex-linked differences.

Investigations of preferences for types of stimuli leave us similarly unconvinced: an early study by Watson¹⁴ suggested that girls conditioned faster to an auditory reinforcer or an auditory and visual reinforcer, but did not condition when only a visual reward was used. Subsequent studies were not able to confirm those findings--the studies include some done by Watson. Other investigations have similarly failed to demonstrate differences between the sexes in conditioning.

Intelligence measures in the first year show no differences, nor do studies of the total number of vocalizations.

In examining the motor traits such as activity level, we confront a situation typical of much work with newborns as well as with the nature of many measurements taken in various studies: How are the behaviors measured in a given study related to future behaviors? How stable are the indicators? We find that early measures of activity level are not highly related to each other: an infant who is active now may well be sleeping when we are to measure activity again, and a child who is passive at three or four months may well be the one who was highly reactive at seven months. There is a negative relationship of this sort shown in the literature: those children who are active early seem to become more quiet preschoolers.¹⁵ Finally, the activity measures themselves have been found to be too unreliable for use in the first month. Studies with two to twelve-month infants show no sex differences in activity. It may be, as some evidence suggests, that there are differences in patterns of activity for the two sexes--that boys may sleep at different times than girls, or in different length periods, and so on. These differences are those revealed by more fine analysis which largely has not been completed at this point.

Our examination of early infant development leaves us with no well documented differences other than the anatomical and the hypothalamic, the

latter more clear in adults than in infants. We find that boys and girls are not different in sensory capacities or preferences, and that they appear to be identical in learning and in motor and emotional behavior during the first year of life. Those differences which may exist, have not as yet been clearly shown. We must in addition recognize the numerous methodological problems to be solved by an investigator interested in examining sex differences in young children. These problems require our care in examining data for documentation of differences that some have claimed exist. And diverging forks in the road are not well marked, at least as yet.

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¹⁴J. S. Watson, "Operant Conditioning of Visual Fixation in Infants Under Visual and Auditory Reinforcement," Developmental Psychology 1 (1969), 408-416. Later studies by Dorman, Watson and Vietze, and by Ramey and Watson.

¹⁵R. Q. Bell, G. M. Weller, and M. F. Waldrop, "Newborns and Preschoolers: Organization of Behavior and Relations between Periods," Monographs of the Society for Research in Child Development, 36, series no. 142 (1971).



This paper was announced as concerned with two related topics: sex differences in child behavior and the process of sex identification during childhood. We will dispose of the first topic, sex differences in children's behavior, rather quickly. On this subject there is not much that seems useful to say. We do observe some differences in behavior between the sexes and studies document what we have observed. There are sex differences in play behavior. For example, girls play indoors more and boys play outdoors more. There are sex differences in preferences for toys. Boys behave aggressively more often than girls. When we compare elementary school groups, girls tend to be more advanced in language functions, though in high school the boys catch up. More boys than girls show interest and aptitude for mechanical tasks, a difference which appears to persist.

That there are sex differences in children's behavior is obvious; the difficulty arises in evaluating the significance of these observed differences. Our culture so actively promotes those mentioned as well as other sex differences in behavior that it seems highly possible that we may have created them rather than responded to biologically determined sex differences. Even in the case of differences in mechanical aptitude (the expression of ability to deal with spatial relations), while we seem to be getting evidence that sex linked genetic factors are involved, among normally intelligent children some girls are as competent as any boys and more competent than most boys, whereas some boys are less competent than the average girl. When it comes to the individual child there appears to be nothing in the way of behavior or talent we can take for granted simply because of the child's biological sex. Furthermore, the very fact that it is so difficult to identify biologically determined differences in behavior suggests that boys and girls have more in common than there are differences between them. They have the same needs for food, shelter, and love, and the same basic developmental milestones to reach and pass. Whatever actual differences there may be, there appear to be greater differences between children of the same sex than between the two sexes. Given an individual child or a group of children, behavior will be the expression of the totality that is each individual child. It is our task to perceive the unique nature of each child rather than to operate in terms of preconceptions based on sexual stereotypes.

Looking at gender development is somewhat more profitable than looking at sex differences. What I shall have to say about gender development has to do with normal children, that vast collection of youngsters, each a unique individual, who live in our homes, attend our schools, and who are one way or another achieving the usual developmental milestones, including sex consonant gender identity.

First let us consider the development of the idea of gender. Between the second and third years of life almost all children are able to identify their own gender. We must, however, be careful not to assume that the gender identification achieved at this stage is that of the adult. As nearly as we can tell, the words "boy" and "girl" are comprehended by young children much as their names are understood. The words "boy" and "girl" appear to mean to toddlers and early pre-schoolers what one is called, and in that sense what one is, in the same way that one is called Marie or Todd and so one is Marie or Todd. In fact, between the ages of two and three some children still attach almost no meaning to the words "boy" or "girl." If you ask, "Are you a boy or a girl?" you may not get

an answer because the question still has no meaning for the child; or, if you ask, "Good girl?" she may reply, "No, I Susan."

As late as age six when almost all children have clearly identified themselves with the appropriate term and are fairly accurate in the identification of the gender of others, they usually have no clear comprehension of the physical meaning of being a boy or a girl. As far as most five to six year olds are concerned, the gender of others is determined by such things as clothing, hairstyle, and sometimes voice. Twenty years ago Anselm Strauss in his Social Psychology described talking to a five year old girl who had attended a swimming party in Austria where all the children bathed in the nude. When he asked the child how many girls and how many boys had been at the party, she replied, "I couldn't tell because they had their clothes off." Last week a student in my Child Psychology class went to a day care center dressed in a sweatsuit and track shoes. Three four year old girls, after looking her over from a distance, finally approached her and in obvious puzzlement one asked, "Are you a boy?" When the child got her answer, she insisted that it was incorrect. "You can't be a girl," she argued. "Those are boys' shoes." All that may have changed in the past twenty years is the frequency with which young children are confused about the gender of others. In today's society when men and women often dress alike or at least similarly, young children are probably more often at a loss to identify gender as they continue to try to use the same cues young children have used for a very long time.

It must be said, on the other hand, that by ages four or five some children already have quite clear notions about anatomical differences between the sexes and attach considerable significance to them. One of my men students, observing a group of four and five year olds, saw a little boy push a little girl. He reacted stereotypically by saying to the young man, "You shouldn't push a girl! How would you like someone to push your sister?" The reply came instantly and firmly, "Ain't got no sister. Don't want no sister. Don't want anybody at my house that pees out of their butt."

Possibly because most children rely so heavily on clearly observable external characteristics to determine gender, preschoolers often believe gender can be changed by changing appearance. A preschool girl may appropriate a man's cap, announce that she is now a boy, and mean it. How much she means it is strenuously asserted when she is not taken seriously. It is also common for preschoolers to believe that gender can change with age. It is not unusual for a boy to announce that he is going to grow up to be a mommy or for a girl to plan to grow up to be a daddy who drives a tractor.

Not until after ages five and six are children beginning to understand that gender is determined by factors other than appearance and behavior. We really do not know the process by which this mature awareness of gender develops. There are several theories. One theory, recognizable as psychoanalytic, proposes that at about age five the child identifies with the same sex parent as a safe means of handling the rivalry with the same sexed parent. Another theory takes the position that the child is told what to believe and rewarded accordingly. Ignorance and misapprehension presumably bring scorn and correction, correct identifications are rewarded or at least serve to prevent negative reactions from others. This is, of course, behavior theory. Still a third theory proposes that as the child notices and learns through integration of many experiences from a good many sources it is reasonable to assume that his notions of his own gender and that of others comes from a variety of experiences which are eventually integrated to produce understanding. None of these theories explains the matter entirely to our satisfaction. We continue to have to choose among a variety of theories in lieu of the opportunity to settle on facts.

Whether we understand how it happens or not, children do develop gender identity. An interesting question is, how do they accept what they discover to be their own gender identity? How do they accept what they discover to be their sex roles? Most children are quite matter of fact about the whole issue. It appears to be no problem for them. In most cases if you ask a child who is already six or seven, "Would you rather be a boy or a girl?" the child will say something to the effect that "I am a boy" or "I am a girl," implying that choosing is irrelevant. But between the ages of six and twelve, some children of both sexes do prefer the other sex role. Some studies suggest that girls are somewhat more variable in sex role preferences than boys; that is to say, that more boys want to be boys whereas more girls want to be boys, or possibly that more girls have a harder time deciding which they prefer. Assuming these to be facts does not necessarily imply, however, that more girls are dissatisfied with the feminine role. There is some evidence that in the early years more girls get the opportunity to engage in boys' activities than boys get to participate in girls' activities. Many households allow a girl to go fishing, to assemble a model plane, or to engage in other so-called boys' activities, but do not allow boys to play with nail polish or lipstick. Girls may, therefore, have a harder time deciding because they know better what they are choosing between. Studies so far have not clarified these issues.

It is important to recognize that the effect of differential treatment according to sex is different for different children. Restrained from some of his mother's or sister's activities, one boy learns that "girls' stuff" is unfit for him. Another boy may think he is being cheated. When boys are asked why they like being a boy their reasons reveal their experiences and their interests. One eight year old said, "I like to be a boy because I don't have to babysit." A nine year old said, "Because I don't have to wash dishes and I can play ball." A ten year old said, "Boys have more fun and can go more places." Not all boys think being a boy is better. One boy said that his father doesn't care about him, but his mother does, so that he would like to be his mother. Another boy said, "It's not fair to be a boy. You can't hit girls even when you're mad."

Like the boys, girls mention satisfaction in gender related to activities or special privileges. One said, "I like being a girl, I can dress up in my mother's clothes and pretend I am a big girl." Another remarked, "I'm glad I'm a girl. My dad is nicer to me than he is to my brothers." Other girls long for opportunities and privileges perceived to be male prerogatives and express a wish to be male. It should be recognized that these gender preferences in children appear to have nothing to do with the issue of physical sex. When girls don't like being girls and want to be boys they express objection, as boys do, to duties they don't like, restrictions they don't like, and occasionally to the same sex parent they don't like. Even so, reactions to perceived disadvantages differ. Some children want to change gender, others want the gender role definition to change to include the activities and interests they desire. Which path a child will take depends on both the child's temperament and the child's experiences. Dissatisfied children who are temperamentally less adaptable and more self directed, are somewhat more likely to demand that families, friends, and teachers agree to redefining the sex role. Children brought up in democratic homes where rights and justice are emphasized are also likely to demand equal rights. Children for whom both of the above conditions obtain are likely to achieve their goals. How do they do it? By nagging, by harping and insisting until even the firmest of adults and other children are worn down.

Are things changing? There appears to be some change developing

these days but not as much perhaps as some may wish. Across the board, it appears that early in life most children today are being taught much the same things about sex roles as they have been for generations. They are, therefore, learning many of the same things. They are learning that there are boys' toys and girls' toys, boys' clothing and girls' clothing. School children and adolescents are still interested when boys fight, shocked when girls do. Even the liberated teacher still is likely to say, "I need a strong boy to help move some chairs." At a supermarket recently I observed a handwritten sign which read, "Reduced. Make a boy happy, buy him a truck." On television, home and mother continue to be inseparable. When today's preschoolers are asked what mommies do and what daddies do, they regularly respond, "Daddy works, Mommy cooks." We get the same answers from those whose mothers work and whose fathers help at home.

What may be changing is the frequency with which these early acquired stereotypes are outgrown. Some recent evidence suggests that efforts in schools to redefine gender roles are increasingly taking effect during the late elementary school and early high school years, and that such change occurs more frequently among girls than among boys. Teachers are becoming increasingly aware of their own stereotyped behaviors. School books are being rewritten to eliminate sex stereotypes. Career education is being introduced earlier not only as a means of developing more realistic career concepts but also as a means of broadening the sex role definition for both sexes. Current evidence is limited, but such as it is, it suggests that the stereotypes acquired during the pre-school period are later abandoned more often by girls than boys. It has been suggested that whereas growing girls perceive enhancement of opportunities and choices, boys perceive encroachment on their territory. Such a suggestion needs to be considered with caution. First, there is no solid evidence that more girls are redefining gender roles and that boys are resisting such change. Secondly, even should such be the case, we are at present in no position to say why. Logical explanations are easily come by, but in the study of human behavior very often what appears to be logical turns out not to be psychological.

* * * * *

The above presentation occurred as an informal address, notes for which were prepared without bibliographical references. Credit is due to students in my classes, children I have known, and certainly to numerous authors of textbooks and research reports in child psychology.

In his books Sex and Gender (Science House, 1968) and Splitting (Quadrangle, 1973), Robert J. Stoller identifies three different aspects of sexuality:

ASPECTS OF SEXUALITY

1. CORE GENDER IDENTITY-- a set of convictions about oneself.
Determined by biological factors, genital anatomy, and sexual assignment and rearing.
2. MORE GLOBAL GENDER IDENTITY-- a set of attitudes about oneself and desires toward others.
Determined by "learning."
3. GENDER ROLE-- overt behaviors reflecting core gender identity and more global gender identity.

The core gender identity, which develops by the age of 1 1/2 to 2 years, is a taken-for-granted conviction that one is a male or female (i.e., that one's assignment to the male or female sex is anatomically and psychologically correct). This core gender identity is based on such biological factors as embryological anatomy and physiology, hormones, and the particular development of the central nervous system. It also relies upon genital anatomy, both as a signal to parents and as a source of bodily sensations that confirm one's sex assignment. As we shall see later, Stoller feels that core gender identity rests most heavily on the sexual assignment given one at birth and the consequent rearing practices of the parents.

A broader, more global gender identity develops later, based on "learning" (e.g., imprinting, conditioning, imitation). The distinction between core gender identity and the more global gender identity is to be found in the difference between the statements "I am male/female" and "I am masculine/feminine" (see Sex and Gender, p. 40).

The core gender identity and more global gender identity are expressed in overt behaviors that Stoller terms the gender role.

Out of his 15 years of psychiatric work with 85 patients (as well as 63 members of their families), Stoller has arrived at the following positions:

STOLLER'S THESES

- I Core gender identity is established very early and it rapidly becomes irreversible.
- II Core gender identity is established in a nonconflictual manner.
- III Postnatal, nonbiological experiences play the most powerful part in establishing core gender identity.

The first thesis contrasts sharply with Freud's contention that gender identity does not occur until an individual reaches the oedipal stage of psychosexual development, around the age of 5 to 7 years.

The second thesis also contrasts sharply with Freud's views. Freud felt that gender identity is established, during the oedipal stage, as the result of intrapsychic conflicts. Stoller proposes that the nonbiological demands that shape the core gender identity come from people outside the infant, not from intrapsychic conflict, and that these outside demands need not be unpleasant or conflict-arousing.

Finally, Stoller proposes that, with some possible rare exceptions, postnatal, nonbiological forces play the most powerful and obvious part in creating gender identity. The genetically controlled, biological forces silently augment the process.

While core gender identity, the more global gender identity, and gender role are, in effect, synonymous in most of us, in certain cases they are at variance. Stoller has carefully studied these cases in his attempt to unravel the various aspects of sexuality. Two caveats are in order at this point. First, we must keep in mind that Stoller has dealt with individuals who have sought his professional help primarily because they perceive themselves to have problems associated with their sexuality. Extrapolating from this group is a dangerous business and we will need to be most careful not to overgeneralize his findings. Second, as Stoller himself makes clear, the study of nonbiological influences is difficult and requires painstaking attention to the minute details of rearing and self-expression (e.g., see Splitting, p. 319).

Let's now explore some of the cases Stoller presents in support of his theses, beginning with studies of patients who have biological abnormalities:

SUMMARY OF CASES OF PATIENTS WITH BIOLOGICAL ABNORMALITIES

1. Genitals unambiguous, but internal organs absent or underdeveloped.
 2. Absence of penis but internal organs normal.
 3. Adrenogenital syndrome.
 4. Ambiguous genitals.
-
5. Reverse of adrenogenital syndrome.
 6. Klinefelter's syndrome (XXY).

As an example of type 1 cases, we can consider two females who were unequivocally assigned as females at birth and unequivocally raised as females. At puberty, these females did not develop the usual secondary sex characteristics. Medical examinations revealed the absence of a uterus and only rudimentary ovaries (chromosomally, these were XO individuals). In one case, the female, then 18, was told that she needed some corrective surgery (a vaginoplasty) and medication (estrogens). She was informed that she was sterile, but her sexuality was not questioned. Stoller indicates that despite her sadness over sterility, she did not develop any significant emotional problems. In the other case, the female, then 14, was told by her gynecologist that "she might be a boy" (see Sex and Gender, pp. 26-27). By the age of 16, this individual was diagnosed as psychotic (probably schizophrenic) and in subsequent years, her disordered state improved little, if at all.

Stoller suggests that these cases demonstrate: (a) that in the absence of "normal" anatomical and endocrinological factors, an individual unequivocally assigned to and reared as belonging to one sex can establish a clear core gender identity; and (b) that there is a powerful commitment to one's core gender identity which, if disturbed, results in profound emotional disruption.

As an example of a type 2 case, Stoller describes a male who was born without a penis but who was unequivocally raised as a male. The child developed a male core gender identity, once again demonstrating that in the absence of "normal" anatomical factors, a clear core gender identity can become established.

In the adrenogenital syndrome, individuals have the external genitals of females but the internal reproductive organs of males. Stoller describes those cases in which such individuals were unequivocally raised as girls and developed unambiguous female core gender identities, as well as those cases in

which such individuals were unequivocally raised as boys and developed unambiguous male core gender identities. Such cases demonstrate that neither the external genitals nor the internal reproductive organs determine the core gender identity but rather that such identity relies primarily upon rearing conditions.

As an example of type 4 cases, Stoller describes an individual who, at birth, had a short penis that was identified as an "enlarged clitoris." The parents remained uncertain of their child's sexual identity and the rearing practices were ambiguous (see Sex and Gender, p. 31). At the age of 18, the individual arranged for surgery to make the genitals appear more female, but the individual continued to feel ambiguous about sexual identity. At the age of 40, a medical exam revealed a clearcut, biological maleness. The individual gradually adopted a male gender role and the ambiguity over sexual identity was finally resolved.

Stoller uses this last case as an example of what he terms the "hermaphroditic gender" (see Sex and Gender, p. 37), in which the individual, raised ambiguously, feels neither male nor female, but can rather comfortably adopt either gender identity.

In all of these cases, we find evidence that core gender identity, the more global gender identity, and gender role depend more heavily upon rearing practices than upon biological factors. However, Stoller points out that there may be cases in which rearing practices can be overturned by something else. As an example, he discusses the case of an individual who was apparently a normal female at birth and who was unequivocally reared as a girl. In childhood, there were continuing battles between mother and child, centering on the mother's desire for "more feminine" behavior. During adolescence, the individual did not develop the usual secondary sex characteristics, although the voice deepened. A medical examination revealed an unequivocally biological male (see Sex and Gender, pp. 69-70). As a second example, he discusses an individual who was born an apparently normal male but who, from earliest childhood, cross-dressed, walked, and talked as a girl. In adolescence, female secondary sex characteristics developed. The individual underwent surgery (vaginoplasty) and lives now as a woman.

Stoller points out that these cases appear to contradict the thesis that rearing practices take precedence over biological factors in determining gender identity. However, in these cases, he has little information available concerning the details of rearing. Thus, it may be that these cases actually represent situations in which a particular parent-infant relationship happened to coincide with a biological abnormality.

Let's now move on to Stoller's studies of patients without biological abnormalities:

SUMMARY OF CASES OF PATIENTS WITH NO BIOLOGICAL ABNORMALITIES

<u>SEX</u>	<u>CORE GENDER IDENTITY</u>	<u>MORE GLOBAL GENDER IDENTITY</u>	<u>GENDER ROLE</u>
male	male	"I am masculine" "I want to have her"	heterosexual
female	female	"I am feminine" "I want to have him"	
male	male	"I am masculine" "I want to have him"	homosexual
female	female	"I am feminine" "I want to have her"	

<u>SEX</u>	<u>CORE GENDER IDENTITY</u>	<u>MORE GLOBAL GENDER IDENTITY</u>	<u>GENDER ROLE</u>
male	male	"I am masculine & feminine" "I want to be her at times"	transvestite
male	female	"I am feminine" "I am her"	
female	male	"I am masculine" "I am him"	transsexual

Those individuals whom we term "heterosexual" are characterized by the absence of contradictions among their anatomical sex, their core gender identity, their more global gender identity, and their gender role. However, this does not necessarily free them from all confusions related to their sexuality. Many heterosexuals are tormented by questions revolving about the question of whether they are "sufficiently" heterosexual: "am I masculine/feminine enough?" In Stoller's view, recall that the more global gender identity is established on the basis of those complicated processes called "learning." We might therefore assume that heterosexual individuals who have been taught to question their own sufficiency as sexual beings are those most likely to have some confusions related to their sexuality.

Those individuals whom we term "homosexual" may also vary in the degree to which they perceive themselves as being "sufficiently" masculine or feminine. However, homosexual individuals are additionally attracted sexually to members of their own sex, despite the fact that there is no contradiction between their own anatomical sex and their core gender identity. Stoller notes two findings in his studies of homosexual individuals: (a) first, the feelings of homosexuality develop early in the child's life, and (b) homosexual individuals simultaneously identify with and feel a hatred toward their parent of the opposite sex.

To illustrate Stoller's findings, let's consider two cases. In one, the case of a male, the father was hospitalized when the boy was two years old. From that time until the child was six when the father died, there were intermittent visits between father and son. These visits promoted, in the boy, a passionate love for his father. The boy was raised by his mother, whom Stoller characterizes as an angry, powerful, bitter, lonely, burdened individual. As an adult, the patient lived as a homosexual. He could not recall ever thinking of himself as female nor did he ever recall expecting to become female when he grew up. In the second case, Stoller describes a homosexual female adult who clearly views herself as female. She recalls being interested in masculinity from the age of three years, at about which time her father began to make a series of overt sexual advances toward her. She considers men inferior and disgusting, primarily driven by sex. She prefers her own body to be definitely female but hard, strong, and handsome.

Notice that in both cases, the children were subjected to unusual circumstances beginning at or after the age of two. Recall that Stoller indicates that the core gender identity is established by the age of one and a half to two years. Thus, in accordance with his view, we would expect these children to have developed their core gender identities prior to their unusual experiences. Therefore, we would not expect these children to feel any confusion about their core gender identities. Rather, their more global gender identities are disrupted as they are exposed, at a young age, to an opposite-sexed parent who is at once powerful and unloving. In Stoller's view, the child identifies with

this powerful figure but simultaneously develops a hatred toward that figure. For Stoller, it is this particular combination that creates the homosexual orientation.

Individuals whom we term "transvestites" are those who intermittently cross-dress while never questioning that their core gender identity and anatomical sex are in essential agreement. Stoller has found no instances of true female transvestic individuals. He has worked with several biologically normal males who live comfortable male lives that are occasionally interrupted by periods of cross-dressing. As a case in point, he describes a male whose rearing and core gender identity appeared unremarkable until the age of three. At that age, his mother became fatally ill and he was given over to the care of his aunt and her daughter. These two women expressed hatred for males. The child's father showed little interest in the child (see Sex and Gender, p. 181). The aunt and her daughter would, on occasion, dress the young boy in girl's clothing and present him to others as if he were a girl. Notice that the forced cross-dressing did not occur until after the age when the child had developed a core gender identity. Thus, the forced cross-dressing should not have disrupted the core identity but, with its implicit humiliation of that very core identity, it could have severely disrupted the development of the more global gender identity.

In general, Stoller summarizes the etiological factors of transvestites as follows:

- (i) there is no evidence for any genetic, constitutional or biochemical abnormality;
- (ii) the one consistent factor in the history of adult male transvestites is rearing by women who feminize the boys, have strong envy and/or hatred of males, and who humiliate the boys by making "girls" of them, on occasion, but only after a male core gender identity has been established;
- (iii) the fathers are usually psychologically (and, often, physically) absent. However, in some cases, the fathers behave as co-conspirators in the feminization of their sons; they "punish" the cross-dressing by insisting that the boy dress more completely as a girl (see Sex and Gender, p. 184);
- (iv) women who later develop relationships with adult male transvestites take it upon themselves to help the transvestite look more like a woman. These women often assume that the male is weak and in need of guidance. As the transvestite becomes more adept at "passing" as a woman, the relationship with the "teacher" often disintegrates (see Sex and Gender, p. 214).

Stoller suggests that female transvestites either never develop or are very rare simply because of the rearing practices of our society. It is extremely uncommon in our society to have males primarily responsible for the rearing of young girls. Stoller would predict that female transvestities would develop only in those cases in which an adult male was the primary caretaker, had strong envy and/or hatred of females, and forced cross-dressing on a young girl only after her core gender identity had been established.

Individuals whom we term "transsexuals" are those whose anatomical sex and core gender identity are at variance with each other. Thus these are biologically normal individuals who have a conviction, that is clear by the age of two or three years, that they are truly a member of the opposite sex. As adults, these individuals insist that they are neither homosexuals (despite the fact that they are sexually attracted to members of their own anatomical sex) nor transvestites (despite the fact that they cross-dress). In short, these individuals define themselves on the basis of their core gender identity rather than

on the basis of their anatomical sex. Stoller describes cases of both male transsexuals (see Sex and Gender, pp. 93-94) and female transsexuals (see Splitting, pp. 386-387), but notes that the incidence of female transsexualism is estimated to be 1/8 to 1/3 the rate of male transsexualism.

In discussing the etiology of male transsexualism, Stoller notes the following factors:

- (i) the mothers of these individuals describe themselves as "neuter" and empty individuals who dressed as boys in childhood but changed to "feminine" dress and behavior at puberty. These mothers describe themselves as having been saddened and angered by the appearance of their own secondary sex characteristics but eventually accepting of them. They describe themselves as having been closer to their fathers than to their mothers during their own childhood;
- (ii) the fathers of male transsexuals are psychologically (and, often, physically) absent during their sons' early years;
- (iii) the mothers and their infant sons develop a symbiotic relationship in which the mothers keep their infant sons in virtually continuous bodily contact with themselves.

The infants are not weaned, toilet trained, separated from the warm, enveloping bodies of their mothers, etc. In short, the mothers do not permit normal separation to occur. As a result, the infant can't adequately tell where he begins and his mother ends (see Sex and Gender, pp. 98-99). When the father is psychologically absent, the infant son is confronted with no male identification figure who might provide a basis for attachment.

In discussing the etiology of the less common female transsexual, Stoller finds a similar pattern: the mother is psychologically absent and the infant-father relationship is intense and unusually close. Once again, Stoller suggests that female transsexualism is less likely to occur than male transsexualism because of the rearing practices of our society; it is rare to find the father as the primary caretaker of an infant daughter.

Stoller notes that in the early parent-infant relationship of the to-be-transsexual, the development of the core gender identity is certainly not the result of intrapsychic conflict. In fact, the infant's core gender identity develops in a thoroughly pleasurable, nontraumatic way, as every need of the infant is immediately met by the encompassing parent. Stoller notes, with some caution, that it may be the case that the more "normal" development of core gender identity also proceeds in a nontraumatic manner, as the infant's sense of self and sexuality is not unpleasurably imposed upon it by its adult caretakers.

Let's return now to Stoller's theses and summarize the evidence he has gathered in defense of each one.

First, he proposes that core gender identity is established very early (by the age of 1 1/2 to 2 years). The data for transsexuals indicate that it is the very early and particular parent-infant relationship that accounts for the development of transsexualism. Unusual parent-child relationships that occur after the child is two may produce confusions in the more global gender identity (as in transvestism and homosexuality), but they do not affect the core gender identity. Stoller maintains that, once established, the core gender identity is essentially irreversible. As evidence for this position, recall the case of the XO individual who, having been reared unequivocally as a girl, was informed at the age of fourteen that she "might be a boy." The profound disturbance she suffered may give us some clue to the strength of our commitment to our core gender identity. Recall also the case of the "hermaphroditic gender." In this instance, the individual developed an ambiguous core gender identity and

the commitment to that core identity made it possible for the individual to shift, rather easily, between male and female identities.

In defense of Stoller's second thesis, that core gender identity is established in a nonconflictual manner, he relies heavily upon his studies of transsexuals. In these cases, there is no evidence that core gender identity is established on the basis of intrapsychic conflicts. Rather, the core gender identity appears to develop in a rather blissful, nonconflictual manner.

In defense of his third thesis, that postnatal, nonbiological factors play the most powerful role in establishing core gender identity, we can point to two sets of data. First, Stoller has demonstrated in a series of studies of patients with biological abnormalities (females born with unambiguous genitals but with internal reproductive organs underdeveloped or absent; a male born without a penis; individuals with the adrenogenital syndrome) that biological factors and genital anatomy do not determine core gender identity. Second, in all these cases, as well as in the studies of homosexuality, transvestism, and transsexualism, Stoller provides evidence for the powerful, indeed crucial, effect of rearing practices upon the development of the core gender identity.



Many men, some women, and all too many members of the media attempted to portray the reawakening of the women's movement in the mid-1960's as the irrational behavior of a group of poorly bred women who were primarily interested in burning bras and getting publicity. It is now apparent that this was both a misunderstanding of these women, and a miscalculation of the far-reaching significance of the issues they were raising.

And the issues they raised ultimately were concerned with men's sex roles as well as women's. As Chapel Hill historian Peter Filene puts it:

A social role is transactional, shaped by the expectations and reactions of those "significant others" among whom the performer plays out his/her life. As women began rewriting the scripts of their "female" role, they necessarily included in their drama the men to whom they were daughters, wives, lovers, colleagues, and so forth. Unless men stopped classifying women in gender terms, female liberation would never go beyond a half victory. Because of the two-way dynamic of transaction, however, men could not cease to sex-type women until they rewrote the script of "masculinity."¹

Thus, a reevaluation of the women's role inevitably, though often grudgingly, has led many men to reassess the male role. Now, a decade after the women's movement re-emerged as a vital force in American culture, more and more of us, men and women, are beginning to realize that men too have much to gain through such a reassessment of their traditional sex roles.

It is my belief that it is inaccurate to view men's position in the currently changing pattern of sex role behavior as one of loss--losing jobs to women, losing authority over formerly submissive and obedient wives who knew their place, losing the ego gratification of women fawning over us and telling us we're so smart (even women who are smarter than we)--in short, losing power.² These things have happened to many men, and an increasing number of women share in economic, political, and interpersonal power. Nor do I think it is sufficient, though I think there is some truth to this argument, to point out that men (like slaveowners) have suffered in their role as "oppressors," and there is some element of "liberation" in their no longer being in that role.³ Many men, however, have experienced changes in their daily lives and in their consciousness, and these changes offer some very real hope for the liberation of men from the narrow restrictions of the traditional male role. It is the benefits of the current reassessment of what it means to be male that I would like to focus on in this paper.

What do we know about traditionally reared men in our society? One looming set of facts that cannot be ignored is that they have more heart attacks, more ulcers, and they die earlier than women.⁴ There is no compelling biological evidence to explain all these differences, though some might argue that males are genetically weaker; it is more likely that these differences are a result of the socialization process. There are two aspects of the socialization process that seem to be especially relevant. One is the great amount of stress that men are subject to in their role as breadwinner. The pressure to produce is so much a part of the traditional male sex role that men may simply be more likely to face situations that produce the kind of psychological and emotional strain that leads to ulcers, heart attacks, and thus, earlier death. The recent increases in women suffering from ulcers, heart attacks, and alcoholism⁵ support this line

of thinking. Such increases also call into question, I believe, the particular nature of liberation desirable for women as well as men. As S. M. Miller puts it in his insightful essay titled "The Making of a Confused, Middle-Aged Husband": "If women accept 'success' to the same extent and in the same way that many men do, the problem will be enormous. If women simply adopt the number-oneism which dominates the workplace, the achievement drive will probably lead them into the same narrowing unpromising obsessions which destroy men."⁶

But even women who are not career women face psychological and emotional stress. There seems to be another important variable operating, a second aspect of the socialization process, which has to do with the tendency of men neither to admit nor do anything about physical problems. Numerous studies indicate that men are less likely to reveal personal information about themselves to other people than women are. What's more, men don't seem to be as open and honest with themselves as women are; men are more likely to deny or repress threatening or anxiety-arousing information. One result of this pattern, therefore, may be the inability on the part of men to realize when they need medical help. One psychologist, Sidney Jourard, referred in the following way to the difficulty men have in responding to what he calls "all-is-not-well signals":

If men are trained, as it were, to ignore their own feelings, in order more adequately to pursue the instrumental aspects of manliness, it follows that they will be less sensitive to what one might call "all-is-not-well signals," as these arise in themselves. It is probably a fact that in every case of outright physical or mental illness, earlier signs occurred which, if noted and acted upon, would have averted the eventual breakdown.... The hypothesis may be proposed that women, more sensitive to their inner experience, will notice their "all-is-not-well signals" sooner and more often than men, and change their mode of existence to one more conducive to wellness, e.g., consult a doctor sooner, or seek bed-rest more often than men. Men, by contrast, fail to notice these "all-is-not-well signals" of weaker intensity, and do not stop work, nor take to their beds until the destructive consequences of their manly way of life have progressed to the point of a "stroke," or a total collapse.⁷

The pattern that has just been described is part of a broader pattern in which strong socialization pressures are placed upon the male to be "inexpressive." Young boys growing up have traditionally been told, either overtly or subtly, that "real men" don't show their emotions. That's women stuff, whereas men stuff is being courageous, tough, competitive and aggressive. Big boys don't cry. They shape up or ship out, they get going when the going gets tough. They adhere to all the slogans my high school wrestling coach had taped to the ceiling so you'd be sure to see them if you found yourself on your back.

It is no surprise then that during the emotional peak of a movie or play, when many in the audience may have lumps in their throats or tears in their eyes, adolescent boys in the audience are moved to jeer, guffaw loudly, or, at the least, suppress any tears that may be threatening to emerge. These patterns are not seen only in the early teen-age years. In college I once practiced what my roommate and I came to refer to as the "art of defensive crying." I was then, and am still, prone to cry at movies. But I was well aware that my more androgynous and liberated roommate was likely to be moved to tears before I would. While watching a late movie on television with a group of friends, as I felt myself getting close to crying, I looked at Steve, sensing that he would already be crying, which he was. "Steve's crying!" I announced, which put the onus on him, and relieved me of the tension building up inside me. Such a defensive maneuver, embarrassing to recall, seemed necessary to demonstrate that

I was above such allegedly feminine reactions. (Steve, by the way, was also capable of walking up to me from behind while I was studying in the library and kissing me on the back of the head. I was mortified that people might think we were homosexuals. He was less troubled by what people thought.)

In modern America there is more than one way for men to fulfill the pressure put on them to be inexpressive. Manville has labelled two categories of inexpressive man as "the cowboy" and "the playboy." The cowboy is typified by your basic John Wayne role in your basic John Wayne movie, in which the male is two-fisted, strong, silent, and shows no tenderness toward females. Manville refers to this as "the John Wayne neurosis," and depicts it in the following way:

The on-screen John Wayne doesn't feel comfortable around women. He does like them sometime--God knows he's not queer. But at the right time and in the right place--which he chooses. And always with his car/horse parked directly outside, in/on which he will ride away to his more important business back in Marlboro country.⁸

Just as the cowboy loves his girlfriend and his horse (though not necessarily in that order), the modern day cowboy loves his girlfriend and his car (or motorcycle). It is important to note that although the cowboy does have feelings toward his woman, he does not express them, because such expression would conflict with his image of what a man is.

The "playboy type," like the "cowboy type," interacts with women with detachment, and "playing it cool" is of the utmost importance to him. James Bond can be considered a prime example here. He departs from the cowboy in that he is not only inexpressive but non-feeling--he is essentially a packageable commodity that has no accompanying responsibility or personal involvement. From a psychological perspective, he is precisely what Erich Fromm refers to as a "marketing oriented personality." Fromm's argument is that such a personality, in which one perceives self value and the value of others as a commodity, is a result of overidentification with the socioeconomic assumptions of a capitalistic society.⁹

Herbert Marcuse (not atypically) goes a step further than Fromm by suggesting the concept of "repressive desublimation." By this term he argues that in its permissiveness toward some, but not all, sexuality, society is able to use this very sexuality to reinforce the economic system. He writes: "It has often been noted that advanced industrial civilization operates with a greater degree of sexual freedom.... The sexy office and sales girls, the handsome, virile junior executive and floor walker are highly marketable commodities."¹⁰ But the same society which encourages such widespread sexuality asserts that there are some strings attached, and thus the "repressive" nature of the "desublimation." To get the girl, you must have (that is, buy) the right stereo, whiskey, clothes, and car (or, for more attractive women, yachts and Lear jets). The message is that sex is desirable, accessible, but expensive. The only way to score is to toe the economic line. Sex is available to Aristotle Onassis, Hugh Hefner, and Howard Hughes (though Hughes may have preferred sex without touching), but the poor schlepp who can't afford the right commodities is led to believe that he'll never get the girls. And if the girls are convinced that the commodities are prerequisites to relationships meaningful enough to allow access to their bodies, then the poor schlepp is right.

What else do we know about the less fortunate characteristics of the way men are encouraged to behave in our society? One consistent finding is that men's relationships with their fathers are typically worse than those of women with their mothers.¹¹ One apparent factor operating is that the fathers tend to be absent much more than the mothers. Yet--though he is less likely to get along with his father than his sister is with his mother--there is great, indeed greater, pressure on the male child to conform to the masculine sex role than there is on

the girl. Studies of toy preferences among children show rigid adherence on the part of boys to traditional sex role choices by the age of three, but not until about the age of ten for girls.¹² Apparently being a sissy is considered much worse than being a tomboy, so girls are given some leeway in their play opportunities before they have to succumb to their sex role demands.

The young boy, then, is placed in the ironic situation of being taught to scorn women, and womanly things, yet he is almost exclusively raised by a woman, told what to do by women, and has to obey these obviously second-class citizens. As Hartley puts it:

In other words, he is compelled to knuckle under to that which he has been taught to despise. Need we wonder that he tends to rebel at times or has trouble making a smooth adjustment?...For many, unfortunately, the scramble to escape [being "womanly"] takes on all the aspects of panic, and the outward semblance of non-femininity is achieved at a tremendous cost of anxiety and self-alienation.¹³

Which of course leads to the issue of homosexuality. There can be no doubt that male homosexuals have been among the most oppressed groups in our society. In addition to being scorned, laughed at, and beaten up by ignorant and sexually insecure "toughs," they have had to live in a society which has laws which force them to hide their real selves from others, and hate themselves. It is not clear how many men in a hundred are homosexual. Some theorists, such as Freud and Jung, would argue that all of us have the potential for bisexuality. Kinsey's classical research, published in 1948, indicated that at least 37% of the male population studied engaged in some form of homosexual behavior between adolescence and old age.¹⁴ The increased tolerance of homosexuality in the thirty years since Kinsey's report (and especially in the last decade) suggests that Kinsey's findings may represent a conservative estimate today. No matter what the frequency of homosexuality, it is clear that in our culture males having such experiences, or who think they might enjoy such experiences, have been made to suffer, in terms of guilt, anxiety, shame, and in terms of harsh legal sanctions. Certainly, in light of my overall argument here, changes in the law and greater tolerance of this particular departure from the traditional masculine sex role will lead to less suffering on the part of many men, both homosexual and heterosexual.

There are other aspects of the traditional masculine role that deserve mention. Certainly the pressures on men to succeed and perform place them in a ratrace they may not wish to join. And not unrelated to these pressures is the tendency in American society to measure a man's masculinity by the size of his paycheck. Consider the following lead paragraph from a sports page of a few years ago:

Is Bobby Murcer a \$100,000 ballplayer? Did Tom Seaver earn a raise above his \$120,000 off his 21-12 record? How much is rookie Jon Matlack worth on the open market?¹⁵

Aside from certain very real questions as to whether anyone is "worth" \$120,000--that is to say, should be paid that amount while people are hungry and struggling to survive--one wonders at the brashness and insensitivity with which such labels are applied, and at the implications that accompany them.

And some mention should be made of the missed opportunities by so many males to know their own children. As has already been mentioned, men are likely to be absent from the home a lot, and are not very good at being expressive. In addition, they have few models of how to be nurturant and, in fact, are often discouraged from being so:

Myths about men causing harm to little children are still disturbingly prevalent. (How many men have been warned while teaching

elementary school never, never to touch a child?) Boys who have younger friends are viewed as strange in many neighborhoods ("how come he's not with kids his own age?"), whereas it is "natural" that girls are attracted to young children. Men who play with children they have not fathered (not their "own"), and who may not even be fathers at all, are viewed with suspicion by some ("what's he doing with that kid?"), while it is assumed and demanded that women like and be comfortable with children.¹⁶

But here, as with many of the other issues dealt with today, changes are occurring. Many men are spending more time with their children, and some are even choosing or changing to occupations that allow such interaction. As one man put it, "I got tired of the loneliness of travelling all the time. I thought if I didn't come home soon my kids would grow up without knowing their father, and I wanted to get to know them."¹⁷ On the other hand, having children (especially male children) as a demonstration of virility is not the best way to enter parenthood. Some men (and women) are finding that the increasingly accepted option of not having children is preferable for the life style they choose to lead.

What then can we conclude from this cataloguing of the less desirable side of traditional masculinity? Simply that many men have been oppressed in various ways by the restrictive nature of traditional male roles, and that, as Peter Filene points out, "male liberation [does] not have the women's advantage ...of locating an oppressor 'out there;' the culture [makes] each man his own oppressor."¹⁸ Therefore, the increasing acceptability of alternate modes of behavior represents a potentially liberating experience for all men.

And there are clear indications of increasing acceptability of men who do not fit the traditional patterns. More men are seeking to get in better touch with their emotions, through encounter groups, men's groups, therapy, or simply by trying to interact with other men in more personal and less competitive ways. Many are questioning the value of living for their work, and are refocusing on the values of family and children. Men vacuuming, doing the dishes, cooking, or taking care of the kids are no longer oddities, and are no longer the automatic butt of jokes. A homosexual is no longer as likely to be stereotyped as "a bathroom-lurking pervert who preys on little boys."¹⁹

I would not argue that we have reached the place we want to be, or even that most men would accept my assertion that fundamental changes in the traditional masculine sex role are desirable. But it seems to me that more and more men and women are coming to explore alternative conceptions of how to lead fulfilling lives, and in the process, sometimes almost imperceptibly, they are casting off some of the burden of living up to society's traditional image of how they should be. I think that many straight non-countercultural men would agree with the 1973 statement of the Berkeley Men's Center:

We, as men, want to take back our full humanity. We no longer want to strain to compete to live up to an impossible oppressive masculine image--strong, silent, cool, handsome, unemotional, successful, master of women, leader of men, wealthy, brilliant, athletic and "heavy". ...We want to relate to both women and men in more human ways--with warmth, sensitivity, emotion, and honesty.²⁰

We must, however, be careful to separate genuine change in consciousness from glib lip service coming at us from Madison Avenue. Consider, for example, the comments by Clay Felker, the new editor of Esquire, who is changing the magazine from a monthly to a fortnightly publication:

Looking back over the old issues, we were particularly struck by the freshness and quality and, above all, the strength of the editorial formulas of the very first Esquire. Put out by founding editor Arnold Gingrich, the first issue appears in the autumn, 1933--a different time, with different concerns. The man whom Gingrich projected as the ideal male of the time was a rich, cultivated, privileged man of the world who had arrived, who knew his place in the world and who reflected his arrival at that secure position by the symbols of affluence commonly accepted by all: fancy cars, elegant leisure activities--often revolving around horses, polo or racing--and beautiful women who were ornaments to his success in life. It was a beautiful dream.

The dream has changed--along with the world in which the American man lives. Today there is a new way to measure success. Men still want to make money and earn the respect and affection of the world, they still like beautiful women and sleek cars, but they no longer measure success primarily by the outward symbols of arrival and privilege. Now success is measured by self-development, by the richness of life itself, both outward and inward, professional and personal, physical, intellectual and spiritual.

The new Esquire will explore new dimensions of success and will try to give some friendly--and, I hope, solid--advice to men. If we do our job right, we will be able to offer some blueprints of the new success. We will explore the ways a man can develop a more rewarding relationship with the women and children in his life. We want to be useful to the man of action in America today by showing how others cope, how they have engineered their achievements, how they find a purpose greater than themselves, how they can get more out of life, and have some fun and excitement along the way.²¹

The new man, he seems to say, is the same man (a man of action and achievement who gets more out of life, who likes beautiful women and sleek cars) with some 70's platitudes thrown in. Self-development, inward and spiritual factors will go into the formula for success, as will "the richness of life itself, both outward and inward," whatever that means. As garbled as is Felker's message, one thing is clear: Esquire's "new American man" (as he is referred to) is not all that new. What we need, it seems to me, is to see more of the genuine change called for in the Berkeley Manifesto invade the halting and co-optative declarations of change made by Madison Avenue.

* * * * *

¹Peter G. Filene, Him/Her/Self: Sex Roles in Modern America (New York: New American Library, 1974), p. 213.

²Filene suggests that the typical reaction of males was 'for the most part "as most elites do in response to insurgence: defensively rather than creatively, regarding innovation as a loss of power rather than a gain of positive possibilities." P. 213.

³See, for example, Mel Bringle, "Living Now/here, Guilford Review No. 6 (fall, 1977), p. 5.

⁴Sidney M. Jourard, "Some Lethal Aspects of the Male Role," in Men and Masculinity, ed. Joseph H. Pleck and J. Sawyer (Englewood Cliffs, N.J.: Prentice Hall, 1974), p. 21.

- ⁵James F. Calhoun, Abnormal Psychology: Current Perspectives (2d ed.; New York: Random House, 1977), p. 249.
- ⁶S. M. Miller, "The Making of a Confused Middle-Aged Husband," in Men and Masculinity, ed. Joseph H. Pleck and J. Sawyer (Englewood Cliffs, N.J.: Prentice Hall, 1974), p. 51.
- ⁷Jourard, p. 24.
- ⁸Cited in Jack O. Belswick and Charles W. Peek, "The Inexpressive Male: A Tragedy of American Society," in Sex: Male/Gender: Masculine: Readings in Male Sexuality, ed. John W. Petras (Port Washington, N.Y.: Alfred Publishing Co., 1975), pp. 121-122.
- ⁹Erich Fromm, Man for Himself (New York: Holt Rinehart and Winston, 1947), p. 73.
- ¹⁰Herbert Marcuse, One-Dimensional Man (Boston: Beacon Press, 1964), pp. 74, 72-79.
- ¹¹Ruth E. Hartley, "Sex-role Pressures and the Socialization of the Male Child," in Men and Masculinity, ed. Joseph H. Pleck and J. Sawyer (Englewood Cliffs, N.J.: Prentice Hall, 1974), pp. 7-13.
- ¹²Irving L. Janis, George F. Mahl, Jerome Kagan, and Robert R. Holt, Personality: Dynamics, Development and Assessment (New York: Harcourt Brace & World, 1969), p. 479.
- ¹³Hartley, pp. 9, 13.
- ¹⁴Mark Freedman, Homosexuality and Psychological Functioning (Belmont, Cal.: Brooks/Cole, 1971), p. 41.
- ¹⁵Robert A. Fein, "Men and Young Children," in Men and Masculinity, p. 54.
- ¹⁶Fein, p. 57.
- ¹⁷Fein, p. 55.
- ¹⁸Fein, p. 216.
- ¹⁹Herb Goldberg, "The Psychological Pressures on the American Male," in Readings in Personality and Adjustment 76/77 (Guilford, Connecticut: Annual Editions), p. 108.
- ²⁰Men and Masculinity, p. 173.
- ²¹Clay Felker, "Backstage with Esquire," Esquire, March 1, 1978, p. 9.

MARE CLAUSUM

you were already descending, hopeful
of blind damp depths where
briny arms would seize you,
claim you as sinking treasure.
you imagine an ondine relation,
reflection and sister, who will net
her pale hair beneath you,
salve you with narcotic kisses.
milky waves open like thighs.
a somnolent tide mounts up
your skin, the salt in your veins
dilating to meet it. you drowse
down through green channels, thick
as jelly, shot with light gleaned
from the luminous bellies of fish.
this is easier than sleep,
until you start up, choking. the red
bells of your lungs fill with vapors
which will not translate to breath.
some prank of nature, some accident
of growth removed the gills, necessary
only at a watery conception.
return to the sucking womb
is not possible, would drown
you in your own salty fluids.
panic leaps like a white eel.
surfacing, your forehead shatters
the seductive mirror of sea.
pungent air floods your strictured
cells. your arms are strong
as dolphins, your heart buoyant.
craving land, you swim with perfect
rhythm, shedding water like
scales. below you, mermaids
practice their treacherous lyric.
breath singing more sweetly
in your throat, you sail home
to embraces more vital, arms
which warm you to the bone.

I dreamed that I sat at a table at the side of the stage--somewhat insignificant--a respondent to an eminent biologist who was lecturing about sex differences. I long for the appearance of that eminent lecturer.

More than three months ago, Carol Stoneburner suggested that I prepare this lecture. "I know absolutely nothing about androgyny," I answered.

She chuckled and replied: "After three months of studying the psychology of men and women, a dozen colloquium lectures, and participation in a faculty study group considering the concept of androgyny, you, Jerry Godard, should know more about androgyny than other matters about which you are willing to lecture." She had a point.

Ann Deagon later added the salt to savor, the salt which stings today: "Why don't you make it publishable for the Guilford Review?"

And here I am--unknowing and unpublishable! Scattered thoughts, a potpourri, incoherent, perhaps meaningless. An embarrassing conclusion to a superb lecture series. I'm still waiting for the eminent lecturer.

I begin where no lecture or paper should ever begin: "According to Webster's . . . " the first definition of androgynous: "having the characteristics or nature of both male and female." Simple word derivation: andro-male: gyn--female. And not much help.

Sandra Bem, a Stanford psychologist, might take us further. . . . If it exists, it can be measured. . . .

Bem starts with the conception, widely accepted in psychology and society at large, that masculinity and femininity are bipolar ends of a single continuum: a person is either masculine or feminine, or more masculine or more feminine--never both masculine and feminine. Assertive or yielding; instrumental or expressive; aggressive or nurturant; active or passive--and so on. Masculine or feminine. The sex role inventories commonly used accept a single continuum: each person will score somewhere on a line between masculine and feminine. The more masculine you are, the less feminine, and vice versa.

Bem has challenged this traditional sex-role dichotomy, suggesting that it may obscure two very plausible hypotheses:

1. Many persons may be both masculine and feminine, both instrumental and expressive, dependent on the situational appropriateness of the various behaviors.
2. Strongly sex-typed individuals (masculine men and feminine women) might be seriously limited in the range of behaviors available to them as they move from situation to situation.

She developed her own sex-role inventory, which treats masculinity and femininity as two independent dimensions rather than opposite ends of a single continuum. Specifically, the Bem Sex Role Inventory consists of 20 "masculine" personality characteristics and 20 "feminine" personality characteristics. These characteristics were rated by a large sample of college students--both male and female--as being significantly more desirable in our society for one sex than for the other. The BSRI also contains 20 neutral characteristics which may serve as filler items.

The average, or mean, number of points assigned by each person to the masculinity traits constitutes his or her Masculinity Score; the average, or mean, number of points assigned to the feminine attributes is his or her Femininity Score. So we have two scores: a Masculinity Score and a Femininity Score. On the basis of these scores a person is classified as masculine (high masculine score--

low feminine score), feminine (high feminine score--low masculine score) or androgynous (high feminine and masculine scores).

Almost 40% of the college students examined describe themselves as clearly sex-typed (men with high masculine scores and low feminine scores or women with high feminine and low masculine scores). 25% were clearly androgynous (high scores on both masculine and feminine scores).

In further research Bem found that masculine men and feminine women did reject cross-sex behavior even when it was more appropriate, and felt bad about themselves if required to perform cross-sex behavior. Masculine men were relatively unresponsive and non-nurturant in a variety of circumstances devised to evoke tender responses. Feminine women were less effective in situations requiring independence and assertiveness. Androgynous persons, male and female, were not so constrained. They did not avoid behaviors stereotyped as more appropriate for the other sex, and they were quite able to be both nurturant and assertive. (Her findings are consistent with other research.)

SCORE ONE FOR ANDROGYNY as measured by Bem!

June Singer, a Jungian analyst, takes a very different approach toward the same end in her book Androgyny. Her analysis is not of the paper and pencil responses of college students, or of their choices of behavior in a laboratory setting, but rather an analysis of the souls of human beings as approached through their dreams, myths, and history. She demonstrates that in every human, across and throughout time and space, both masculine and feminine exist. But she finds the original dance, the interplay of man and woman, have been constrained, repressed, and thrown out of joint. The masculine has become clearly dominant, the feminine mysterious, inferior, and aweful. She selectively examines classical mythology, eastern religion, and the world view of modern science, showing the shattering effects of this division, the tragedy wrought by a jealous male god who must deny his birthright and partnership; the androgynous soul trapped and denied by external genitalia and secondary sex characteristics.

Singer invites the reader to follow the androgyne through the repressed underbelly of the history of human affairs and ideas. And as we travel with her, she urges the reemergence of the eternal dance of opposites in each individual person, in each encounter, in each society. Hers is a Jungian voyage through the Psyche towards a goal of wholeness where sex roles have lost their power to coerce. She anticipates a new unfettered sexuality, although her vision of this new sexuality is unclear beyond the convincing belief that it will be profoundly different.

Lest you be misled by the ridiculous unisexual figure on the cover of her book, she distinguishes between the mythic androgyne and the hermaphrodite. The latter provides an image of confused and diminished sexuality uncharged by tension such as that described by Lawrence. Singer's ideal of the androgyne does not submerge differences, sexual or otherwise. Let me sample her metaphoric imagery.

The androgyne does not try to submerge differences. Polarities are recognized as existing in linear time, but they are also seen as illusory when time is conceived as cyclic and eternal. The androgyne accepts paradoxes and lives them, knowing that as a finite creature one often cannot see beyond the apparent contradictions that beset the individual at every turn. The androgyne can live, therefore, in the immediate present without losing the sense of eternity. . . .

The androgyne sees the overriding principle of union, acting continually to overcome separation, and knows that the separation is as essential to life as the union. The old myths are remembered. When the primordial androgynous parents lay together in an endless embrace the

eternal eons rolled by and little changed; but when the "one-body" was dismembered, the world of Creation came into being. Then the forces of Love and Strife were born, the forces that still meet and part, conceiving offspring that perpetuate the qualities of both. The androgyne recognizes the presence of these two inner opposites and is equally capable of intimacy with Love and with Strife. Androgyny demands the freedom to function out of one side of our nature or the other as a dominant way of being; yet androgyny recognizes the responsibility to be aware that there is always the other side as well, which needs to be taken into account in the long-range movement toward union. . . .

Androgyny is not trying to manage the relationship between the opposites; it is simply flowing between them. One does not need to ride the rapids, one can become the rapids. One does not need to do anything but flow between the Masculine and the Feminine, touching both, yielding to all obstacles and thereby overcoming them, the energy building upon itself as it follows its natural tendency. The person who has become the androgyne, the hidden river that has risen to the surface, finds his or her own level and makes an impression on the world without any special effort to do so. Water is gentle, yet it wears away rock. It is strong because it is not opposed by nature; nor does nature go against it. And so it can be with the person who chooses the way of the androgyne. (pp. 329-30; 332.)

A compelling, if at times opaque, realm of possibility.

SCORE TWO FOR ANDROGYNY as discovered by Singer.

Both Sandra Bem and June Singer recognize the existing reality of psychological androgyny and urge the acceptance and reinforcement of these characteristics in ourselves and in our relationships with others. With such recognition, the stultifying influence of sex roles will wither and men and women will be freed to be persons. The ERA debate will lose its power and the amendment will be ratified with a sad and curious amusement that it ever captured our passions at all.

Androgynous persons retain for themselves the full range of human emotions and behaviors. They have the freedom to be changing rather than fixed human beings--individuals in process rather than finished end products. They are able to respond genuinely, enthusiastically, and openly to their experiences. Perhaps I should stop now and celebrate our androgynous future.

But there are doubts which gnaw!

In our study of men and women this semester we have seen that sex-role typing has been a remarkably sturdy, persistent, and powerful influence. "The more things change, the more they stay the same." Easy advocacy of androgyny has a certain fairy-tale quality. Beautiful Beast and Princely Toad gliding, riding into a blissful Yin-Yang future.

Be careful. Deviance is lonely and painful, and its risks should not be minimized. There is strong evidence that people who are "open to experience" are far more anxious than their peers, suffer more conflict, and are punished for their failure to conform. Madness as well as actualization awaits the searcher for androgyny. We should not be sanguine as we urge our children, our students, our friends, our selves to deny the salience of sex roles. Loren Eiseley said, "She who searches for treasure must go alone, at night, and leave some blood behind." How much blood? And whose blood? The move toward androgyny may never be accomplished. And there will be casualties.

Suppose, however, it does work: can our culture survive stripped of its most salient roles? Can a complex industrial society (which allows leisure for the study of androgyny) exist without simplifying sets of role expectations? Would we become vulnerable to non-androgynous cultures? Would we be paralyzed by too many options? Less efficient? Less effective?

Does the same old emperor wear new clothing? Would we merely exchange one set of categories for another? Male--female; androgynist--non-androgynist? Some references to androgyny and to the androgyne sound very masculine, quite heroic, daemonically individualist. If androgyny should come to mean only flexible, independent, effective in all situations, we will have changed the name, but not the game. To this end, I am warned by the second definition of "androgynous" in Webster's: "bearing both staminate and pistillate flowers in the same cluster, with the male flowers uppermost."

And finally there are those who ask: "Doesn't the concept of 'androgyny' emphasize, and thus separate, the very categories you wish to diminish--feminine and masculine?"

Powerful doubts: Androgyny may never be achieved. Androgyny may leave our culture vulnerable. Androgyny may provide a new name for masculine dominance. Androgyny may actually overemphasize masculinity and femininity.

Now is the moment for the startling synthesis, an enlargement of the thesis to embrace the antithesis, a new level of complexity which demonstrates a heretofore unrecognized simplicity . . .

Alas! . . . No synthesis.

I shall only conclude with a few personal observations and a dream.

I cannot and must not try to close with androgyny too quickly. The meaning I seek is other than maleness and femaleness and yet sexuality seems to be central--a Freudian riddle, I suppose. What is sexual and transcends sexuality?

I must know and love my aging male body: that I have a beard which I may shave, or trim, or allow to grow long and shaggy; that I have a penis, at times erect, usually flaccid--fortunately! Neither penis, nor beard, nor once slim hips, implies in any way that I ought to take the active assertive role in lovemaking, or in committee meetings, or the lecture hall or seminar room. Nor does my hirsute body determine with whom or how I engage in intercourse of any kind. Anatomy is not destiny, but it is sacred, I believe.

I recognize the irony that the very concept of "Androgyny" must sow the seeds of its own destruction. "Androgyny" assumes that maleness and femaleness represent distinct elements which must be brought into harmony if we are to be released from the fetters of sex-role stereotyping. But if androgyny is actually absorbed by the individual and his or her culture, then masculinity and femininity should lose their meaning and the concept of androgyny will have been transcended. (A delicious irony--which alone has made the study of androgyny worth while.)

I have no choice whether or not to pursue this image called androgynous. Something is stirring in me; Jane Caris and I have been captured by something; something is at work in many of my relationships that will not be denied though I would often deny it if I could.

Four years ago I had a dream that highlights the beginnings of my awareness of the loneliest and the most intimate sense of myself and of you that I have ever known. I am terrified by loneliness and even more so by intimacy. To love is to be lonely in an ultimate sense. This dream symbolizes sexuality, love, life, death, and madness in ways that seem to me androgynous.

DREAM OF FEBRUARY 20, 1974:

SETTING: large lecture hall with a raised stage. I sit at a table at the side of the stage rather like a scribe while an eminent biologist lectures on the "biology of sex." I discover we are debating--he making all the significant points about physiological differences, I responding at times with sophistry but usually modifying his findings with sound judgement. I feel growing and insightful in this debate--so much

seems clearer. I don't remember all of the points--most seem standard stuff--but here is one sample.

LECTURER: The male is physically stronger, resulting in dominance in those vocations and activities requiring power and strength.

GODARD: Strength is a slippery category. It's true that the average male can bench press or dead lift significantly more weight than the average female. But the average female may be more resistant to the common cold, will live longer, and may have slightly better depth perception, thus enabling her to operate a fork-lift truck with greater efficiency. Give me the average woman on my loading dock, Mr. Eminent Biologist.

So on and on. Most of my arguments are based on phylogenetic plasticity, which acknowledges biological differences but identifying differing conclusions. He is polite, formal, miffed at times, but tolerant and not defensive or angry. I am playful, but intent. (I am aware that he is holding a trump card for me, thus I'm alert, at times a bit apprehensive.) I'm not aware of the presence (or existence) of an audience.

The final bombshell (anticipated with excitement and some dread):

LECTURER: The woman is trapped by her body. Every month, she menstruates; without choice she is incapacitated. Thus she is bound to hearth and home in a regular way. Culture after culture perceives this as unclean, or at least incapacitating. This is a natural function that cannot be denied.

(I am aware, as he speaks, of a new and crucial insight and eager to respond. I have long shared the fear and repulsion toward menstruation not uncommon in my culture. I've never admitted that to anyone.)

GODARD: The human body (the woman's body) may be viewed as a prison But it is also a temple where love and meaning are born and growth is celebrated. Menstruation is a good natural process and loaded with symbolism. Why do we fear and distrust the body's functions? Let us learn and live in our bodies. Consider menstruation: every month an egg, loaded with human potential, travels through the fallopian tube to a place of potential nourishment and growth. Like so many dreams, the egg may not be fertilized and desiccates, lying in the thickening mucous of the place of nourishment which now could be a prison--sluggish with waste--the richness turned thick with unfulfillment. But a beautiful body thing happens. The waste is stripped away (dead mucous, polar bodies, unfertilized egg are all caught up in a tide of clean red blood, stimulated by hormones) and flushed from the system. Unrealized hope is not left to fester and grow sour, but cleaned away, and rebirth is possible. Another month, another moment to hope and dream; not trapped by a body prison; but celebrating in a temple. This is a psychic truth as well as a physical truth and meaningful in an ultimate sense for all human beings--males and females. Can't you feel that process in yourself, sir?

LECTURER: You've been blinded by that woman. (angrily)

GODARD: Sir, I am that woman. (very pleased with myself, and then alone)

The dream lecture ends as all lectures end, including this one--a sense of accomplishment followed by the despairing question: Does it make a difference?

I do not understand androgyny!

I dislike the idea of an androgyne!

Androgynous encounters have occurred in our seminar this spring, and in the study group on androgyny. I have been deeply sustained, as well as confused, in these encounters. And for these encounters, I thank you.



She always looked down getting off the school bus. First the worn rubber treads of the step, then the pavement which she could jump over in one skip, then the beginning of the cemetery road, blue-black tar starting to let go of the small gravel that kicked along, scattering into deep poison ivy edging the woods. By the time she had counted the 218 steps to where the road turned toward the field of tombs, the chatter and sway of the bus calmed from her mind, and she entered the woods like a deep-sea diver, suspended suddenly in silence, green filtered light, and a heavy weightlessness. The woods path ran downhill for about 100 paces, but she no longer counted. Each step was a separate venture: from a broken twig that might be pointing to treasure, to the stump where a stubborn shoot headed up again, sole sign that the root still ached; on to a fallen poplar bloom, green and orange and ivory, now speckled with tiny voracious ants, to an early may-pop, its white blossom hidden where the two umbrella leaves joined. She noted each shape and texture, each thing that grew or died, as if it grew on her own body (like the Lord, she had numbered the hairs that were now sprouting under her arms and between her legs).

It was, however, the unnatural evidences, the human intrusions that interested her most. The cigarette packages and occasional paper cups she stuffed into her booksatchel to examine at leisure while doing her homework. The tire tracks she would sketch and attempt to trace. (She could recognize the ten-speed bicycle of a college boy who roomed in the neighborhood, and the fat trail of the fat girl who rode her bike to school.) As the path came down to the stream that drained the fields above, the broader tracks of a motorcycle were molded into mud, still cradling streaks of water. They had been there that morning, and she had crossed them with the tracks of her own shoes, whorled heels studding the long tire prints. She had not yet located the motorcycle, though she often heard it pass at night and wondered at the boldness of the rider who risked the downhill path by dark and crossed the rickety boards over the stream. Sometimes the snarling of his motor as he lurched the cycle back uphill would wake her, and she would lie pretending the strong machine was bucking beneath her. When she followed that dream to its conclusion she would imagine a perilous slope up which by will and muscle she urged the leaping beast, until reaching the top she would see by moonlight a great sweep of meadow tufted with mist, down which she would race, the rhythmic bump of the tires propelling her on until with a final burst of speed she hurtled into space and fell shattered into a waiting ocean. Then she would sleep.

Now she stepped across the darkened boards of the crossing and started uphill, treading the hard grey roots that cut the path into rising terraces. Against the barrier of each root small things had caught: a pebble, an acorn cup, matted strings of pollen tumbled by yesterday's rain. Almost at the top, where the four o'clock sun came ragged through the branches, lay what she must have been looking for all along. A key. A door-key, dull brass, darkened with rubbing of fingers in pocket or purse. A key whose presence on the path meant precisely that somewhere not far away a closed door even now beginning to open in her mind might actually open to her fingers. She flushed and looked around hastily. No one was visible on the path behind her or in the opening at the path's end through which she could see the first houses on her street. She knelt swiftly, feeling the gnarled root imprint her knee, and caught up the key, brushing smooth with the ball of her finger the place where it had rested.

* * * * *

Was that the beginning? But that was in April, and the cyclist had been using the path since late February. Only once or twice a week at first, getting the hang of it. Besides, he was afraid the neighbors would complain, that somebody at the church would hear about it, that the whole deal would be off and he'd have to spend his whole two years emptying bedpans somewhere, like most of the other conscientious objectors he knew. Maybe the guys who went to Canada were smart. Still, no one had complained. The elders complimented him on how clean he kept the grounds, how he kept the college kids out of the cemetery, how he seemed to be always around when they needed him. No one had caught on that he was saving money by sleeping in the basement storage room, or that under a tarpaulin behind the cemetery toolshed waited his polished Honda and the scarlet helmet that made him feel like THE RED DEATH.

Living alone, he found, excited the nerves. In cowboys and Indians and cops and robbers he had always been the Indian and the robber, had always been able to walk without stirring a twig, to move unnoticed through a hostile neighborhood, exhilarated by the prickle of surrounding dangers. Here it was the same. He would work on the cemetery grounds until nearly dusk, then in case anyone was watching from the manse across the road, he would lock up the church building and walk down onto the woods path. At the stream he would turn back into the undergrowth and make his way to the cemetery dump, a steep jumble of artificial wreaths, pruned branches and hedge clippings, paper plates from church suppers, and a smashed piano, a few of whose strings still twanged lonesomely. There, somewhere between ambush and meditation, he waited for dark to come on, imagining himself an only survivor of some holocaust, imagining sometimes the injured but living girl he would pull from the ruins. Leaning back against a honeysuckle-covered stump he would support her shaking body against his breast until his prick rose between her legs and her sobbing turned to moans of pleasure. Finally, when it was dark, he would return to the church and let himself into the basement as into a deserted city.

Some nights, after making an entry in his journal or reading a few chapters of some book from the church library (so far the campus library across the road had refused to issue him a card), he would fall asleep early. Then around ten or eleven, waking suddenly in the blacked-out basement, he would stumble, panicked, to the outside door, gasping for air. Those were the nights when he laced on his high boots, slipping the long sheath-knife into the right one, and made cautiously for the toolshed. With the flame-colored helmet on his head he would break the dead silence of the graveyard as he stomped the motor into action, circling the gravel walkways to scare off any students, then roaring down the blacktop and into the woods. The downhill part was pretty smooth, and the crossing boards sprung him upward. But it took all his strength to jolt the machine up the terraced roots and onto the street. Sometimes at his approach he would see lights start coming on from the porches and eaves of the dark houses, but he would be well out into the country by the time any irate householder could reach the street. When he returned an hour or two later they were dark again. Sometimes he thought of the people--men, women, and children--rousing in their beds at his passage, and felt an excitement half guilt and half gloating.

* * * * *

The woman, though--the one whose house was nearest the path entrance--was not in her bed. She too had fallen asleep early (grading themes always made her sleepy), and had been nagged out of sleep by the growling of the cycle as it jerked up the incline. She knew instantly that this time she would do something about it. After all, they had built at this dead end against the woods precisely

so that they would have peace and quiet. That much at least out of the wreck of her expectations she ought to be able to salvage. Bart, of course, would have known how to handle it--as he knew how to handle everything except perhaps the adulation of sophomore girls. His new wife was in graduate school now, and in another year he'd have tenure again. He had left her scrupulously provided for: house, car, her own tenure at the college. No children to bring up alone. No reason to feel sorry for herself, no reason to feel this unreasoning anger. She snapped on the light and dressed with precision, in black slacks and sweater, rain boots and cap. It had rained that afternoon, and the ground would be damp. She found herself thinking what if he skids in the mud beside the stream? Would she be able to get to him in time? Or what if spotting her hidden at the edge of her drive, he swerved the cycle and headed for her, gunning his motor? Nothing like that would happen. She would be quite invisible crouched behind her ivy-draped mailbox, and as he passed she would simply write down his license number and slip back to the house.

When she stepped out of the door she was shocked by the moonlight. Where had the clouds gone so quickly? A bank of honeysuckle showed its blossoms like flecks of foam. Dampness and odor brushed against her as she walked down the drive to the street, whose pavement seemed luminescent, giving off a fine mist. She had forgotten to bring her watch. There were nights when he returned within an hour, others when she had slept for two or three hours before the noise re-occurred. She had no idea how long it would be. And as a matter of fact she had no idea how long she had actually waited when the far-off drone separated itself from her droning thoughts and began to approach. Not until the headlight was splashing against the trees did she realize how stiff and chilled she had become. The pencil caught in her sweater pocket, then flipped into the dark. But even in the wind of his passing, which startled her hot and cold, she had presence of mind enough to look at the small lighted license plate. Feeling for a sharp-edged stone from the drive she bore down in the uncertain moonlight scratching the letters and numbers across the cement gutter. Like a child on her haunches scoring a hopskotch game. She heard him climbing the far side of the path, then roaring down the cemetery road. As she turned toward the house she thought she heard his motor stop suddenly. An open grave, she thought, seeing him tangled under the cycle, his helmet rolling away from his bloodied head. If he had Bart's face in her mind, what other man's face had she ever known by heart? But in the morning she could not make out the scratches along the gutter.

* * * * *

Well, there they are: man, woman, and child. Not quite archetypal, closer to stereotype. Living quietly but in motion, heading for something. With the child it's the key--what will it unlock? One remembers Bluebeard's castle, or a fairy tale I've half forgotten, where the princess unlocks a little casket and finds inside it a human hand. Or the matter of Pandora. As for the young man, the helmet like a mask begs Pirandello's question: a peaceable sheep who has found in wolf's clothing his own moral alternative to war? or a predator playing at idyll? or is there a difference? Then the woman. Why did I put her last, why do I find her the most difficult to analyze? Obviously because she is the most like me, she threatens to live my life, secretly, publicly. And because if anyone triggers a tragedy here, it will be she. Three characters in a small terrain. Three paths that have already begun to cross.

* * * * *

When Sara picked up the key she did not put it into her booksatchel but in her right sock, where it slipped down between her heel and anklebone, rubbing conspiratorially against her foot. She walked past the half-dozen houses (now touched with expectancy) to her own house, where she let herself in the back door and immediately spread out on the kitchen table her math book, two pencils, and her notebook, open to a half-filled page she had managed to do during social studies. In case her parents got back early, it would appear that she was just taking a break after an industrious afternoon. Strapping on the watch they had given her Christmas (she never wore it to school, where time was all too evident), she fished her basketball out of the broom closet and set off dribbling down the driveway and into the street. With seeming casualness she bounced, tossed, and dribbled her way along the houses. The third house down across the street showed only one car in the carport and two newspapers, one darkened by yesterday's rain, in the drive. The newspapers under her arm, she bounced the ball ostentatiously up the paved slope and onto the level cement of the carport. Ringing the bell she shivered, less from fear than from an undefined delight. No answer. Bending she retrieved the key from her shoe and tried it in the lock. It went in but would not turn, no matter which way she twisted it. Neither would it open the side door or the back door. She dropped the newspapers and returned to the street, eyeing each house as she passed.

To the woman with the briefcase who just now emerged from the woods, a girl bouncing a ball was of no more interest than a dog or a cat owned by one of the neighbors. Secure in the disguise of her childhood, Sara reached down and pretended to scratch her foot, memorizing with her fingers the secret indentations of the key. Bouncing the ball mechanically from time to time, she watched the woman search through her pockets, then set the briefcase down on the stoop and look inside it. Turning abruptly, she began to walk back along the path, scanning the pavement. Head down, she disappeared into the woods. Sara felt a surge of some deep rightness: now she knew, and without being known. She had smoothed away the key's imprint on the path, no one could possibly suspect her. Tossing the ball in the air and catching it on the run, she raced back home and upstairs to her room. With her face flat against the front window she could just barely take in the left side of the woman's house, as far as the front stoop. But time was passing now, her parents probably borne along in the rush traffic out from the city, and she did have homework to do. Every five minutes by her watch she would allow herself to check again at the window. And again, by a thrilling rightness, she was just in time to see the woman cross in front of the house and disappear around the side, followed closely by the young man from the cemetery. That was all. She fell asleep instantly that night and dreamed of passageways and rooms that led continually onward, impossible always to find her way back. Exhausted with searching, finally, even in her dream, she fell asleep.

* * * * *

How did the paths cross so swiftly? Very simple. After Lenore (that's the name of the lady professor, referred to by some of her male students as "Lenny-Penny")--after Lenore had searched for her key along the path, down to the stream, across and up the far side, she continued back along the cemetery road. In the near distance she saw the young caretaker squatting beside a silent mowing machine. It occurred to her that he might have found the key. Not wanting to shout across the somnolent graveyard, she started walking toward him over the grass, stepping cautiously between plots, awkwardly aware that she wasn't sure which way the bodies stretched from some of the weathered stones, dating, she had been told, from the Revolution. And equally aware how ridiculous it was

to feel embarrassment at the possibility of treading flush on some buried colonist's paunch. He saw her coming and rose to his feet expectantly, his hands, one holding a thin screwdriver, held simply at his sides. Light from the sun lowering behind the woods tinged the whole setting an unnatural orange. His hair, back-lighted, seemed almost on fire. She felt suddenly as if someone were filming the scene, she wanted to warn him, don't say anything, it's not real, they are recording us. Instead she said, "Excuse me, I'm Lenore Lawson. I live in one of the houses down on Brookside and I seem to have lost my key. I'm sure it was in my pocket when I left the house this morning, and I'm afraid it may have fallen out on my way to campus. I know it's unlikely, but I wanted to ask whether you'd come across a brass doorkey."

"No," he said. "No, I haven't found any keys." And without meaning to he pulled out of his pocket his own keyring. "These are just the ones to the church. I don't have any others." An eerie awkwardness came over both of them, she distressed that he had felt he must demonstrate innocence, when it had never occurred to her to accuse him. And he aware of his ridiculous defensiveness still not outgrown, and of the fearfully shiny ignition key outstanding among the others on the ring.

"Well, if it should ever turn up, I live in the first house as you come out of the woods, and I walk this way mornings and afternoons, except when it rains." Now she was explaining herself unaccused, and come to think of it, that had sounded almost like an invitation. What if he thought the key only an excuse to approach him? But he was asking her a question . . .

"How are you going to get in?"

"The attic window stays unlocked. My husband used to climb in that way," she said. "I mean, when he'd forgotten the key."

"I'm better dressed for climbing than you are," he said easily. "If you wait till I roll this thing into the shed, I'll lock up here and walk along with you. It's on my way."

After that it was easy, though there still persisted in her mind the impression of a script, of a carefully phrased unreality spoken between them. As if the loss of the key were not at all real but merely symbolic of other losses, as if he were not the meek C.O. who took care of the cemetery but some slender Pan offering something more than to let her into her own house. As they reached the stream she stopped and turned back to him, pointing to where last night's muddy tire tracks lay gouged into the bank, overprinted with a child's oxfords. "Look at that," she said. He looked so abashed that she was afraid he would start to deny owning a motorcycle just as he had denied having the key. "Somebody--probably one of the students--is always coming through here in the middle of the night, gunning his motor, waking up the whole neighborhood. I've talked to the police, but we're outside the city jurisdiction, and the sheriff's office says they don't have enough men. The cemetery committee at the church suggested that I might put up a sign saying MOTOR VEHICLES PROHIBITED. But I doubt that he'd pay any attention to that."

"Probably not," he agreed. "By the way, my name's Erik."

She blushed at not having asked his name before, and turned away as the impact of his blondness finally reached her, like a moon in the inclosed wood. And so they came up from the path onto the street and up across her front yard, where the open briefcase still lay on the stoop, and around to the back. The ladder lay against the side of the woodshed under run-away mint shoots, lifting and swaying thick as seaweed. Without her help he hoisted it slowly into the air, his body knowing its own leverage. Then he climbed up, one foot at a time--how foolish to say, but she noticed each step upward--lifted the attic window inside and let it close behind him.

After a very long time the back door swung inward. He was not visible. She began to open the screen but stopped halfway. She must have forgotten to open the drapes this morning. The interior of the house, seen this way through the open door, was darkly inviting. "Erik?" she said, stepping across the threshold and putting her hand on the knob of the open door. Behind the door he laughed quietly. She could feel his grip on the other side of the knob. She walked straight into the room, waiting for the sound the door would make as he closed it behind her.

* * * * *

The story too I think should close here. While there is still possible a more or less idyllic interpretation. Past this point, the strands begin to wind too tight. Various alternatives are still possible. The child, for instance, might wake from dreaming and slip across the street to test her key. And she would find inside one or the other of the eternal themes: love or death. And to tell the truth, either would serve her purpose, and mine. I would opt for love, but with sufficient violence to remind us how hard they are to tell apart. Another possibility is to rewrite. Leave the woman out entirely. Say the key opens the church basement. Say in her searching the child discovers the motorcycle, puts together the two masks of Erik (if that is his name). Say he discovers the child. But already we are verging on the sinister, if when she unlocks the door to the blacked-out basement he is already there, lacing on his boots. Perhaps, then, there is no other way but to continue. There usually isn't.

* * * * *

Nights when Erik stayed at the house--infinitely more comfortable than the church basement, and offering little barrier between fantasy and enactment--the cyclist did not visit the neighborhood. But Erik did not always come, and in his absence Lenore was disturbed again and again by the cruel rush of noise. One afternoon when Erik was there for supper she begged him to help her fell a tree across the path. She had chosen one quite near the street, not too thick for cutting with an axe but thick enough to prevent the cyclist's passage. She had brought the axe down from the woodshed and thrust it out to him urgently. He hefted it and smiled, saying simply, "No." After supper he left in spite of her pleas, saying only, "Maybe I'll drop by later." But he didn't appear, and at eleven she went to bed. Around midnight she heard the motorcycle come through the woods and speed down the street toward the countryside. She dressed, put on an old pair of her husband's work gloves, and took up the axe. Down the street on the other side Sara, settling back to sleep after the cyclist's coming, heard the blows of the axe high up and taut, coming at intervals. But she was asleep before the small splintering laid the young tree across the path.

Lenore did not go back to sleep. She waited in bed for the sound of his return. Around three o'clock she heard the motor approaching, its level rising as if she were turning the sound up on a dial. It grew intolerable, almost as if it were under her windows, then abruptly broke off. How could he have seen the tree before entering the woods? Below her window she heard a brushing in the grass and felt, for the first time she could remember, the hairs rising on the back of her neck. She heard a key unlocking the back door. It was the cyclist who had found her key--or he had killed Erik and taken his. She could see his blond head broken open, his body sprawled across a tombstone. The

footsteps on the stair roused her enough to pick up the axe propped against the dresser and face the door. He opened it inward with his left hand, remaining stolidly outside the doorway, the scarlet helmet picking up what light came through the windows. She raised the axe and he laughed, sending a great chill throughout her body. Then with both hands he rolled the helmet back from his head and tossed it behind him, where it thumped interminably down the stairs as he crossed the room toward her.

An hour or so later he retrieved it at the foot of the stairs, started the motor at the top of the driveway and roared down, dancing the cycle like a rearing horse along the last stretch of pavement, then plunging into the woods. Lenore lay in bed, her eyes open, her hands cupped rigidly over her ears.

* * * * *

And there the story ends. What did the characters learn in the final hour? I think by now Erik probably knew all there was to know about his nature. The only thing he didn't realize was that a small but sufficient tree was lying across the downhill path. As for Lenore, certainly she learned that Erik and the cyclist were one and the same. But mainly, as in any tragedy--especially one where three roads meet--she learned something about herself. Now she will live with it. But not alone. Across the street on the other side there is someone who has the key to everything, someone who also has a great thirst for knowing. And one day when Lenore comes in from classes she will find sitting in the enticing dusk of her livingroom a child who is nearly a woman. What they will have to say to each other is another story.

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N O T E

The Guilford Review originated in 1975 as a forum for exploring ideas interdisciplinary in nature and humane in import. It seeks to bring together faculty, staff, alumni, and campus visitors, and to encourage scholarly, creative, and informal writing on issues of importance to us all.

The present issue centers on the relationship between two modes of experience: science and imagination. Some of the pieces study the impact of science and technology on literature. Others use the imagination to move backward into Newton's world or forward into a science-fiction future. Still others explore the inner struggle to remain human in an increasingly mechanistic society. The issue closes with a series of editorials from Chemistry which reveal science precisely as creative imagination.

The fall issue, dealing with conflict and conflict resolution, will include contributions from the areas of psychology, sociology, chemistry, philosophy, political science, management, administration of justice, economics, and physical education.

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Copies may be ordered from the same address at \$2.50 per copy, \$5.00 for a year's subscription. The following back issues are available for \$1.50 each: #2 "Woman and Mythology"; #3 "Myth in Multiple Perspective"; #4 Poetry and Fiction; #5 Creative Process in the Arts and Sciences"; #6 "Women in Change"; #7 "Women on the Social Scene"; #8 "Development of Sex Roles."

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"Extravaganza: From the Lens-Field" appeared first in Epos; "A Natural History" appeared first in the Black Warrior Review; Five Editorials appeared first in Chemistry.

NEWTON'S OPTICKS

the chamber is enchanted
 darken'd more carefully, opaque the window-shut,
 is this not he, the inner head, subdued, camera obscura,
 into which through pinpricks in black shade,
 rays of godlight enter
 and something casts lion-shadows, mane and claw,
 tanquam ex ungue leonem ♀ on faint white wall-surface
 we see him scarce at all;

yet active: piercing, grinding, painting,
 pinpoints through sheets of lead ♀
 (lead ♀ from church roof is best or the veins of
 stained glass)
 a pair of sharp Knives stuck into a Board,
 their angular shadows bisect for his calculation
 he is painting the Floor, thickly, with grey Paint he has mixed
 twining Threads of black Silk round a flat Stick
 now a Comb in his hand, between whose severall Teeth
 filaments of split Light array themselves
 holding a Hair to aperture-slit
 to watch its multiplied Shadow thrown
 (where 'tis thin, where 'tis thicker)
 on a Sheet of white Paper

 Webs of some Spiders

♂ Iron Wire

 watered Silk

 edge of black Riband fringed out into colours,
 five clear, lineaments of a sixth and seventh

looking at the Sun ☉ through a Feather

pressing his Eye, that ubiquitous iris (of what colour?)
 to conjure swimming mists, dark grey and russet,
 from under closed lids, and now appear
 deep dark red, willow green

working at times with a Candle, which hath a Ring or Halo

 thus, too, great Sun ☉ and Moon ☾
 have on occasion Crowns about them,
 not least in icy weather:

other concentred Rings require
more curious observing:
and at the Centre of some, a black Spot
and of some, a white Spot

describing a burning Coal gyrated nimbly in the Air
describing fiery circles
(has he then an helper in the darkness here,
apprentice as in his furnace work?)
and pinched firmly in good English fire-tongs

grinding Lenses on wetted copper ♀

solid bodies, opaque and pellucid,
also Marble ground polite

thin Plates of Muscovy glass
effecting Fits of easie Transmission and easie Reflection
island Crystal, Crystal of the Rock,
Diamond into Prism

the Light trembling and short and swift

broken bits of Mirror
♀ the backs quicksilver'd o'er with the bright cast
of joy
are set in Water

green-making }
yellow-making } Rays
orange-making }

Lavender, Rue and Marjoram distilled to
Oil, clear Oil, of Clove, Orange, Olives,

pseudo-topaz, ultramarine

excellent Blue of a bright Sky-colour

gold ☉ and silver ☾ , the ordinary green of grass,

full bright purple, deepest violet,
a violet more bright and fiery,
the colour of Violets is of the third, best, Order
indigo manifestly less resplendent

and at the last, red of a Damask Rose
sweet enough to drown the sense and make
the Frame of Nature languish

as below, so above--

to sail with him down Coasts of Refraction
where the Satellites of Jupiter 4 waver in eclipse
past limbs of circles
of metals
of the Sun ☉
who continues violently hot and lucid and warms the
whole Earth with his Light

as above, so below--

leaf gold ☉ , massy gold ☉ ,

Dust of the Road, Ashes, a Mouse's colour
or that of the Nails on a Man's Hand

Soot and Sea-salt Θ , Rust σ ,

Orpiment, Cinnabar, Camphire and Balsam,
all powders of the merchant,

Linseed with Spirits of Turpentine and Amber,
olfactory,

Wax, Pitch, Tallow,

wood when split the hue of a Man's Skin

Soap, Malt, Carraway seeds, Blood, minute corpuscles
(as those of Light)

sulphur Δ , flaming Smoak

hot Springs and burning Mountains
causing the Land to slide and the Sea to boil

Earthquakes, Hurricanoes, mineral Coruscations in Earth's
Pores, Earth's Bowels,

fiery and suffocating Exhalations pent in subterranean Caverns
explode, shoot heavenwards, vanish in Air and Vapour
only to return as Meteor Showers, drops of Hail,

which Monsieur Grimaldo may watch, cat-like, from his dry ^{Rainbows}
and Monsieur Des Cartes (at his sleight of hand?) casement,

but we will baffle the monsieurs

ignis fatuus and now to be extinguished
in stagnating Water

and diving deep into the Sea

become fluid and globular Parcels

Eye of a Peacock's Tail, cauda pavonis
in the alembic glass

where Bubbles rise, take tincture, burst
with a faint wetness, vibration of spume

to tingle in the ear

as 'twere a Bell or Cannon heard behind a Hill
a Monochord sounding the notes on an eighth
Pythagorean

till all dissolves to silence

to nothing

bodies changed to Light
as Nature conforms to herself

water on which flies walk without wetting their feet
small feathers falling in the open air

PRINCIPIA is yet to write. And read.

To some extent, the course of literature is always related to the evolution of science, and it is the division of our colleges and universities into separate academic units--departments, divisions, or schools--which keeps them apart and prevents their being studied conjointly. In a number of cases, the connection between the two is so close and visible as to be unmistakable and unavoidable. One thinks for example of Zola's application of the Introduction to the Study of Experimental Medicine by Claude Bernard, or the theories of Darwin or Lucas, to the naturalist novel.

In other cases, the interplay between science and literature may be elusive, intermittent, or subtle. In the pages which follow, I should like to take a look at two themes, both related to scientific development, as they appear in the poems "Paris" and "The Shepherd's House" by the nineteenth-century poet Alfred de Vigny. The two themes--Paris and progress--may appear totally dissimilar and poles apart. In fact, in the nineteenth century, Paris became almost a synonym in France for progress. No one was better placed to comment upon the two than Alfred de Vigny (1797-1863), who was a rival of Victor Hugo's as leader of the romantic movement in Paris at the very moment when the city began to feel the effects of the industrial revolution and to commit itself to the path of progress. Vigny found himself forced into a reckoning, confrontation, and accommodation with the capital and with the notion of progress. His reaction was unusually lucid and articulate. A closer look at his poems may reveal to us something about how French poets in general in the nineteenth century came to cope with the growth of Paris and the commitment on the part of society to the principle of material progress.

Throughout the nineteenth century, a number of writers composed exultant paeans to the glory of science and industry:

Yes, the nineteenth century...is a missionary century, entrusted with a revelation. It bears within itself a new utterance of the Godhead. It breaks forth magnificently in space. It spreads its message from the top of the mountain. It has spoken for whoever here below would hear it. I try humbly in this profession of faith to repeat its word. If the impious believer in another cult asks me where are its testimonies, I shall point out its miracles, these acts of dominion over nature, its thunderbolts and its thunder illuminated by science and by industry, and I shall say: Here they are. And who then beneath the sun, would dare to deny those miracles? And who then would be able to detect upon the earth any other footprints left by divine providence? [Eugène Pelletan: Profession of Faith in the Nineteenth Century, 1852]

Who, therefore, has dared to say...that industry has killed poetry, has buried it in a shroud of asphalt, smoke, and steam? Who has professed such blasphemy? Who has repeated it without inquiring whether the thought is true, without understanding that this self-same industry which has been made the murderer of poetry is, in fact, the most powerful inspirer of the new times, the creative god of our epoch.

[Achille Kauffmann: "The Poetry of Industry" in Revue de Paris, 1853]

It was not unusual for thinkers to attribute to scientific discovery intellectual or artistic value. Ernest Renan, for example, had no hesitation in making of the discovery of the steam engine and the locomotive a salutary influence in shaping men's thinking:

Moreover, that activity which apparently has as its goal nothing more than a material improvement almost always has an intellectual value. What discovery, in the realm of thought, has had as much influence as that of steam? A railroad does more for progress than a creative work of genius which, by virtue of purely external circumstances, may be deprived of its influence. [The Future of Science, 1848]

Until 1830, French technology lagged pitifully behind that of England. It was after this year that enormous strides were made, and inventors appeared to be the new heroes of a society dedicated to material progress. As society became more organized in its division of labor, its pursuit of profits, and its commitment to quantitative goals, many poets came to feel threatened and alienated; they found it hard to justify their existence in purely quantitative terms, and yet were unable or unwilling to commit themselves in their writing to the goals proposed by society. The years immediately following 1830 mark a turning-point in all respects: for the development of technology, the fate of the arts, the extraordinary growth of Paris, and a new, tortuous relationship between poetry and society.

By 1831, when Alfred de Vigny wrote his long poem about the capital entitled "Paris," the city had become the scene of extraordinary events. In the words of Heinrich Heine, who arrived there that same year, "The French people had just enacted their July Revolution to the applause of the whole world," but this time without the dreadful executions which had followed the revolution of 1789. The event was to inspire Delacroix, whom Baudelaire held to be the greatest of all Romantic artists, to paint his "Liberty Leading the People." Romanticism appeared to be triumphant in every artistic sphere; Victor Hugo's play *Hernani* rallied the followers of Romanticism to a specific cause: its defense. Hugo had just completed the novel *Notre-Dame de Paris*, Stendhal *The Red and the Black*, while Berlioz' *Symphonie Fantastique* had already been performed. The future, in short, appeared bright for Romanticism and Paris was viewed enthusiastically as, in the words of Heine, "not merely the capital of France but of the whole civilized world, the Mecca of the intellectual elite."

It is scarcely an exaggeration to say that in 1831 there were two countries and two peoples within the French borders. On the one hand was Paris: the new France, cosmopolitan, dynamic and turned to the future; and on the other were the provinces, isolated, turned inward, enclosed within a past to which a key was held by the Church and the institutions of the *ancien régime*. J.-J. Ampère, the son of the famous physicist, was one of many writers who sensed that his generation was caught between a past doomed to extinction and a future still unknown. In his poem "Democracy" (1830), he captures the dichotomy graphically in the representation of a steam-ship sailing past castles on a hill. Ampère is whole-hearted in his defense of the steam-ship:

The old world is up there, standing on these hills,
Colossal, but crumbling, haughty, but in ruins;
The other is lower down, it is here, it is this boat,
Prosaic, but strong, so bold, so new!

Vigny, for his part, is perhaps more lucid and profound in his evocation of the changes taking place around him. In his poem "Paris," he translates the sense of exhilaration and unbounded energy which has been released in the capital; but he expresses also the feeling of disquiet, the sense of apprehension, the impression of disequilibrium, disorder, dislocation or even pandemonium which accompanied the replacement of an old order in Paris, in 1830, by a new one.

"Paris" presents two characters, the poet and a Traveler, who survey the sights of the city at night, from the top of a tower: perhaps one of the

towers of Notre-Dame. The Traveler, who is from elsewhere, is invited to comment upon what he sees:

"I can see a black circle so broad and so deep,
That I perceive neither its edge nor its bottom.
Hills, in the distance, appear to gird it,
And yet nowhere do I see Nature.
Instead, everywhere is the hand of man, and the angle
which his hand
Imposes on matter in every human endeavor.

I see torches smoking, burning, flashing,
Shining on this abyss where air can scarcely penetrate,
Like diamonds encrusted in ebony.

Everything there swarms with life, shoots upward, and
clings as it rises,
Curves back, coils up, wears hollow, or spreads.
In a fiery mist, I believe I see this great dream!
The Tower on which we are rises from this circle;
Is it not from here, in tracing it formerly,
That God placed the center of his compass.

My head swims, a weight presses on my eyes.

Do I see a flaming Wheel, or else is it a furnace?"

Paris is described in apocalyptic terms, colored red and black, as a great turning wheel, an axis mundi, a furnace, an extraordinary crucible, into which enormous physical and intellectual energy is poured, and out of which unprecedented forces will emerge. The descriptions are nourished by apocalyptic, visionary, and prophetic statements from the Bible; the blazing wheel, for example, is an image dear to Ezekiel, while the images of smoke and the furnace might have been borrowed from the book of Genesis, in the description of the destruction of Sodom and Gomorrah.

But, in terms of both substance and style, Vigny presents a poem which is much more than a mere restating of the ancient theme of the corruption, worldliness, and immorality of the city. Paris, here, is much more than a modern, latter-day version of Sodom or Gomorrah. There is, in the first place, the historically accurate perception that Paris was to become both the present and the future of all of France; that its influence was inescapable, that what affected it would affect the whole of the country. Vigny appears to borrow an image from Shakespeare, who has Rosenkrantz say, in the third act of Hamlet:

The cease of majesty
Dies not alone, but like a gulf doth draw
What's near it with it. It is a massy wheel
Fixed on the summit of the highest mount,
To whose huge spokes ten thousand lesser things
Are mortised and adjoined; which, when it falls,
Each small annexment, petty consequence,
Attends the boisterous ruin. Never alone

Did the King sigh but with a general groan. [Scene 3]

Just as Rosenkrantz is seen to understand the death of a king as affecting a whole people, so Vigny grasps the new importance of Paris as affecting the destiny of the whole nation more than ever before: it is the hub of a wheel, of which the exterior rim is France itself.

Vigny is very much aware, moreover, that in contemporary Paris, an old world is being destroyed in order to pave the way for the future:

Do you see? No statue
Of a man, of a King, of God, which has not been knocked down,
Mutilated by the stone, slashed with the knife,
Dismembered by the ax and crushed with a hammer!
Gold or lead, each metal is plunged into the fire
And hurled to be recast into the blazing furnace.

This gigantic experiment, this commitment to progress and the future, is seen
as the work of science and technology:

What are you making then, Paris, in your blazing fire?
What will be cast from your steel mold?
Your work is still formless, is still being shaped
In the hand of the worker and the echoing of the hammer;
It expands, then contracts, than is swallowed often
In the interplay of springs and the work of the scientist.

But the poet admits his inability to foresee whether this great work of science
will be for the common good, or else catastrophic; hell or paradise:

Work workers, everything burns! in the fire, everything
is made fertile!...

Salamanders everywhere!...Hell! Eden of the world!
Paris! Principle and end! Paris! darkness and torch!...
I do not know if all of that is evil; but it is beautiful,
It is great. ...

...a new world is being forged in this flame:
Either Sun or Comet, one feels that it will indeed come to pass;
Whether it will burn us or illuminate us, one feels that it
will turn,

That it will emerge, shining through the smoke.

In any case, the amount of energy poured into this prodigious experiment is seen
as colossal and without precedent:

Everything burns, cracks, smokes and flows; all of that
Twists and unites, cracks apart, falls here, comes out there;
It whistles or murmurs or groans; it screams,
Or sings, rings out, speaks together and prays;
It glows and flares up and slides in the air,
Bursts out into a blazing rain or snakes, lightning-like.

The intellectual and emotional energy which is expended in the capital is seen as running exactly parallel to the expenditure of physical energy. Far below the poet and the Traveler, compassionate ideologues entertain startling visions of brave new worlds. In his references to these "Spirits" in the poem, Vigny describes in fact a whole new group of utopian, socialist thinkers--fourierists and saint-simonians, and followers of the visionary priest Lamennais--who sought a reconciliation between industry and compassion, religion and the poor, progress and justice, through a better organization of society. They called upon the poets to take part in this huge collective enterprise, and for a time, many poets did. Vigny presents these visionaries, working for an improvement of living and working conditions, in an absolute frenzy of creative thinking:

At night, their lamp burns, and, in the day, it smokes;
By day, it has smoked; in the evening, it is lit
And always and without remission feeds the fires
Of that golden Furnace which we both behold,

And each of the Spirits bends his pale brow, he prays, he writes,
He despairs, and weeps, and hopes, and smiles;
He tears at his breast and his hair, and buries himself

In that endless enigma to which God knows the answer.

Each utters a cry of love toward an idea.

It is astonishing to perceive how effectively Vigny makes use of "thermodynamic" images in order to translate his vision of Paris, and this at a time when France was on the brink of making enormous strides in the use of the steam engine. Although the steam engine was known in the eighteenth century, it was not until the nineteenth that it spread in truly amazing fashion. By 1839, there were more than two thousand in use. In 1830, moreover, Paris was in the early stages of an impressive population explosion; between 1815 and 1848, the population of France rose from about 29 to over 35 million, and the greatest increase affected the cities, with Paris registering the greatest gains. Its population exceeded the one million mark by 1850. A major factor in this population shift to the cities was the industrialization resulting from the steam engine.

Vigny's imagination appears to have been fired, so to speak, by the emergence of the steam engine and the growth of thermodynamics. Images of heat, and movement, and unprecedented forces, and metal, and combustion abound in "Paris." What is most astonishing of all is Vigny's bi-focal view of the forces which have been unleashed. On the one hand, he is fully aware of all the potential for good which may exist in the creation of this new world, created entirely by man and his machines. But on the other hand the entire poem is suffused with a sense of anxiety and apprehension that man may have released energies which he cannot control, that the entire system may "overheat" and burn down, that it may produce more heat than it can harness or convert productively. Some thirty-five years before Clausius first proposed his second law of thermodynamics, with its stress on entropy--the measure of the unavailability of thermal energy in a system for conversion into work, and the concomitant threat of increasing disorder in a system--Vigny appears to have grasped the principle of entropy as a suitable metaphor for the threat of collapse and dissolution now facing Paris. This threat or latent possibility is constant throughout the poem, but is presented most explicitly toward the end, when a possible future is imagined: a future in which Paris, like a volcano, will have exploded:

If the ashes of Paris one day on your path
Appear, weigh them, and take us in your hand,
And seeing, where it once stood, flat countryside,
Say: "The Volcano caused its mountains to explode!"

--Then, Traveler, you will leave the precincts
You will cast this extinguished dust to the wind,
Then, raising your voice, alone in this silent desert,
You will cry out: "For a long time hence the world is
in darkness!"

Of course Paris did not literally explode. Nonetheless the "entropic" image conjured up by Vigny does seem quite appropriate as a description of what did happen in Paris in the years that followed. Friedrich Engels, for example, a shrewd observer of French society in the nineteenth century, described in the following terms the periodic economic crises which beset France after 1825:

Little by little the pace quickens. It becomes a trot. The industrial trot breaks into a canter, the canter in turn grows into the headlong gallop of a perfect steeplechase of industry, commercial credit, and speculation, which finally, after breakneck leaps, ends where it began--in the ditch of a crisis. And so over and over again. [Socialism:

Utopian and Scientific, 1880]

In the words of Marx, the July monarchy was "nothing other than a joint-stock company for the exploitation of France's national wealth, the dividends on which were divided among ministers, Chambers, two hundred and forty thousand voters and their adherents." [The Class Struggle in France, 1848 to 1850] Both Marx and Engels appear to echo Vigny's interpretation of modern society as having vast potential for both expansion and destruction.

The conclusion of "Paris" remains ambiguous as far as the poet's attitude toward the city is concerned. "The Shepherd's House," which was published in 1844, also treats the city, but is far from ambiguous in its attack upon it. Thirteen years separate the two, thirteen years in which the development of Paris continued unabated, and the use of machinery achieved a transformation of the economic life of France. A large network of railroads was established, steam-ships were built, canals, roads, and suspension bridges were planned in quick succession, and trade flourished as never before.

The name "The Shepherd's House" derives from the central symbol which inspired Vigny's meditation: the poet takes refuge from the city in a cabin on wheels, a shepherd's house, from which he can contemplate, in the solitude he will share only with the mysterious Eva, the bondage of the city, the destructive force of the locomotive, the harangues of the lawyers, the vacuous verse of shallow poets, and the harsh impassiveness of indifferent Nature. This list of themes, which is by no means exhaustive, gives some idea of the range of the poem. "The Shepherd's House," which is presented as a "philosophical poem," in the form of a letter to Eva inviting her to join the poet in the country, treats many of the themes which were of central importance to the poet in the nineteenth century. The lucidity with which Vigny confronts these questions sheds light on the problems of the poetic mission in his day, although it must be admitted that the poem itself is a sprawling, ungainly creation.

To the extent that "The Shepherd's House" has shape and coherence, these derive from Vigny's systematic opposition to the saint-simonians, those utopian thinkers he mentioned in "Paris," although without condemning them at that time. Three themes in particular emerge. There is, firstly, the poet's search for solitude (in contradistinction to the saint-simonians' argument in favor of a community). In addition, there is a sustained attack upon the city (in opposition to the saint-simonians' song of praise to the city and industrial progress). Finally, whereas the saint-simonians proposed a view of art as a social, didactic mission, Vigny suggests instead a poetry of disengagement from contemporary reality.

In the opening stanzas of the poem, in an extraordinary series of dependent clauses, the poet attacks the city as a triple threat: to the heart, which it mutilates; to the soul, which it entraps; and to the body, which it humiliates. Here, there is none of that ambiguity which was so characteristic of "Paris." His condemnation is unqualified:

Leave courageously, leave behind all the towns;
No longer smirch your feet with the dust from that path,
From the high vantage of our thoughts view the servile cities
As the fatal rocks of human bondage.

In a subsequent passage, a diatribe against the railroads, the poet in effect continues his assault upon the city. The locomotive is a sort of demonic city on wheels, described in terms which recall those used in the more negative descriptions in "Paris." The city encroaches upon the countryside in the form of the locomotive, a kind of subterranean beast, all fire and smoke and metal and noise, extraordinarily fast and strong, yet extremely vulnerable: a magic furnace ready to be derailed and to explode if a child lays a pebble on the tracks, in its path:

To break into smithereens the magic furnace,
All it takes is a child's pebble.

The locomotive, therefore, is described in purely negative terms, as was the city at the beginning of this poem. It is seen as the instrument of callous profiteering, itself the product of stock-market speculation, and the vehicle for merchants to make profits by carrying freight and running up large sales. It is seen as the creation of scientists, who appear to have placed their talents at the disposal of the merchants:

But we must triumph over time and space,
Get there or die. The merchants are jealous.
Gold rains down beneath the coals of the passing steam,
Time and the goal are the universe for us.
They have all said to each other "Let's go!"--but none
is the master

Of the bellowing dragon to which a scientist gave birth.
Science is seen as having removed the mystery from life:
Distance and time are conquered. Science
Traces around the earth a sad, straight path.
The World has shrunk in our experience
And the equator is now no more than a tight-fitting ring.

As is obvious from the above descriptions, Vigny now comes out whole-heartedly against the notion of progress, interpreting it as meaning an unholy alliance between the scientist, the speculator, and the merchant. His opposition was hardened by an event which took place in May, 1842: a terrible railroad accident on the Paris to Versailles line. A broken axle on a first locomotive caused the other locomotive and the following coaches to pile up, and when fire broke out, more than fifty passengers died in the conflagration, locked inside their compartments. Vigny's previous apprehension, that the potential for great destruction co-existed alongside the possibility of material improvement, came to pass in this accident. Above all, Vigny appeared to believe that man had released forces which he did not fully understand, and which he could by no means fully control:

On this iron bull which smokes, blows and bellows,
Man has climbed too soon. No one yet knows
What storms this coarse, blind creature bears with it.

Too often, Vigny's extravagant descriptions of the locomotive have distracted attention from what is really a rather fundamental attack on the very notion of progress, in the etymological sense of forward motion. According to the poet, a railroad journey is a sad experience; chance is eliminated from the itinerary; each person slides along on the line which has been chosen for him, in his pre-assigned position; the countryside around is a mere blur. It is not hard at all to conceive of this dismal trajectory as a metaphor for progress as Vigny envisions it, informed by a kind of cold, calculating, low-caliber scientific, end-oriented world view.

Much of "The Shepherd's House" proceeds by way of antithetical opposition to what precedes or follows. In total contrast to the belching, bellowing locomotive is the shepherd's house itself. The opposition or antithesis is complete at every level. It advances slowly; its dimensions are of a scale to fit humans; its color matches that of Eva's cheeks; it is a place of perfect harmony and nocturnal bliss. Touchingly, as though to anticipate the reader's possible objection that its wheels might squeak, Vigny insists that its axles are silent:

It goes gently with its four wheels,
Its roof is no higher than your forehead or your eyes;

The color of coral and that of your cheeks
Tint the nocturnal van and its silent axles.
The threshold is perfumed, the alcove is broad and dark,
And there, among the flowers, we shall find, in the shade,
For our united hair, a bed of silence.

Whereas the locomotive is the concrete symbol of a world-view which Vigny now rejects: rectilinear, positivist, systematically trying to divide the world into subordinate and superordinate hierarchies, in order better to "conquer" it; the shepherd's van is a wholly "good" symbol. It is a center, not a straight line. It is a point of perfect cynosure, a blissful axis mundi. The emphasis here is on wholeness, not division; it is on the vistas opened up by the imagination, not the specific destination of the hurried traveling salesman; it is on peace, not haste or profit. The van is a cradle or spring-board for dreams, an early, tranquil predecessor of a California customized van, but without of course the latter's 400 cubic inch V-8 engine. The shepherd's house is a curiously suitable place for the poet and Eva, his companion. A bond of intimate relatedness links them to it. Its very setting is Edenic and blissful, a corner of nature to which an agreeable degree of order has been introduced: indeed, a natural temple. This identity is announced by the presence of beautiful lilies--symbol of purity and majesty--swaying like censers. It is confirmed by other sacred images; in anticipation of Eva's arrival, the forest "has veiled its deep columns" (its trees), and the willow tree has hung out its "chaste altars" (its branches). In preparation also, the grass is "of emerald" and the turf of gold. There is a perfect harmony or complicity between the setting and the characters, as the twilight, their friend, "Casts his gray cloak upon the edge of the banks, / And opens up the prison of the night-flowers." The scene is set for an epiphany, an extraordinary manifestation--the appearance of Eva--in an appropriate place: at the top of a mountain.

The shepherd's house, it has been shown, is antithetically related to the locomotive. But in the course of the poem, another antithetical relationship is established; it is that which exists between the idyllic setting for the shepherd's house, this humanized corner of nature, or schematic garden of Eden, on the one hand and, on the other hand, Nature at large. Towards the end of the poem, Vigny presents Nature in terms which remind us of the earlier description. Here too, there is a mention of emerald, there is also a reference to marble columns, and to the square which is normally found outside a temple. But otherwise, Nature is presented as harshly indifferent to the fate of humans:

She said to me: "I am the impassive theater
Which cannot be moved by the footsteps of its actors;
My emerald stairs and alabaster courts,
My marble columns have the gods as their sculptors.
I hear neither your cries nor your sighs; scarcely
Do I feel passing over me the human comedy
Which looks in vain in the sky for its silent spectators.

Whereas the van was a warm, intimate, uterine world, Nature's vast realm is a place of death: "They call me a mother, and I am a tomb."

In "The Shepherd's House," Vigny illustrates with great perspicacity the horns of a dilemma on which many French poets would be caught. On the one hand, he could not espouse the cause of the bourgeois monarchy or its representatives. This problem, acute enough under Louis-Philippe, became even worse under the Emperor Napoleon III, when the pursuit of profit was accompanied by harsh literary censorship. On the other hand, it was no longer possible for Vigny to believe simple-mindedly in the beneficence of nature. In the eighteenth

century, certainly, many thinkers put forward the notion that a rational deity had created a well-organized world, then withdrawn to heaven as a kind of remote Divine Clockmaker or Mechanic, leaving behind nature, as proof of His--God's--existence. By the time of Vigny, few indeed were the writers of major importance who could subscribe to such a belief. Instead, it had become a commonplace of poetry to stress rather the vast indifference of nature, its remoteness from the themes of human suffering, love or compassion. Refusing Paris, refusing progress, turning away from nature, what was Vigny left with? In "The Shepherd's House," it is just that: the shepherd's house, and all it implies. Viewed positively, it is a beautiful symbol, a perfect cradle for the imagination, a wonderful, dark viewing room in which the poet can project scenes of imagined landscapes, a purer reality unsullied by contact with the real world of objective phenomena:

I shall see, if you so wish, the lands of snow,
Those where the loving star devours and dazzles,
Those lashed by winds, those besieged by the sea,
Those where the hidden pole is cursed beneath its ice.
We shall follow the aimless wanderings of chance.
What care I for the day, what care I for the world?
I shall say that they are lovely when your eyes have said
that they are so.

This world of imagination is, in the eyes of the poet, a sacred space of mythical imagination. It is metaphysical, not mundane; it is the realm of essence, not existence; of imagination and intuition, rather than observation; and of chance rather than natural law.

From a different, exterior point of view, however, that self-same shepherd's house may be viewed as a terribly constricted, small, claustrophobic, and potentially crippling environment or construct. From it, the only communication is upwards or down, on a vertical plane, since it denies the possibility of any interaction with surrounding reality: with the world, society, others. From this vantage point, hemmed in by the city on the one hand and indifferent, undifferentiated nature on the other, "horizontal" contact is impossible--the world becomes a waste-land--and the only avenues open are deep down, into the unconscious, or flying high, upwards, in pursuit of some absolute ideal. This dilemma, sketched by Vigny, became the fundamental situation with which many poets came to live.

The advocates of Art for Art's Sake made of art itself their absolute, projected perfection of form, and strove after it. Their best representative is perhaps a clown, depicted by Theodore de Banville, in the poem, "The Leap from the Spring-Board." The clown is a magnificent, colorful figure, of whom the other circus performers are jealous. Cut off from his fellow performers, he cannot bear the sight either of the representatives of society in the circus audience. His one dream, eventually realized, is to hurl himself so high from his spring-board that he will be projected to heaven, and take his place in the firmament:

Admirable clown, in truth!
I think that posterity
Will always see him, with a wound in his side.
He was streaked with white,
With yellow, with green and red.

"Frail machine, with powerful loins,
Make me leap, I who feel

More agile than panthers,
So high that I lose sight of
These grocers and these lawyers
With their cruel, black coats."

.
Finally, from his lowly stand
The clown sprang so high, so very high
That he tore the canvas ceiling
To the sound of the horn and the drum,
And, with his heart consumed with love,
Went and revolved among the stars.

From the time of Vigny onward, many French poets would see in the imagination--"the queen of the faculties" in Baudelaire's words, Vigny's shepherd's house, or Banville's spring-board, this "frail machine"--the only possible vehicle for poetry, in a world from which they felt estranged. The beginnings of this myth, to which Symbolists and Parnassian poets alike would subscribe, may be charted in Vigny's first encounter with Paris and progress, as described in his poem from 1831.

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RUMMAGING THROUGH

Rummaging through what was,
I see myself in costume.
The formulation was my own;
The execution, a private joy.
There were three . . .
The smartly suited gentleman in front,
The ragged wanderer from behind,
The little girl within.
In pirouette, polished boots to riddled soles,
Pressed tie to worn collar,
Snap brim to crumpled cap.
Masks both ways.
How did I manage the contortion
From well-tailored jacket to shredded shirt?
Marching forward around the display circle,
Turning to shuffle backward around the floor.
The absence of a prize held no meaning.
The anonymity was glorious.
At last, the contradiction lived,
And what was inside was well-hidden.
A relief for everyone. Even I could ignore
The little girl within.
Nothing has changed.

A red carnation graces my table in its beer-bottle vase where it was placed this morning by a sleepy waitress. On the checkered tablecloth my coffee grows cloudy, lukewarm. Next to the cup rest fat volumes: my journal, Maslow's Toward a Psychology of Being, and the poems of Adrienne Marcus. My car is groaning in the Texaco garage. I have a letter that confirms the severing of a close relationship. Pumpkin yellow schoolbuses lope through the street, crunched with kids, crunching leaves. October has dulled to November.

The facts, the colors, the words spill across the tabletop like tree-shaken acorns. The paper is blank, and they crowd, demanding assimilation. Being a child of Western upbringing, I am driven to "make sense": to write, ponder, analyze--maybe someday get things tidily organized.

And today, sense is stuck. Like a good poet I focus on the red carnation and its seaweed tangle of ferns. Surely they have a single stem and I can (like a good English major) say, "Aha! All things come from a source!" Feeling rather snoopy, I lift the whole mess out of the bottle. The ferns are decorative. Six years of college and I learn that carnations don't grow ferns. Two stems, a blue pen, paper. Dissociation.

I have been in a place lately where I feel bombarded with facts and words. Not only must those brainy neurons compute and store this information, but they must also assimilate it: theologies rage. Milk causes coronaries. Milk prevents cancer. It's OK to need people. Dr. Dyer disagrees; people are inherently selfish. Now Newsweek claims that we are genetically programmed towards altruism. Do I or do I not need green peppers today? Do I love or hate this person? And then I must choose among 256 ways of ordering my hamburger.

The electrical charges between my ears must go wild!

My urge is to force all of this information to a speedy conclusion. To tie up loose ends and weld carnations and ferns together. Otherwise known as impatience. Furthermore, this must be done logically. Our school systems reward clear thinking with A's. (My trunk is crammed with forty or so papers in which I presented an hypothesis, then tinkered a novel or poem until it fit securely.)

And now, two years out of college, I am learning a hard but beautiful lesson. For it is when I quit struggling that relationships become clearest to me. Many people have reported this phenomenon, yet--as in all true learning--I have had to experience it personally.

Maslow refers to these non-struggling times of insight as "peak experiences." They differ from cognitive learning, which is prearranged and demanding.

In the peak experience, the will does not interfere....It receives and doesn't demand. We cannot command the peak experience. It happens to us.

During these moments the perception is richer, time and space blur, and the person seems to merge with the experience. I feel this when I am totally absorbed in an event (like playing for the Guilford Choir last week!), expecting no "return" or insight. Ironically, my most powerful insights have come under those circumstances--either as a small stream which gradually became an integrated flow, or sometimes as a huge BINGO!

I recall my summer of camp counselling in Massachusetts. I was too distracted to do much self-analysis. But through the children, my colleagues,

my creativity, I came to a new self-acceptance that almost took me by surprise. I think of putting together the music for Midsummer Night's Dream. The joy of creating, the group effort, the lines themselves merged in a way that made Shakespeare a clicking part of my life. And then, an evening at Tanglewood after a bad day, a day of shattered hopes. A French poem set to music, to contemporary sounds:

Man...begins to understand the necessity of every event...and nothing can turn him from this, not even error--unavoidable, random, and immaterial to his task....For it is only through error that man becomes the seeker he is...forever liberated from chance, open to knowledge....

And, for a time, the meaning of the poem blended with my day, with the eerie computers and violins, with the pulse of the audience around me. I felt as if everything in the cosmos were related, knowing also that the kaleidoscope would eventually move and dissolve the image.

And Antietam. Standing alone in the Sunken Road on a quiet August morning, pondering the past and wondering about my own continuity. Silence, pocked with birds cracking the trees. I imagined the final trivial (Damned Yanks!) or serious words of the now dead men, then hardly boys. Time and space collided. I received no insight on that morning, but became curious about the people who fought, anxious to see beyond my own Romanticism into their reality. This led to a rash of reading--diaries, letters--which, in turn, led to reading on the battles, the politics of War. "Fact" knowledge was a secondary product of the reading. The journey was a personal one, taken to please me and not merely to get facts.

This is a type of learning that we almost forget through schooling, since creativity, "flowingness," and allowing things to be absorbed in their own time is hindered by assignments and tests on set dates. Not that this is "bad"--the student eventually integrates what he or she can hold, even if facts are later lost--but we must often restrain ourselves to childlike, spontaneous learning for the sheer joy of it.

* * * * *

I want to consider some conditions that make "peak" experiences more accessible to me, and some of the benefits of those experiences. These thoughts do not come from Maslow, for I have only scanned and then shut the book. I am already waterlogged with ideas, and my experience doesn't have to be documented or scientifically studied before I accept it.

Openness to the present moment. This is harder than it sounds, for it necessitates a surrender of defences and behavioral "traps." I cannot dwell on past errors or worry about the future. I cannot hang on to old dependencies or manipulate relationships. Years of therapy, volumes of reading cannot make me relinquish a poor self-image or negative behavior patterns. I am the one who makes the choice. And often, trapping patterns are terrifying to give up. I want to say, "Wait until I have thus-and-such, then I will grow!" And learning does not come easily in this state. Those times when I actually change my outlook or feelings are very "peak" times, and I am happier.

I often see myself as bright sumach leaves, fat with life. They fall, mulch, re-green in spring. But I get stuck in the decay cycle and wonder if this is the "real" me and the good times an illusion. Yet I am finding that by being open I have more and closer-together feelings of goodness, that they are something I believe in and want to recreate rather than viewing them as fake illusions.

O my God, what am I
That these late mouths should cry open
In a forest of frost, in a dawn of cornflowers.
("Poppies in October"--Sylvia Plath)

I would call these moments of choosing growth the ultimate peak experiences. For some, they are cathartic, instant revelations with permanent behavior changes. For most of us, they are more like dawn making tiny jerks of blue on a window. And the regressions are hard, times when I want to give in to frustrations and throw the whole growth bag out the window. (I am most susceptible on sleepless nights in a smelly worn chair when the phone is silent and I haven't been hugged lately.) I am learning to cope with these times much better by being patient, by "seeing myself through." Sometimes I allow myself depression for awhile and accept my choice. Sometimes a Walt Disney movie or a lilac-scented bubble bath are nice. And I don't allow people to make me feel guilty for not growing quickly enough or all at once. I try to trust time.

A positively reinforcing benefit of peak experiences is creativity. (Maslow feels that emotionally healthy people are necessarily creative.) In one of our Singles Class meetings, we were discussing meditation. Someone mentioned dreams and creativity, and suddenly things became clearer for me. I had been "blocked" in my writing for weeks, yet my dreams were artistic, poetic, highly creative. Why couldn't I recreate that state in waking hours? Probably because I was consumed with struggles (and a "game" with a person: "I'm gonna show you how much you've hurt me by not growing"), while in a dream/meditative/prayer state the mind is less defensive and more receptive.

Just as dreams are often illogical, so is the creative process. To be fully open we must relinquish taught frameworks. Much like the Taoist idea of "dropping" rather than "acquiring." Children are so often artistic because they haven't learned to fit all things into "proper" categories. They paint purple trees and green chickens. A piano student of mine calls the ice cream place "Basket Robins." I recall that when I was seven, I sat in the back seat of my parents' car and sang to myself, "How Tedious and Tideous the Hours"--my variation of an old hymn, "How Tedious and Tasteless the Hours." I had discovered a nice alliteration, and the words made sense to me: I imagined a weary housewife hanging Tide-washed sheets on the clothesline. (The hymn was rather dreary!)

This childlike openness is what allows a poet to borrow and exchange from preconceived categories. The result is imagination and sometimes insight into our hidden selves. Lines like Plath's, where a garden "stiffens," or where the moon is a woman whose "blacks crackle and drag." In a way, the perceived world must be shattered for art to be born (Debussy was rejected by his teachers for his innovative harmonies), and if the art comes from a powerful peak experience, the result may reunite relationships in a unique way. Such poems, music, or paintings may tingle the observer so that he or she merges with the work itself. Or it may not. I am learning that I as an audience am necessary for a work to live. There are great writers whom I do not like, regardless of what critics say, and I no longer feel obligated to like them. Maybe on another day, in a different growth stage. . . . Adrienne Marcus sleeps under my pillow now (last week it was someone else). She is not a powerful technician or consistently original, but she has tuned in to my experience, common chords have collided. My mid-twenties desire for reproduction:

The dumb scars quiver on my belly
Where my children burned like rainbows.

A recent loss:

Letters have
turned a shriveled side to the sun,
as they lay, dying in his truck,
brown in the folds. while the careful
ink blurs its last known address,
becomes illegible, like the remains

of friends who move out of touch,
or your promised package, the gift
that has not come.

("Waiting for Mail")

The "personal" is a key to knowledge. The child at play does not explore to impress or earn points. I have stacks of books that I bought on sale in college and have never read. I don't want to read any of them now. I devoured books on Hitler's ideology after watching Holocaust, but I have no desire to learn English history. And there is a Faulkner novel (I forget which one) whose plot I've forgotten, but the atmosphere, the comic/tragic paradox has stayed with me. And my initial attraction to the book was its first-page description of wisteria . . . and blue is my favorite color. Thus, I try to follow my intuition in deciding what I read or learn. I try not to feel frantic when embryonic insights bombard me. I trust that those relevant will be absorbed if the time is right. What is meaningful will be integrated. What is not, or what I am not ready for, will wait.

Finally, for true openness, I must sometimes abandon a tight conception of the world. To tie up loose ends, I must paradoxically allow ends to remain loose. A belief system which is narrowly black and white allows little growth room, however safe and comfortable it may be. An artist who perceives the world as only good or only decadent is limited. If I perceive myself by a label I cannot grow much. (The categories of psychological pathology are amazing. I have an absurd image of visitors to a cemetery, saying, "Well, he was an obsessive/compulsive, and this one by the elm tree had manic tendencies . . .") If I limit others by stereotype, the same is true. I have an older woman friend whose experience and lifestyle has little in common with mine. Yet I can learn from her. In our Singles Class discussion of meditation, while everyone argued "What do you think about when you meditate," this woman said, "Well shoot! I just drop the housework, walk in the woods, and don't think about nothin'!" Thank you, Betty, for showing me simplicity.

Openness. Not an "everyone-hold-hands-be-intimate" state. For me, not a zombie state of consistently feeling unity with nature (carnations just don't do it for me!). Not a self-awareness that I must work work work at. (Again, I have an image of a 90-year old on her deathbed, saying, "Wait! I haven't worked through my mother! My body "tells" me that I am "uncentered" now. Maybe there's a pattern on Mondays. . . .")

No. It is for me a more flowing acceptance, an ability to let things alone when I need to. It is an acceptance of change when I can't change events. It is trust in something larger than my own limited perceptions.

* * * * *

The carnations and ferns lie amidst empty sugar packets. It is getting dark outside. But the car only cost \$5.00 to repair, and I think I'll have a steak dinner and forget that fatty meat is bad for growing things.

SITTING AT SWENSON'S

Sitting at Swenson's
on a Sunday afternoon
reading second-order cybernetics
sipping a shake
and watching passersby.

A girl
peers through the window
to see what I'm reading
I look up at her
she smiles
at me
and runs along her way.

Why
is it
that life seems to
pass me by
not noticing
me,
occasionally wondering,
once in a while
a smile.

Do I-they interact
is the glass real
is Swenson's
or society
real?

I observe both.
Do they know it?
They affect me.
Do I affect them?

If the glass is removed
which of the possible new states
will evolve?
Who cares?

I do
because I'm a part of
one group
or the other
or am I.

Am I an atom?
I must be.
If I am divided
I lose my essential
unique
character.

I wonder where
I fit in
the periodic table . . .

My father was a student of archaeology, my mother a nuclear engineer, and of course all four of my grandparents were refugees. I was born in Tsiolovskii Station in stationary orbit above the earth's equator, but my family moved to Novaya Zemlya in the Moscow Sea when I was four. All I remember of the Station now is the sweet smell of the grass as I lay in it. One of my if-only's is that they had had the sense to stay at Tsiolovskii, or at least to move to another station that had decent gravity. Instead they came here, and my body has adapted itself to the feeble pull of the moon so that the highest point I am ever likely to reach above the lunar Farside is two meters point ten. My heart would surely burst at the accelerations necessary for space flight.

The War left Asia a desert and Europe a wilderness of slagged cities, but my grandparents were members of a Soviet scientific expedition to Antarctica and so survived the annihilation of the terrestrial civilization. When the shuttle craft from Tsiolovskii picked him up, my paternal grandfather carried with him a small bag of the soil of Holy Mother Russia. The bag is now in the possession of my eldest sister.

They lived in Antarctica for nearly a year after the first missiles were launched, and it may be that some of the fallout even reached the bottom of the earth and so caused me to be a mutant. Or it could be due to the fact that three of them had lived on the Eastern slopes of the Urals, where there were many nuclear power plants. In either case, it was surely a subtle mutation, for I bear no outward signs and all of my siblings are quite normal. As Great Russians, we are all blonde, blue-eyed, and tall.

I took no comfort in my mutant power for I never knew I had it until an expedition returned from earth with artifacts for my father's group to study. My mother had been dead for four years at this time, and my father's interests included only his work in archaeology and the Party. His reaction to my interest in science was already cynical and discouraging.

He was filled with excitement when the expedition returned from two months of work in the Middle East. It had been jointly funded by the Farside Cooperative and the Kenyatta Station, but the personnel were of course all from the station. Thus I met Bernice when she came to my father's house with parchment scrolls from Damascus.

She had been in my father's study with him for perhaps an hour before she came out. I had heard her enter but had not seen her, as I was reading from the CRT in my bedroom, a Russian translation of a Heinlein novel. I never tired of reading about space travel, even in stories a century old. Above the CRT was a painting of the Russian steppes in summer, endless green under a blue sky, and I longed for that lost beauty, the land of my fathers. It was lost to me both in space and time, but the desire to fly was beyond rationality. When she emerged from the study I happened to glance at her through the open door. Perhaps it was a kind of longing to at least set eyes on someone who could fly to earth.

She was black, black as the mining tunnels during a power failure. I had never before seen any person close-up who was not blonde and blue-eyed. Her hair was black, her skin was black, her eyes dark, dark brown. I was sixteen and she perhaps twenty-five. This was somehow important to me, though her people kept no track of age at all. So my first impressions were of dark colors, until her eyes met mine and I found my mutant power.

So blonde/so dark/he's staring/she's staring/what/what/WHAT?

It cannot be written, only felt. Our thoughts were sliding over one another. I saw myself through her eyes, tall, blonde, fearfully thin, sprinkled with acne. She saw herself through mine, short, thick, dark, with a serious, grown-up face. Our minds touched one another, communicated, moved apart.

So easy/fells natural/simple/why not everybody/grandparents in Antarctica?/Kenyatta/radioactive/cosmic rays?/no idea

"This is Paul, my son." My father's voice was puzzled, as we stared at one another without speaking.

"I am Bernice Mthethway, Paul." Her Russian had a thick English accent. We stared at one another, feeling each other's thoughts fly past.

"If you will be free, the ballet is doing Jewels tonight." My father's voice seemed to speak all the way from the steppes.

* * * * *

The holographic screen filled all of one wall. It made a three-dimensional color image that was assisted by both a multiphonic sound system and a scent projection device that operated directly on the olfactory center of the brain. It held a picture of a beach that I had looked at hungrily for untold hours, filled with irrational and unconquerable longing. Waves swept over the Black Sea, powerful, hissing, walking toward us from the horizon. It was a lovely picture, but it was always the same time on the same day facing in the same direction. I asked in my mind what a beach was like, and felt it, looking West from the coast of Lebanon, as her body had done short weeks before. I shared a day with her that was cloudy and rainy, a day spent inside the heavy anti-radiation garments explorers always wore on earth, breathing filtered air and hearing the blower on my back whir endlessly.

We went through that memory together time after time. She stood on the edge of a bay in the Mediterranean where Tyre had once stood. Far to the West, the smoke of a volcano stood out as a deeper black than the rain clouds. The wine-dark sea was filled with a poison that made it glow with the ghostly blue of Cerenkov radiation after sundown. We watched the rain fall into the sea together.

I have never felt rain on my own body, and never will.

* * * * *

My father was concerned that we spent so much time together during the week before she was to leave again, to fly to earth again. I think his concern was that a mature woman was debauching his son. His outward objections centered around the fact that she was not only not a Party member but seemed more amused by politics than interested. He could not bear the fact that she did not take his Party activities and important position seriously.

My father's worries about my innocence were unfounded. Though my sex drive was quite as active as that of most sixteen-year-olds, I was inexperienced and naive until I met Bernice. I felt in her mind how good it would be for us, sharing all our thoughts, and our mutual passions built on one another. I remember shuddering with the power of it. We put off the pleasure of our bodies in enjoying the pleasure in our minds.

A major problem in Farside society is our deferral of gratification, my psychiatrist tells me. It cracks open a cavern filled with repressions. My psychiatrist has been a Party member since his early twenties.

One night towards the end of the week Bernice was involved in the check-out procedure for her ship, which was newly-built especially for earth exploration according to the specifications of my father's group. I sat alone

in my room for many hours reading Richard Feynmann's Lectures on Physics. It was a difficult work for me, but even through the translation the power and verve of Feynmann's thoughts were unobstructed. The beauty and scope of his work was such as to involve all my concentration, so that I did not hear my father enter my room or feel him standing behind me until he reached past me to turn off the CRT.

My father was taller than I was at that time, and heavily built, with the muscles possessed only by someone who has matured in a full one gravity. He dominated me physically all my lifetime with him.

"Homer is not good enough for the young scientist, is he? You've got to read American physicists instead." His face was all lines, his lips pursed in the way they did when he was angry.

I was startled and afraid that he would hit me, but for some reason, brave or masochistic, I spoke. "The Americans invented space travel. The first men on the moon were American."

He sneered at me. "And where are they now?"

With your Greeks, I thought, but did not speak the words. He pulled me to my feet easily, with one hand, and pushed me towards the door that led to his beloved rose garden. "You are so filled with mathematical fantasies that you forget the real world." He pushed open the door and strode through it. I could feel Bernice's presence through the pounding of pulse in my ears. She was with me like a dark arm across my shoulders.

My father strode out into the garden. I felt the wave of heat from it as I stood in the doorway and smelled the scent of hundreds of roses. It was only a day past noon, and the unfiltered sunlight through the clear plastic dome was blinding. I could see him only as a silhouette against the dazzling brilliance. I could see that he was gazing out over the dust and boulders of the Moscow Sea, facing in the direction of the spaceport, but could not glimpse that which he stared at.

* * * * *

I took from her her memories and thoughts, her wishes and her active desires. I felt her shame at a poor performance during her early pilots' school training, her later pride at her exceptional record. I felt raw grass beneath her bare feet in Kenyatta Station and saw the brilliant sunlight reflected from the long mirror a kilometer above her. I heard her people singing at Christmas, a holiday I had been taught was extinct, standing in a circle of many thousands that went completely around the station. I felt a lover's caresses, and smelled again the sweet smell of growing grass, echoing from my mind to hers and back again.

I gave her my love of Russia, my desire to set bare feet in the fertile soil that once had been, my desire to fly to earth.

* * * * *

The Farside Observatory was neither as large nor as important as those of the stations at L5, but it had always impressed me and the chief astronomer was a Party member and a friend of my father, so I went there fairly often. On the last night before her departure was scheduled, Bernice and I went together to look through the telescope.

"What is the object of your research, Dr. Kaminsky?" Bernice was as interested as I was in astronomy. Her mind touched mine in a caress as our mutual interests built on and reinforced one another.

"A nova in a cluster of stars far above the plane of the galaxy. You know what a nova is, Miss Mthethway?"

She nodded. "A star that flares up briefly to many times its usual brightness. But why are you studying this one? Is it unusual?"

He smiled as he spoke. "Very much so. Most novae are double stars where one companion is a white dwarf. The dwarf pulls material out of its fellow that cascades down onto the surface of the dwarf at very high speeds."

"Hence the flare." She nodded. I saw the image in her mind and learned new things from it. "But this one is different?"

He nodded. "Yes. Apparently, a close approach is taking place between the star we are studying and another star in the cluster. We have a nova flare, but no binary companion."

"You said apparently, Doctor?" Her puzzlement echoed my own.

"Yes. You see, the other star is not visible to us and can't even be photographed."

"An invisible star? How do you know it is there?"

He gestured toward the telescope eyepiece. "See for yourself, Paul Sergeivich. The dark star is pulling a great deal of material from the star we can see. The flare is very bright, though it will not last long."

"What will happen to the star we can see?"

"It will be changed in its characteristics in minor ways."

Through the telescope, the nova looked like any other star, a dim, blue pinpoint.

* * * * *

"Your ship this time will be a new one, Bernice?" My father's voice was light and pleasant in her company.

"Yes. A good deal larger than the older ones."

"Have you named it?"

"Yes.. We call it Merope."

He looked surprised. "An ill-omened name!"

She chuckled. "Surely a believer in dialectic materialism could not believe in omens, Doctor!" She borrowed the words from my mind as she spoke.

My father shrugged. "Why not call it Prometheus if you must have a classical name? Don't you carry down fire from the heavens?"

She shook her head. "The fire has fallen, Doctor. We carry off earth's last treasures. Argo would be more fitting."

He shrugged again. "You are not returning to Damascus?"

"No. We are going to land at Odessa, north of the Black Sea."

The pulse thundered in my ears, and she shared it. Passion burst over me like the breakers in my hologram.

* * * * *

Oddly, my father was as surprised as myself at the target of the new expedition. He listened to her explanation with careful attention. Odessa had been captured early in the War by a Turkish amphibious force which occupied the city, including the fine state museum. The Soviet government had understandably been reluctant to bomb the city, and it still stood nearly intact, though soaked in the radiation that covered the entire planet now.

When she left us finally, to fly to earth, my father gave her roses from his garden, a thing I had never seen him do before, and he agreed instantly to my request that we watch the landing of her Merope. For this we had to travel to the capital at Novgorodchka, where satellite transmissions were received, but he never mentioned either the time or expense to me.

I shared the trip with her. At the launching from the linear accelerator, I felt the pressure on her body, eyes squeezed, breasts flattened, but

I knew that this was only two earth gravities, a third of the deceleration needed to orbit earth. Even the thrust used to leave the moon would have killed me. I felt that plainly, from her body, and felt her grief echoing oddly with my joy for her.

I was with her mind as she fired the braking rockets to drop Merope from orbit to earth, to land in Russia. I saw the TV image of her ship as well, a tiny flame against the blackness of earth's night hemisphere. The monitors watching her were those of the station of my birth, Tsiolovskii, and while her descent continued the cameraman sometimes gave us glimpses of the region of space around the station. Two asteroids, one carbonaceous and one nickel-iron, floated five kilometers apart, supplying the station citizens with the raw materials to construct Tsiolovskii's giant, half-finished companion, Bolshoye Soyuz. Workers busied themselves on the new station's skeletal framework, twenty kilometers long. In my pride I never thought of the African and Chinese stations that dwarfed it.

The last minutes before her landing pulsed away, until a second flame appeared suddenly against the black earth.

Her voice was crushed in static over the radio, but I could feel the puzzlement that rose up in her mind. "Unidentified object tracked rising from the Central Ukraine area."

The staff of engineers about us stirred excitedly. One typed hurried commands to a small computer, but I felt the sudden rush of fear in Bernice's mind as her own computer printed comments across a CRT. Her voice on the radio was calm, her accent heavy. I felt her worry for her crew. "My computer shows the object to be in pursuit of Merope. I detect the emissions of a radar target-seeker."

The chief of staff spoke to her with a strain in his voice. "You are being pursued by a Soviet anti-ballistic missile."

The missile rose out of the land of my fathers in pursuit of her who shared my thoughts. Its rockets made a yellow flare, brighter than those of Merope, more powerful. Bernice's hands were on her controls. I felt the taste of adrenalin in her mouth, matching my own. In the TV screen, one flare turned tightly. I felt gee-forces compressing her, heard one of her crew moan in pain. The brighter flare on the screen turned to follow the other, drawing closer all the time, and she twisted her controls again.

"She flies like the wind," said my father. His clean, soft hands squeezed one another. He had never felt the wind. The flare of the Soviet missile, which had survived American hydrogen bombs and decades of neglect, moved closer to Merope. Bernice dived straight downward, turned right, left, and then climbed again. In her mind I could feel the panic, the worry over stresses and fuel-waste and her crew. Merope hurled herself upward, and the distance between the ship and the missile began to widen. There was a flash on the TV screen as the warhead of the missile detonated, seventy kilometers over the softly-glowing Volga. I was in her mind, in her body, in her soul.

* * * * *

I grew up, and my father married Olga Pavlovna, a mathematician from Novy Smolensk. I became a mathematician myself, but showed a stronger skill in politics. I now sit on the Central Committee for the Farside Cooperative and hold considerable popularity. I am known, I am respected.

My memory of Bernice is blurred and exalted by decades. I can no longer picture her face or remember clearly her voice or movements. But I shall never forget the burning.



DEPARTURE LOUNGE--1968

Watch them wait,
These fresh pink faces in man-masks;
Their fatigues field-green, buttons
Dark bone, caps too large--arching
Over protruding ears;
Thumbing through Playboy, sleeping,
Joshing, staring, swearing, remembering
That greeting from General Shirley;
New Testaments, and bargain prints
From Olan Mills--a tired face
And a mill-hill girl,
Hidden away in their duffel bags.

Watch them go now--
No more secret Saturday nights,
No more bragging and lying at the filling
station,
No more prayer-suppers at the preacher's
house,
No more explanations from Camelot,
No more disclaimers from LBJ,
No more confusion about Jane Fonda rallies,
And the pious sermons of Ramsey Clark.
Watch them go now--
These poor bastards,
These poor dead bastards,
These mother-sons of the poor.

SYSTEMS

When the darkness came
Our shabby verities slipped away.
We planted our holy men in the
 garden;
And, with the rain and the sun,
Fresh spirits grew, bold and
 exciting,
Filling our world
With knowledge and learning.

The new priests exhume the olden
 truths--
An autopsy for a day, and then,
 a burial game
To entertain the neophytes
Who wait their ordination;
An academic exercise,
Cheered on by all of those
 who stand
Before the golden door.
Now see the Godhead, newly
 fashioned,
Enshrine the certainties of time;
It claims our servitude in mass
Before the augury of those
Who swear the proof of measure.

When the darkness came again,
Our sacred shrines were planted
 deep,
In a manner long remembered;
And, with the rain and the sun,
The garden flourished as before,
Filling the world
With graven images of ourselves.

At the turn of the century, there erupted in Russia a series of extraordinarily fertile artistic movements that can all be grouped under the rubric "Modernism." This period in Russian culture, approximately 1900 to 1917, may have been the most energetic and exciting ever. The Russians were making innovations and lasting contributions in almost every field of artistic endeavor. The list of artists best known in the West who made their debut at this time boasts, for example, Malevich, Kandinsky, and Chagal in painting, Stravinsky in music, Fokine, Nijinsky, Pavlova, and Diaghilev in ballet, and Meyerhold in the theater. What is generally little known in the West is that in the field of literature there was an equivalent ferment. For example, Ivan Bunin, the first Russian writer ever to win a Nobel Prize for literature (in 1933), began publishing in this period. Pasternak's roots lie in the literary stirrings of this era. So do Nabokov's.

Modernist art made a radical break with the art of the past--the new modern art would make no claim for itself as imitative of nature. The modernist challenged certain underlying assumptions of his predecessors, the realists. These latter believed that "there is a common phenomenal world that may be reliably described by the methods of empirical history, located where the private worlds that each individual creates and inhabits partially overlap."¹ No, says the modernist, there is no such common phenomenal, reliably describable world. There is only each individual mind which apprehends the phenomenal world in a dialectical process that fuses subject and object.

The modernist revolution in art had been stirring a long time in Russia. The realist tradition of writing had been compatible with didactic purposes. Its rationalizing, analytical tendencies and its placement of characters in an identifiable socio-historical context enabled this type of literature to serve well as a tool of social criticism, to act as a supplement to the world of scientific and journalistic writing. Most Russian critics insisted that fiction be useful in a blatantly didactic way; most Russian writers concurred. Together they favored a fiction that tried to pass as non-fiction, that tried to hide its fantastic, imaginative, and purely literary side so as not to obscure its message. Many Russian literary critics openly acknowledged that they had little use for fiction per se. They valued useful material objects above art: an old shoe was held in higher esteem than a Rembrandt painting.

Modernism was also a reaction to the march of science and technology in the nineteenth century. The Darwinian evolution theory and Marxist socio-political analysis seemed to some to reduce man to a sum total of his genes and his socio-political background. What sort of contribution could an artist make if that were true? What room was there for the imagination? If photographic technology was getting to the point of more accurately recording nature than any painter or writer could do, what use had art except as a propaganda tool?

The Russian modernist defiantly took his stand with art and claimed for it a greater role than ever before. Instead of retreating, the modernists looked to art as the only means of restoring to twentieth-century life a balance between the outer material world and the inner world of the spirit and the imagination. The modernists exalted the very qualities of literature that the realists had played down: a content and style marked by fantasy, disproportion, distortion, vagueness, and literariness--poetic devices in prose,

dense imagery, a concentration on ornamental details for their own artistic sake. Since science had invalidated God, then art had to search for spiritual values, even if it never discovered any. The quest itself had become paramount.

Russian nineteenth-century intellectuals often optimistically believed in the ability of science and technology to solve the problems of mankind. Technology would take care of material problems. Science would give us the other answers we needed. Many Russian radicals naively believed that science would answer problems of the human spirit and of human values. Turgenev questioned just such a stance in creating his hero Bazarov, a biologist, in *Fathers and Sons*. But by the end of the century, disillusion with such materialist philosophy had set in.

The modernist reaction to scientific and technological progress had its concomitant in concrete historical events. These events seemed to corroborate the very attitudes underlying Modernism. Russia was a latecomer to the modern European family of nations, but by the end of the nineteenth century she had made great, if haphazard, strides. Along with economic progress came industrialization, urbanization, and a burgeoning middle class. At the beginning of the nineteenth century, only 4.4% of the population lived in the cities. By 1897, 13% were urbanites, and the percentage continued to climb in the period under discussion. While agriculture stagnated, industry developed extremely rapidly, aided in part by government-sponsored railroad building activities beginning in 1870.² By 1903 the famous trans-Siberian railroad was completed.

In the midst of all this activity the Russians found themselves at war with a small Asian nation that was able--to everyone's amazement--to inflict a humiliating defeat on the large imperial power (the Russo-Japanese War, 1904-05). The war had a great impact on Russian society. It gave birth to a more radicalized public. There were protests in the streets, and demands for the reform and reconstitution of the government. The most famous such public demonstration occurred on "Bloody Sunday," in January, 1905, so named because it ended with the murder of hundreds of the participants. Some Russians, rather than being radicalized, felt paralyzed by the prospect of any individual's effecting change in the massive social organization that was tsarist Russia, and settled into political despair.

For the modernist sensibility, all these conditions proved the bankruptcy of positivist science and materialist philosophy. They had failed to provide the answers to man's quest for meaning in his life. Modernists often appear to be outrightly hostile to Western civilization. Solace was sought in the revitalizing powers of culture. There was a renewed interest in primitive human culture "as a means for reestablishing ties with primal sources of experience in a world deadened by 'functional rationality.'"³ In the West, Frazer's *The Golden Bough* (first edition, 1890) introduced us to "primitive" modes of experiencing life. Such modes were brought to the attention of the Russian reading public at approximately the same time by scholars such as Veselovsky, Anichkov, and Maksimov. The primitive way to knowledge through seemingly unscientific, alogical, unbridled, even orgiastic and deranged behavior--in a word, "uncivilized behavior"--was considered as valid as the European's rational approach, if not more so.

Their "primitivist" attitudes led the Russian modernists into the area of folklore. They perceived that the very foundation of folklore (as well as of literature) is connotative language and analogy.

We may describe lore as the primitive field from which literary patterns are derived. And what is distinctive to lore and literature is their preoccupation with connotative semantics and analogic systems of thought.⁴

So it was to the connotative aspect of language, to the secondary and associative meanings of words, that the modernist writer turned his attention. Denotative language--words used in their primary, literal meaning--and logical relations could also be exploited, but they were felt to be the domain primarily of science. Folklore was free from the bonds of logical laws and the limitations of scientific experiment.⁵ Precisely for these qualities, folklore attracted the Russian modernists. In general they turned their attention to the most archaic types of folklore, to myth and ritual. They also acquainted themselves with various forms of poetic, i.e. musical, folklore. This is not surprising given their general orientation toward music as the highest art, because music was the least denotative.

In opposition to the mind of the civilized European, the primitive mind is equated with imagination, the key to that magical transformation of nature which enriches man's life. Konstantin Bal'mont (1867-1943), a modernist poet, expressed this idea in his own idiosyncratic way:

The positive reason and intellect of so-called enlightened society can be compared to a flat, boring plain, along which extend monotonous public roads and railroad tracks run in straight lines, and here and there, properly spaced, in all their splendor, stand fuming factories and tiresome plants, and inside, amidst closeness and crowdedness, stupefied persons produce pseudo-real valuables for an ephemeral existence--the elementary useful things of dreary lives.

The folk reason and imagination, the simple people's fantasy, without breaking its sacred bonds and bringing man into union with the Earth, does not conceive from itself a plain, where everything is obvious, but an intricate, obscure, beautiful forest....⁶

Bal'mont sees the primitive's as an imaginative approach to existence. He rejects the early twentieth-century reality of his Russia, hell-bent on modernization in the manner of Western Europe. What is held up as ideal instead is the primitive world, an ideal because of the freedom with which the primitive mind interacts with nature, producing poetry. Again and again Bal'mont stresses the fresh imagination of the primitive mind which always accompanies contemplation and which creates folk songs and tales.

Another Russian poet, perhaps the greatest of this era, Alexander Blok (1880-1921) expressed views on folklore close to Bal'mont's. In an article entitled "The Poetry of Spells and Incantations" Blok makes a series of comparisons between modern man and primitive man, comparisons in which the latter emerges as superior. "In the primitive soul, utility and beauty occupy equal places of honor."⁷ In modern man there is a split between beauty and utility, between man and nature. Blok too underscores the impoverishment of the inner world of civilized man.

A number of Russian modernists attempted to reclaim the present by turning to the past. They searched for the roots of their culture in the popular pagan heritage and among Orthodox sectarians. The fruit of one such endeavor is Stravinsky's music for "The Rites of Spring." There is a search in myth, ritual, and other aspects of folklore for a common heritage that can once more unite the inner worlds of disparate modern men. There is also a fascination with the wisdom to be gained by an abandonment of all the bonds of civilization for raw, and therefore more real, primitive states.

It is interesting to speculate on the affinities between Russia of the early twentieth century and the United States in the nineteen sixties. Artists' attitudes toward the issues of technological progress, the march of civilization, toward greater urbanization and faith in scientific progress appear strikingly similar. Historical circumstances exhibit some amazing parallels. For example, in the midst of the economic boom of the sixties, the

imperial United States found itself losing a war to a small Asian nation. Consequences of the war included street demonstrations, one of which--at Kent State--ended in several murders. The war politically radicalized many Americans, but also led others into a deep despair or sense of hopelessness.

Of course there are grave differences between the two countries and the two periods in history. American artists had to deal with a culture packaged for mass consumption, with a middleclassness undreamed of in pre-revolutionary Russia; and the degree of despair in the post-atomic age could know no parallel in what seems now an idyllic era.

Today at a later stage of individual despair there is a meeting ground in drugs, violence, sexual relations, hallucination, madness, between poets and non-poets who live the life of poetry regarded as experienced sensation....And the purpose of this is not, of course, pornographic. It is to assert the proximate reality and force of experienced sensation against the abstract supra-personal forces of machinery and social organization.⁸

Again our artists, whether high-brow or pop, felt the enervating effects of a society devoted to scientific and technological progress. They had led us to a spiritual impasse. The new message was anarchistic, primitivistic, and anti-rational: "Do your own thing," "Let it all hang out," and so on, became the new philosophy. And Americans rediscovered the roots of their own culture, once more hoping to find meaning for the present in the past. Folk crafts, folk dress, folk music, and natural fibers made a comeback. Janis Joplin dressed in Indian beads and feathers, the American Indian finally outdid the cowboys, morally if not historically, in films like Little Big Man. Ken Kesey created an American Indian hero who shared the burden of salvation with his white brother in One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest.

The Russian modernist movement continued to flourish after the Revolution of 1917. It had to continue to compete with realist literature. If the competition in the early twenties was raucous, by the end of the decade it was downright hostile. Eventually the Soviet version of the realist tradition, called "socialist realism," held sway, at least officially. Yet the modernist movement has left its mark on later works of Russian literature. Pasternak's Doctor Zhivago and Bulgakov's Master and Margarita testify to its enduring message and method.

* * * * *

¹David Lodge, The Modes of Modern Writing (Ithaca, N.Y., 1977), p. 40.

²Specific examples can be found in A History of Russia by Walther Kirchner, 3rd. ed. (N.Y., 1963), p. 217.

³Irving Howe, Introduction to The Idea of the Modern in Literature and the Arts, ed. Irving Howe (N.Y., 1967), p. 23.

⁴Munro S. Edmonson, Lore: An Introduction to the Science of Folklore and Literature (N. Y., 1971), p. 1.

⁵Ibid., p. 26.

⁶Konstantin Bal'mont, Collected Works (St. Petersburg, 1913), p. 33.

⁷Aleksandr Blok, Collected Works (Moscow-Leningrad, 1962), Vol. V, p. 51.

⁸Stephen Spender, "The Modern as Vision of the Whole," in: The Idea of the Modern, p. 55.

EXTRAVAGANZA: FROM THE LENS-FIELD

"Tout là est luxe, calme,
et volupté." Baudelaire

If dirt were crystal
the sun would never set
as in this cool wet field of vision
bacilli joint and juggle their sticks
in a thick cascade of pools;
and paramecia, drunk on blue
and strange pure light, nod their ovals
in the under-belly constant glare:
all there is luxury, calm and voluptuous.

Radiation makes the glass slide stretch:
its song is a ripple on water. Long joints
nestle crisper by contraction;
molecules of water spin
from the slide of cool bacilli I adjust.
Salt is peaking its crystal; water slides
away. Their small wet globe of a world
shifts off, as the head of my probe pin
stirs in their tissue; it looms
and circles, dry as a white moon,
blocking their terminal sun.

I click the light shut, blink;
I rise from the microscope table,
my shoulders hunched as after hours of prayer.
Along the cluttered bench, dark
gathers in the windows of my lab;
my hands uncramp in the evening.
Outside, a rich and yellow light
is spreading up the sidewalk.
It's not too late, tonight, to walk
the curbstones into sunset, stretch,
and breathe the rush of ozone,
see the Asiatic sun rays spread
their cool illumination.

It's not too late to sense
the heavy ocean on its slide,
to feel the dense world gather
lightly in my half shut eyes,
as if the earth were crystal,
calm and constant, spilling light.

One most attractive feature was
the body-image had no
thumb.

Most of the standard clues
were there: the big chafed shoulder,
gash in the side, and thorn fine
punctures in the scalp. Almost
according to gospel. But no
thumb.

Sure, we could count
the dumbbell stamp
of scourges down his back
but still

we needed more research.
That Jew unearthed in '68
had heel-bones nailed together--
typical
of the period, sure. But cleats
run through the wrists
had hung him like a crucifix.
So it was

Back-to-the-Morgue-Again:
a body hung by
just its palms
will knuckle under
quick:

still
if you nail
a warm cadaver
through the wrist, the thumb
curls into the palm.
They'll do it
every time.

Say
the carbon-14 date
can track him from Chicago
to the last decade;
Say
the coins on his eyes
come dated straight
from Arimathea's expense account;
Say
Pasadena's
JPL projects its
linear enhancement from the shroud,
or say
the ion microprobe
finds nothing but light in the cloth--

no sweat,
 we're still
 the team on top.
When our computer
winds the linen wrap from Turin
every time
an empty
body of air comes floating
thumbless as an Arab thief

BETTY N. WEAVER

A VISIT WITH THE POET--1938

Forty people dropped in on Lord Byron.
The man of many words had nothing to say
yet he told them a great deal.
It was body language.

In an urn nearby was his heart and brain
separate from his presence forever.
Club foot severed in the name of science.
Hair bleached by a hundred years.

Lordy, lordy, Lord Byron, what else they saw!
Your attraction was not all charm and wit.
It was something more basic
only a man would name.

Forty gawkers, squint and peer
at flesh and bone of Don Juan.
Entomb the Lord in lead and wood.
Douse the light and let Childe Harold sleep.

Lake Ontario has no appreciable lunar tides. It is lowest in late winter, highest in summer, with a range of usually no more than one to two feet. Violent storms, however, can raise its level several feet in an hour, eroding the shore cruelly. All night long the sound of waves had borne him like a sluggish engine across dangerous dreams. Now, standing at dawn on the concrete deck he'd poured twenty years ago, Brandt listened for the thunk of flat stones underneath, loosened by the water. It was a sound that might come from a sunken ship, from somewhere too far below decks to matter any more. He was thinking of Pearl Harbor again, stupidly, in 1978--and he hadn't even been there until after the war was over. Now he lived by fresh water, sailed week-ends on this land-locked illusion of a sea, and loved his life precisely for its civility. About that he had no illusions.

He liked walking down this way just before light, across his careful lawn, drawn to the flat, luminous deck, beyond it the stretch of water gradually paling, gradually becoming real. The newspaper van had already passed and thrown down the stacked papers, and the clatter as Peter next door rolled his bicycle out of the shed was clean and reassuring like the taste of orangejuice or the smell of coffee. Even the yapping of Peter's dog at the water's edge was at first nothing unsettling--perhaps it had come upon some dead or stranded fish thrown up by the storm. As Brandt started down the stone steps to investigate, though, the bark turned more frantic. Peter, his hair showing blond in the rising daylight, laid down his bike and started for the water too. Myself when young . . . --the words flashed through his mind for no reason just before he turned the corner of the deck and got a clear view of the black dog darting stiff-legged at something round, thick, stationary--unexpected and so unrecognized at first. When it lunged to grip the dog's foreleg in its jaws, its stolid violence lifting it half off the sand, he recognized it: a snapping turtle. The dog flopped about yelping as the turtle's beak cracked its leg bone, jerking it from side to side. He arrived an instant after Peter, having detoured instinctively to grab the bamboo pole hung against the side of the deck. As Peter enfolded the squealing dog, Brandt whacked the turtle across the neck with the rod. Only at the fourth blow did the creature release the dog's leg and snap at the bamboo, splintering it. An ugly odor of musk rose around the four of them.

Later, when Peter had left for his route, his arm bandaged where the dog had bitten him, and the dog had been dropped at the vet's by Brandt's roomer on her way to work, Brandt walked back down to the water. On the scraggly few yards of sand between his deck and the neighbors' rocky frontage the turtle waited unmoved, the splintered bamboo still trailing from its jaws, the odor of musk still strong. The signs of their struggle were there too: a roil of foot and paw prints on its shoreward side surrounding a semicircle of blunt gouges where the dog had been flung from side to side. And toward the water the long slur of its coming ashore, trenched on each side with the scrabble of its claws. He moved behind it, remembering its wicked lunge, and leaned over to study it. Its shell was massive, a foot and a half across, and smooth as if its plates, brownish olive with dark streaks, had grown together. The tail was long and scaly, the back feet powerfully clawed. The front feet also had claws, and the head itself protruded from a thick, sluggish underbody which wrinkled at its neck like a drawn-back foreskin. The snout was short but its hooked beak vicious, clamping the bamboo shaft against its locked lower jaw. The top of its head was scaled but the underside was covered with wart-like nubs. Its

small eyes, set in swollen orbits, did not blink. Moving to one side, Brandt felt himself taking shape in the creature's left field of vision, the right remaining empty. What would it be like to move through that split world, down a corridor with two-dimensional figures on either wall, figures that might bark or bite or crack your head--and that you could snap between your jaws. An unsettling sensation came over Brandt, like something unfamiliar beginning to rise to his throat--not disgust, for he was more fascinated than disgusted, but more like memory, the almost recollection of some dream. He shuddered, buttoned his jacket, looked at his watch, then strode back up the lawn and got into the car. He felt sure as he drove away that the turtle would still be there when he got back.

Driving the eight miles to the weather station Brandt thought, as always, about absolutely nothing. It was almost a form of meditation, a ritual passage between the home where every rock or variation of the light mattered to his bones, and the station where his colleagues seemed hardly less mechanical than their computers, and where rain or snow existed only as blips on radar. After his stint in the Merchant Marine he had come back still in love with seas and weathers, had gone back to college to learn meteorology--to wind up working inside a complex designed specifically to counteract the seasons, to keep him warm and dry in winter, cool and dry in summer, with every passionate variable of the atmosphere transmuted into a statistic. It took this interlude of thoughtless driving to empty him sufficiently to enter the cluttered, empty observatory.

Stopping automatically at the traffic light, the lake on his right and a new shopping center to the left, he was unprepared for the memory that surfaced. It had happened in Bangkok, where a stop light might last for a quarter of an hour, or unaccountably flash green-yellow-red at twenty-second intervals. He was in a rented VW van, heading for the river and then back to his ship. Along the right of the road ran a canal, heavily populated with houseboats. Just as he stopped he heard a child scream, and up the bank came clambering a lizard (no doubt there was some more scientific name for it) about four feet long, slimy, greenish grey--so archetypal a form of horror that he couldn't quite remember what it had actually looked like. It had crept exactly under his van, and only after he'd tooted the horn and gunned the motor repeatedly (to nervous cheers from the gathering crowd) had it crawled on across the road and directly into the open front of a noodle-shop. From inside the shop, even over the churning of his engine, he could hear shouts and a great overturning of furniture. The lizard stayed inside, but a crowd of little men, armed hastily with chairs and table legs, rushed outside and milled about the store front, until someone broke the glassed-in case where two smoked ducks hung by the neck, and crowd and ducks disappeared rapidly together. The light had finally changed and he drove on toward the Mother River. Only now Brandt came to himself, realizing that the sound of horns was coming from traffic lined up behind him, and that the light he had stopped at was green. He arrived at the station unnerved yet somehow pleased. It had been a long time since he'd thought so far back. All day long something subterranean went on working. He left for home as if for an assignation.

When he pulled into the drive he noted Maria's car not back yet. Well and good: he would walk down alone to have another look at their visitor. The lawn was still squishy from yesterday's rain, the concrete base of the deck still darkened with water. As he rounded the deck he saw the beach was empty. He recalled the voice of a child he's overheard in a supermarket complaining to his mother: "I looked around and there you were, gone!" He felt equally abandoned and indignant. Where had the creature got to? The broken bamboo was

pointing toward the house, its jagged trail indicating the turtle had crawled some way with it still in its mouth before finally letting go. But the grass, damp as it was, showed no tracks. Certainly he hadn't passed it on the lawn or in the drive. He ran back toward the house and circled it, checked the tool shed--nothing. The street was busy with homecoming traffic, but no sign of a crushed turtle. He hesitated to search the Carlsons' yard. The parents, he had felt this morning, held him to blame for what had happened to their dog -- and though they sometimes let Peter sail with him, he knew one of them was always on their screened porch watching. Whether they considered him a seducer of the young or just irresponsible, he didn't know, but an unnatural concern for snapping turtles wouldn't help his image.

He was back on the little beach looking out toward the lake when young Maria drove in, jumped out of the car, and ran like a child headlong down to where he was standing. "It's gone," he said, sad to disappoint her.

"Where?"

"I don't know."

"Have you looked for it?"

"Yes, but it doesn't seem to be anywhere."

"But I brought you a book from the library so you could identify it!"

She handed it to him, a large book slipcovered in plastic, through which peered a parade of various species: Turtles of the United States, by Ernst and Barbour.

He took the book, touched by her thoughtfulness--how had she known it would interest him so? Together they made a final circuit of the house, poking behind each piece of shrubbery, before climbing the back stoop to let themselves in. At that moment, out of some awkwardness, he dropped his keys, which bounced cheerily off the little porch and into some kicked-up dirt beside the steps. Only then did he notice that the corner where stoop and wall met, covered with pale green ground-cover, was humped upward--and that the dirt on which his tumbled keys lay had been dug out since he left for work that morning. He pointed to the give-away contour of the turtle nest, and both of them scrambled past the shrubs to crouch beside it. "Be careful," he said, recalling the fierceness of mothers and the dog's torn leg. But there was no sound or movement from the swollen ground. He laid his palm across its broad center and raised his eyes into Maria's smile. "I think," he said, "we are going to be parents."

After he had cleared away his dinner he stretched out in the worn leather chair by the window and lighted his evening pipe. Upstairs, by the sound of it, Maria was washing her dishes. He knew by heart, thanks to the noisy pipes, all of her watery rituals--baths and hair-washings, underthings in the lavatory on Mondays and Thursdays. The creakings of the house, built by his grandfather, even told him which of the rooms she was in. He never went upstairs, and she came down only at his special invitation to hear a new record or sample some delicacy--yet her life was perfectly transparent to him. And probably his to her. He opened the book she had brought him. CHELYDRIDAE: Snapping Turtles. He found it immediately. All have big heads, powerful jaws, and vile tempers. Yes, not a doubt. He flipped through the anatomical descriptions, noting the evolution of a four-chambered heart and a male copulatory organ. Reproduction: Precoital behavior varies Several times a male followed a female for a few minutes and then mounted her at or near the surface; together they sank slowly to the bottom. Himself and Jenny swimming naked from the deck, coming up gasping--"We might have drowned!" But her hand still clutching his hair and she kissed him, their mouths streaming with water.

He closed the book and let himself imagine rising and walking slowly upstairs. She would hear his footsteps, the clatter at the sink would subside

as she waited, apprehensive but silent. He would open the stairway door very deliberately, looking into her eyes as he approached. He would carry her into the familiar bedroom overlooking the lake, once his and Jenny's--he shook himself angrily, banging his pipe against the chair arm and getting to his feet. That was not it. That was not what it was about. There were after all at least two pleasant apartments in different parts of town where he was a welcome guest, and a bar or two where he could play captain for some admiring youngster. That was not what he felt about Maria, or Peter either. My God, he was fifty-five years old--old enough to be practically anyone's father. And would have been if Jenny hadn't left. He fixed himself a drink and sat down again to the book.

As he read, the details began to fascinate him, to take on a resonance he could not explain.

Chelydra Serpentina is omnivorous. It consumes insects, crayfish, fiddler crabs, shrimp, water mites, clams, snails, earthworms, leeches, tubificid worms, freshwater sponges, fish (adult, fry, and eggs), frogs and toads (adults, tadpoles, and eggs), salamanders, snakes, small turtles, birds, and small mammals. Among the plants it eats are various algae, Elodea, Potamogeton, Polygonum, Nymphaea, Lemna, Typha, Vallisneria, Nuphar, Wolffia, and Najas. . . .

Young snappers actively forage for food, but older individuals often lie in ambush to seize their prey. Small prey is seized and swallowed intact; larger prey is held in the mouth and torn to pieces with the aid of the long foreclaws. Larger animals are sometimes dragged beneath the surface and held until they drown. Feeding usually takes place under water.

Brandt got up and took from the bottom desk drawer a leather-bound book full of blank pages which an admiring secretary at the weather station had presented to him last Christmas. No doubt she judged him a man of serious or poetic thoughts appropriate to be set down in the finest bindings. But the empty book had seemed to him then--in the most awkwardly sentimental moments of the office party--a painful irony. He could think of nothing to put in it, nothing at all. Now, however, he unclipped the pen from his shirt pocket and copied out in what he meant to be a bold hand:

AS LONG AS ENVIRONMENTAL CONDITIONS ARE FAVORABLE SOME GROWTH OCCURS: PROBABLY THE ABILITY TO GROW IS NEVER LOST.

MANY SPECIES ARE CARNIVOROUS WHEN YOUNG BUT BECOME HERBIVOROUS WITH ADVANCING AGE.

ALTHOUGH SLUGGISH BY DAY, THE COMMON SNAPPING TURTLE IS QUITE ACTIVE AT NIGHT. IT USUALLY MOVES ABOUT BY CREEPING SLOWLY OVER THE BOTTOM; HOWEVER, WHEN DISTURBED IT CAN SWIM RAPIDLY. BY DAY IT OFTEN FLOATS LAZILY JUST BENEATH THE SURFACE WITH ONLY ITS EYES AND NOSTRILS PROTRUDING.

CARRION IS SOMETIMES CONSUMED; WHEN BAITS IN TURTLE TRAPS BEGIN TO DECAY, C. SERPENTINA IS MORE LIKELY TO BE ATTRACTED.

SNAPPING TURTLES ARE MOST ACTIVE DURING THE WARMER MONTHS, BUT THEY HAVE BEEN OBSERVED CRAWLING ALONG UNDER THE ICE IN MIDWINTER.

He read the darkly lettered lines over and over. There was a meaning somewhere just below the surface, a meaning he needed to understand. He whispered the words aloud, then leaned back and closed his eyes, trying to repeat them from memory.

Someone spoke his name. A woman was standing just where the light from his reading lamp gave out, in the shadowed alcove under the stairway. Her back was to him, and she seemed to be running her fingers over the large globe that stood there. It began to roll ponderously inside its wooden cradle. She

was wearing a long, loose gown caught at each shoulder, leaving her arms bare. Her hair was dark and long. "Jenny?" he said, but she didn't turn her face, only moved silently toward the stair. Rising clumsily from his reclining chair he crossed to her as she started up the steps, reached out and laid his hand on her waist, moving supplely under the gown. She continued to climb as he stumbled behind her, then turned at the top of the stairs into their old bedroom. A pile of needlepoint pillows she used to make lay at the foot of the bed, and he pushed her down on them, his left hand under her cupping her breast while with his right he swept the long robe up over her pale back. Only there was no way into her. Her skin was seamless, absolutely whole and smooth between her buttocks. He threw himself on the bed beside her and roughly pulled her head from the pillows by her hair. Her face was a mask of wrinkled, hanging skin out of which her eyes regarded him unblinking. Only one word came out of her mouth: it sounded like "Carrion." The glass he had knocked from the chair arm, breaking, woke him. He let the fragments lie there and walked into the bathroom. Brushing his teeth he examined the lines on his own face. "Carrion," he said to himself. "Traps." He went to bed.

Next morning Maria came down while he was still having his coffee. She was smiling. "Something funny happened last night," she said. "Look what I found." She stretched out her hand, something tiny and red between her thumb and forefinger. He opened his hand and she dropped it in, laughing, just brushing her nail-tips against his palm. It was a red lacquered wooden baby only about half an inch long--not even the size of a bullet. "I was cleaning the closet," she said, "and it was wedged under the baseboard just inside the door. Was it yours when you were a child?"

"No," he said. "It's not that old. It was my wife's. I bought it for her in Japan, after the war. We were going to have a baby."

Maria was obviously trying to think of something to say but couldn't.

"Thanks," he said. "I'd like to keep it."

After she'd left he allowed himself to remember his homecoming with the toy. The man's figure on the outside was painted blue like a sailor. "You got it to match your eyes," Jenny had said. When he broke the sailor in two, there was a round woman inside, black-haired with a yellow lacquered dress. And inside her the baby. They had set the three in a row on the nightstand while he laid his hands over her mounded belly. In a few minutes he had felt under one palm the slow thrust of an unmistakable heel. Brandt set the lacquered baby carefully in one of the depressions of his pipe-rack and packed his briefcase for the day. Among the papers he laid the leather-bound book.

As he walked out the back door, noting the nest still beside the stoop, he heard horns blowing in the road. Coming around the house he saw first Maria's car still in the drive and then Maria herself, standing in the middle of the road waving cars around what he realized immediately must be the turtle. Before he could get to her a blue pick-up had pulled off into the drive and a youngish workman jumped out grinning. "Lady," he said to Maria, "you got a problem." He turned easily to Brandt as he came up and asked him whether he had a wheelbarrow. While Maria continued to motion the traffic past, Brandt and the workman got the wheelbarrow and an old trowel. Once the snapper had fastened viciously on the trowel, they hoisted it into the barrow, catching it under the carapace on either side so that its swinging neck couldn't reach their hands. Then it was simple. They rolled it down past the little beach to where the water deepened among rocks, and there they heaved it in. The swiftness, almost grace, with which it righted itself in the water and swam away astonished Brandt. The workman, refusing a tip but savoring Maria's thanks, sped away too. Maria and Brandt drove off to work. But the nest was still there.

For the next month or so there was no change in the nest. From time to time, while pruning the shrubs or setting in bulbs, Brandt would kneel cautiously at the corner of the stoop and lay his ear against the spongy mound. He was never quite sure whether or not he felt some faint stirring underneath. Probably not. Meanwhile the blank pages of the little book began to fill. At first there were only the stubbily printed quotations from Turtles of the United States. Interspersed with these quotations, however, certain unrelated subject matters began to emerge--most often in the form of questions, and written in an uneasy longhand.

THE NUMBER OF EGGS IN A CLUTCH IS 11-83 BUT IS USUALLY 20-30.

INCUBATION PERIODS ARE 55-125 DAYS, DEPENDING ON ENVIRONMENTAL CONDITIONS.

How did the baby get under the baseboard?

EMERGENCE FROM THE NEST NORMALLY OCCURS FROM LATE AUGUST TO EARLY OCTOBER BUT MAY BE DELAYED UNTIL THE FOLLOWING SPRING.

What happened to the father and the mother?

A BUTTONLIKE YOLK SAC 7-10mm IN DIAMETER IS ATTACHED TO THE CENTER OF THE PLASTRON; IT USUALLY IS ABSORBED WITHIN THE FIRST 3 DAYS.

THE CARUNCLE OR EGG-TOOTH USUALLY IS SHED WITHIN THE FIRST 3 WEEKS.

Why did the baby have to die?

HATCHLINGS AND JUVENILES ARE THE PREY OF HERONS, BITTERNS, CROWS, HAWKS, BULLFROGS, LARGE FISH, AND SNAKES.

If the baby had lived, would she have left anyway?

One quotation was lettered darker than the rest and marked with an arrow in the margin:

HATCHLINGS ARE ATTRACTED TO LARGE AREAS OF INTENSE ILLUMINATION AND THUS FIND THEIR WAY FROM THE NEST TO THE WATER. THEIR ESCAPE FROM THE NEST IS AIDED BY A MARKED NEGATIVE GEOTROPISM IN THE DARK. THEY ALSO ARE ATTRACTED TOWARD AREAS OF HIGH HUMIDITY; BUT THE PRESENCE OF A LIGHT SOURCE IN A DRIER AREA WILL COUNTERACT ANY TENDENCY TO MOVE INTO A WET AREA.

The night he had first copied out this passage he had had one of the nightmares that seemed to be coming more and more frequently. This one he could remember with perfect clarity--in fact, he had been unable to forget it. He had been awakened by some sound he couldn't identify, but which had pulled him out of bed. He stood, heart pounding, his fingers touching the bedpost, uncertain what was coming. The sound was not repeated; instead, an unnerving silence flooded the house. He couldn't hear waves or wind or even the far-off drone of trucks from the freeway. Inside the house the furnace was off, the refrigerator noiseless--only the blood beating in his left ear, some apprehension humming inside him. He pulled on his robe and walked to the front door. Outside the cold mercury streetlights on either curb had turned the road into an asphalt river. And from his lawn onto the lighted surface, in absolute silence, a horde of hatchlings were scrabbling, tumbling over the curb and each other, their legs waving. He had felt at first a wave of relief and delight--then he heard the engines approaching. They came around the curve, in their own slow motion: first the tar-spreader, then the two rollers. He struggled to run from the doorway, to call out, to interpose himself in some way or other. But as in most such nightmares, he was helpless to move. He woke sick at heart, knowing that all his fears and sorrows were close upon him, and that soon he would have to turn and speak their names. From then on he left the lights burning at night on the deck, which made it much brighter than the road. But that, he knew, was only a token gesture. It was not a matter of turtles.

In a week or so the whole thing was over. Quite simply, he came out the back door one Saturday morning and saw the nest dug up, the clutch of eggs reduced to a handful of broken shells. It had probably been--appropriately enough--the three-legged dog next door. Brandt knelt in the fresh dirt and picked up the one egg that still looked whole--it was a delicate off-white, slightly pinkish toward one end, and quite empty. He crumpled it in his fist. Then he kicked the dirt back into the hole and trampled it flat. "I do not have any children," he said steadily and out loud. He went inside and got out the book, and wrote in it in the careful, legible hand of his schooldays: I do not have any children. He wrote it ten times and put the book back in the bottom drawer. He would not need it any more.

That morning he took Peter sailing to celebrate the end of school. In the afternoon he drove out in the country to a field by a lake where at Easter he had seen a flock of Canada geese just rising to continue their flight back north. The sprouting field excited him even without the geese, and he drove toward home pleasantly jolted by the color and motion of the passing countryside. Just past a crossroads he saw running toward him along the roadside a girl of about twelve, barefooted, wearing a pair of boots on her up-tilted arms. He raised his hand from the steeringwheel to salute her, and she turned to him as they passed a summer smile, running and leaping stiff-armed into the distance behind him.



THE MOON, HONEY (February 1969)

New Year's Eve is no time to write a Valentine's Day editorial, but the logistics of publishing a monthly magazine almost demand it. Last year at this time we were contemplating renewable hearts. Today we can offer our children's sweethearts a trip to the moon on their wedding day.

Bleak it may be, but oh, so good to stand on that hunk of pock-marked rock. Sonnets have been written to it, expensive cameras have photographed it front and back, hearts have been broken over it, hearts have melted at its sight.

Because it moved naturally in circles (sort of) while things on earth tend to move in straight lines--when they move freely at all--the moon and all other heavenly bodies were thought to be made of a sublimer stuff than materials of the corrupt, imperfect, sublunary region. Earth, air, fire, and water characterized the latter, while the fifth essence or quintessence or ether was thought to constitute the heavenly bodies.

Because the heavens were perfect, the moon, the sun, and the planets were also, and no one--in the West--saw blemishes on them till Copernicus questioned the whole arrangement. The Chinese had seen sunspots much earlier. They even tell of one man setting off in a rocket for the moon--which he presumably reached for he was never seen on earth again.

Copernicus destroyed the gulf between earth and the heavens by making the earth one of the planets. Galileo then saw mountains on the moon and sunspots through his telescope and he also showed that accurate mathematical laws apply to falling bodies on earth as well as to circling bodies in heaven. But they were different laws until the time of Newton, whose proverbial apple, hitting his head, made him recognize that the same gravitational pull that hit him also held the moon in its orbit.

A hundred years ago, the chemical identity of heavenly and earthly materials was established by Bunsen (of burner fame), Kirchhoff, and Stokes because the lines in solar and stellar spectra (almost) coincided with those produced by elements on earth. Last year, even the moon's rocks were shown to be not very different from earth's, and Newton's laws were invoked to plan the path of man-made and man-inhabited moons--around the earth, around the moon, or both.

Borman, Lovell, and Anders have lassoed--they have ringed--the moon. No longer will it inspire those romantic notions engendered by its cool aloofness and mystery. It has become instead the farthest bastion of man's travels, only to underscore the vastness of the realms beyond our reach.

The last time men attempted to reach the heavens, they tried to do it by building a tower, but God confounded their efforts; he scattered them and created a Babel of tongues (Genesis xi) for "this is only the beginning of what they will do; and nothing that they propose to do will now be impossible for them."

Now, even with our diversity of languages and our constant misunderstandings and wars, we have tried again and have this time been allowed to succeed. The paternal God who saves us from our foolishness is no more. We are saddled now with all the awesome responsibility that inevitably comes with great knowledge and with power even exceeding our knowledge.

A hundred years from now we can hear already the impatient bridegroom ordering his bride to hasten for the trip: "Honey! Moon."

We continue to be perplexed why 186 leading scientists including 18 Nobel prize winners should endanger the esteem they hold in the eyes of the general public, by roundly denouncing all who dabble in astrology (Chemistry, November 1975, p. 3).

Admittedly astrologers once were good, often the best, astronomers (Tycho Brahe and Kepler are examples). Nowadays the two groups tend to scorn and avoid each other, and astrologers don't seem to mind that the actual constellations of the zodiac are currently one month off the dates assigned to them in the almanacs. Astrology is not good science as defined by scientists. The scientists are worried that the public is becoming credulous, that it is weary of clear thought and tentative conclusions as demanded by the stern precepts of science and longs for easy answers and advice from the local newspaper.

But since when has science been of much use in deciding when to improve relationships with our bosses or neighbors, when to be courageous, when to exercise caution? Most of our day-to-day moods and reactions are not determined by scientific rational thought--even among scientists. They depend more on the quality and quantity of the previous night's sleep and the food eaten for breakfast.

FIVE REFLECTIONS:

---I am convinced that a child born in winter, kept swaddled and wrapped, with only eyes, mouth, and nose showing, will feel differently about the world from the babe sensing the warm summer breezes through every square centimeter of its skin. Aquarians will be different from Leos until we are all born into air-conditioned atmospheres at 21° C and 70% humidity.

---Our scientists mistake the function of modern astrology. Some very brilliant students and scholars read the astrologers' columns. Their reading in no way detracts from their allegiance to excellence and accuracy in scholarship. For many it is a parlor game, a conversation piece, a way of showing one is not all brain or at least is aware that the brain doesn't yet know everything. And Capricorns do seem to behave like Capricorns. It's uncanny.

---For some, astrology is not a parlor game at all. Reflections on one's behavior in the light of the day's horoscope is a substitute for the daily reading by others of a verse from the Bible. In both, it engenders a moment of reflection, a stopping of the busy whirl of "distraction from distraction by distraction" (T. S. Eliot) to consider the day's demands before embarking on them. Astrology, just as Bible reading or the use of the sticks employed with the I Ching, gives no commands. All give enigmatic suggestions that we must relate to our particular situation. Fortunately the suggestions from all three sources are uniformly wholesome. They never advise us to be mean today or suffer the consequences tomorrow.

---Personal astrology appears to be a Western phenomenon. Chinese astrology was practiced to predict the fates of empires and dynasties, not of individual men and women. The latter, it seems, had Confucian sayings to guide their way.

---Our era is becoming aware of the limits of rationality. Every scientific breakthrough came from a scientist opening himself to new insight not yet codified by science. Rational science can be dull science--"Let us learn to dream, gentlemen," said Kekulé after seeing the benzene ring formula while dozing in front of the fire, "then perhaps we shall find the truth. But let us beware of publishing our dreams till they have been tested by the waking understanding."

Why "close encounters of the third kind"? In case you haven't been informed, the classification stems from J. A. Hynek's "The UFO Experience." If you see a UFO you've had an experience of the first kind, physical interaction represents the second, the third implies actual meeting with visitors from other realms.

"Einstein was right," shouts a bystander as the spaceship disgorges the crew of planes lost 30 years ago in the Bermuda Triangle. Neither crews nor planes, found earlier, seem to have aged over those 30 years. No sign of rust or wrinkle. Someone else replies, "Einstein was probably one of them." His relativity theory predicted that as speed increases, time slows down so that you can (if you can) travel at the speed of light without aging at all.

To many people it must seem that a brain of such genius can't be explained by normal means. Einstein himself must have belonged to those other realms or had contact with them. There perhaps lies the germ of that mixture of admiration, fear, and dislike that is the common reaction to science and technology. Like the alchemists, the modern scientist is seen as dabbling in the occult--he might make gold or find ways of making you immortal, but he's trafficking with the devil or at least with abnormal, unearthly, supernatural powers.

Trafficking with the devil; rendezvous at Devil's Tower: The notion that there's something evil about those UFO's and their powers isn't quite absent from the movie. Yet the visitors are friendly--how could they be otherwise? The English writer Gerald Heard long ago welcomed the possibility of visitors from outer space because it would end our silly pride in our own achievements. A people who have solved the problems of space travel between solar systems must be way ahead of us technologically. And to be way ahead of us they must have found out how not to destroy themselves with their newly found powers. They must be on a level of human understanding, cooperation, and conflict resolution higher than we have even dreamed of.

An encounter with space men and women will frighten us as much as the American Indians were frightened by the Europeans' invasion. Their fear was justified, as history records, for the invaders used all the technology at their command against the Native American. But our fear may well be unjustified, based as it is on the feeling that others can be no better than ourselves, that what we have coming to us is deserved, given Hiroshima, the concentration camps, and Gulag.

It stands to reason that there is life elsewhere in the universe. Otherwise NASA wouldn't be beaming messages into outer space paid for by taxpayers' money. Admittedly, chances are small for all the conditions to be right for life. There are, however, so many stars and planets that those chances must have occurred numerous times. Some civilizations must be ahead of us, others way behind. Unless they all died out, once having reached the clever ways of mass destruction by violence or pollution we have developed.

The chances are extremely small and the evidence very shaky that we've been visited. Why should we be picked for close scrutiny among the myriads available? We haven't done much with our technology that should engender wonder elsewhere.

The awareness that we have seen only a faint glimpse of the knowledge and power available to us fills us with awe. Our discomfort with the unknown makes us fill the empty spaces with spacepersons, as our forefathers and foremothers filled them with devils, angels and archangels, great circling shells, and clouds and harps. The closing scenes of "Close Encounters" presumably represents director Spielberg's concept of heaven and our response in worship. Some

have likened his spaceship to a Victorian chandelier. I was reminded more of the colorful confusion of a Hong Kong street. My own conception of the ultimate mystery is rather different--with simpler lines and music closer to Gregorian chants. But then I'm over 30. Spielberg is just 30. Maybe we're both out of touch.

THAT UNIDENTIFIED FLYING OBJECT (June 1966)

How can we learn to observe carefully and to report honestly in a society which throws rocks into the car of an unemployed man in Dexter, Mich., who reported he had seen an object he could not identify in the field behind his home?

What hope is there for a society in which self-styled psychologists explain away unusual observations as illusions born from personal insecurity without even bothering to check the bases for the reports?

The hope of America, in a society bent on making nonconformity uncomfortable, is in the student pranksters who created their own flying objects for others to observe so that more people were faced with the question whether to deny their senses or have the courage to stand out from the crowd. You will never do anything significant in science unless you are willing to question the observations or theories of your elders, though the questioning will get you nowhere unless you have been thoroughly trained by the elders you are now questioning.

One statistic seems not to have gained the publicity it deserves. All except 646 of 10,147 sightings of unidentified flying objects have been explained as due to real phenomena--weather balloons, atmospheric disturbances, and so on. In other words, the observers in at least 84% of the cases were not deluding themselves at all. They observed something unusual and, out of the curiosity that some teacher or parent had kept alive in them, they reported what they saw because they wanted to know.

The way some people behave, they would rather not have advance warning if Martians should come and explore us. They want, presumably, to feel what it must have been like for the American Indians who, without warning, were suddenly confronted with a much more technologically advanced civilization.

My salute to the watchers of the skies--and of the test tubes. Observe carefully--and, for heaven's (or Earthian's) sake, have the courage to report what you observe, even if you might lose a window from your car. That is a small price to pay for the freedom of the human spirit from enforced conformity, for the preservation of the spirit of scientific enquiry in a society still very much afraid of the new.

COINCIDENCE:

OR IS SOMETHING STIRRING IN THE LAST QUARTER OF THE TWENTIETH CENTURY?

(Jan./Feb. 1978)

A Happy New Year to you! But will it be a happy one? What ground is there for hope?

We have become used to prophecies of doom. After all, 1984 is only six years ahead and in the distance looms the end of everything--all reduced to a uniform characterless soup dispersed through the universe, predicted by the second law of thermodynamics supported by all the certainty and confidence of science.

During the last months a number of intriguing and rather unexpected developments have occurred. First, Sadat and Begin, seen as arch-enemies, were observed in cordial association close to friendship.

Then, Richard Leakey (son of that remarkable couple, Louis and Mary Leakey, who have unearthed ever more distant ancestors of you and me) has challenged a prevalent view that man is intrinsically--by heredity--brutal, violent, destructive of his fellow humans. Some, however, may have wondered how a species that destroys itself can survive in evolution--especially since other animals generally have developed mechanisms which prevent their killing members of their own species. Richard Leakey and Roger Lewin in the November issue of Smithsonian and in their just-published book Origins claim that the prevalent view stands on very shaky ground while far sounder evidence shows man to be a cooperative breed rather than innate killers.

Darwin too recognized cooperation as well as competition as factors in evolution, but struggle became the symbol for evolutionary progress. One tree alone, however, has much less chance for survival than a tree in a forest, a fact so obvious we tend to neglect its importance.

And third, the Nobel prize for chemistry has been awarded to Ilya Prigogine largely for showing how thermodynamics can be applied to growing, associating, living, organizing systems as well as those in process of disruption, disorder, and decay. As a student I was told that the increase in complexity seen in evolution was simply a temporary local phenomenon while the larger path was inexorably to the destruction of order, the growth of chaos, the conversion of all energies to random molecular kinetic energy, that is, to heat.

But how in chemistry is heat produced? By the conversion of less stable to more stable systems, by the formation of stronger bonds--a more cooperative set-up. Maybe order and disorder--the wheat and the tares of the Biblical parable--walk hand in hand. And anyway, the "heat death" of the universe, the state of maximum entropy, occurs at infinite time. No matter how far time has gone, the end always remains infinitely far away.

Chemistry's central interest is in systems that cooperate, that interact, that attract and form bonds. If molecules do not relate we relegate them to physics and mechanics; they simply collide and mix.

Electric charges attract and repel each other but attraction wins out over repulsion. An equal number of positive Na^+ and negative Cl^- ions will, if left to themselves, tend to form a well ordered cubic crystal of table salt. Nuclei and electrons associate to form atoms; neutral atoms form molecules and crystals which in turn interchange bonds to form more stable systems. Molecules associate to form liquids or solids--or they find other molecules that fit them such as the two halves of the double helix. The constituents of a cell associate to make a cell, and cells multiply and associate to form multicellular organisms. And so on upwards to the herd instincts of animals and the social behavior of man, to love and affection.

If physics is tied in the popular mind to entropy and disorder, and biology to evolution and struggle, perhaps the era of chemistry is now beginning with its focus on affinity and the chemical bond. Who knows what popular science and philosophy will construct from that? Maybe we're tired of too much tension and are looking for evidence that the opposite too is embedded in the natural world.

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EDITOR'S NOTE

The GUILFORD REVIEW originated in 1975 as a forum for exploring ideas interdisciplinary in nature and humane in import. It seeks to bring together faculty, staff, alumni, and campus visitors, and to encourage scholarly, creative, and informal writing on issues of importance to us all.

The present issue comes out of the Spring 1979 Colloquium and presents a variety of approaches to the question of Conflict Resolution. Some papers are in their original format as informal talks, while others have taken the form of scholarly articles. We have included also several poems by visiting poets.

The Spring 1980 issue will focus on Quaker concerns and will have Hiram Hilty, Professor Emeritus of Spanish, as guest editor.

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Copies may be ordered from the same address at \$2.50 per copy, \$5 for a year's subscription. The following back issues are available for \$1.50 each: #2 "Woman and Mythology "; #3 "Myth in Multiple Perspective "; #4 Poetry and Fiction; #5 "Creative Process"; #6 "Women in Change"; #7 "Women on the Social Scene"; #8 "Development of Sex Roles"; and #9 "Science and the Imagination."

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This issue of the *Guilford Review* is dedicated to

F R E D E R I C K W . P A R K H U R S T , J R .

The faculty of Guilford College expresses its grief at the death of our friend and colleague, Fred Parkhurst. We remember Fred for his commitment to remaking the world through faithful teaching, research, and social action. We remember his wit and his constant good humor, as well as his unbending adherence to the Quaker principles he espoused, even if he stood alone. We remember his devotion to his family and his dedicated service to college and community. We laughed with Fred, learned from him, often disagreed with him, admired him, and depended on him. We hope that his life may now be a seed that, dying, brings forth good fruit in us, so that we, sowing in tears with Joyce and Roy Parkhurst, may reap with them in joy.

FREDERICK W. PARKHURST, JR.: THE ECONOMIC PROCESS, THE LEGAL SYSTEM,
AND QUAKERISM AS APPROACHES TO CONFLICT
RESOLUTION IN LABOR DISPUTES

Because human wants tend to exceed the resources which are available, some system of "rationing" must be developed. It is possible to distribute goods in a variety of ways, such as by political, religious, or other criteria. Thus, for example, we can allocate commodities and services on the basis of beauty, brains, moral virtue, race, strength, equally, by lottery, or by social favoritism.

The way we tend to do so, or at least claim to do so, is according to one's income or wealth acquired from production or ownership of the means of production. We think that this encourages production. If goods are distributed according to income, and income is acquired by producing, we think this not only gives an incentive to work but is fundamentally just, fair, and equitable.

Of course, we make exceptions as in the case of disabled persons who are cared for without regard to their productivity.

On the whole, however, we believe that there would be a loss of motivation to work if goods were distributed at random without regard to "merit"--defined as work--since who would want to work if there were not a direct connection? Productivity seems to be the best basis--if we want goods produced.

The goods which are produced, theoretically, in a consumer-oriented economy are what people want. If there is a consumer demand which more than covers the cost of production, there will be a corresponding supply of goods. Since consumer demand determines who shall get the goods, and consumer demand comes from income, and there is always less income than what people would like to have, there is a built-in conflict concerning the distribution of income.

One way to allocate income is to permit the so-called "free market" to operate. Workers object to this procedure on the sensible reasoning that an individual worker is at an economic disadvantage in obtaining a larger share of income when seeking a job from an employer. If employers were in competition with each other for the labor supply, the individual worker might be able to claim his productive share. But this is often not the situation. The labor market is characterized by "monopsony"--employer monopoly.

This gives workers two collective choices, either toward socialism of some sort or joining a labor union for bargaining on a stronger position of equality. The European approach has been toward socialism and communism. The approach in the United States has been toward collective bargaining.

For a variety of reasons, the individual worker is at a disadvantage. Before moving into the economic process approach to conflict resolution in labor disputes, let me pause briefly to outline a few reasons why the individual worker cannot rely upon the operation of the "free market"--even if we thought this would be a good method for determining income.

Unlike land, which can be used for a variety of purposes, the owner of labor has only one skill to sell. It is difficult to gain new skills. Unlike commodities, which can be shipped from place to place for the highest return, and unlike money, which can be sent by mail from the East Coast to the West Coast in search of higher interest rates, workers are relatively immobile. Most workers seek jobs within 20 miles of their homes. Company towns are common. A New York Times travel section survey several years ago noted that 20% of Americans move every 5 years--high mobility--but that 40% of us have never been more than 200 miles from the spot where we were born--very low mobility.

Thus, there is the person who was born in Brooklyn, lives in Brooklyn, and dies in Brooklyn, and has never crossed the bridge. The same applies to mobility in many sections of the deep South, the Mississippi Delta, the Appalachian Mountains, the mid-West. Lack of labor mobility means, in effect, that workers must take whatever jobs can be obtained at the time. Labor may lack information about other opportunities. Labor tends to be highly perishable. Labor not sold today cannot be sold tomorrow. Even assuming economic motivations, the "free market" is not a perfect mechanism for determining the share of labor's income from production.

Alfred Kuhn (Labor: Institutions and Economics) suggests that there are five steps or stages in the development of industrial relations. These are: (1) Conflict; (2) Containment-Aggression; (3) Power Bargaining; (4) Accommodation; and (5) Cooperation. This last stage is the most difficult to obtain, since it involves both the union and the company in actively seeking to assist the other to obtain greater prosperity. The example which comes to mind is the Amalgamated Clothing Workers Union in New York, which has hired efficiency experts, production engineers, and lent money to the clothing companies to make them more effective and profitable enough to be able to afford to pay higher wages to the members of the union.

Each of these stages of industrial relations can be explained, at least in part, by the economics of the situation. It has been found (reported by Alfred Kuhn, Labor: Institutions and Economics) that the firms most resistant to unions are those which have the following characteristics: (1) Small firms; (2) Firms which are labor intensive; (3) Firms which have an elastic demand for the product; (4) Firms which participate in a competitive market for the product; and (5) Firms which are sensitive to changes in the economy, particularly drops in income.

You will note that each of these applies very well to the textile industry, which may help us to understand why firms such as J. P. Stevens have been so bitterly opposed to unionization and have been guilty dozens of times for violations of the law in committing unfair labor practices and criminal offenses. The most non-unionized state is North Carolina. When I teach my course in labor economics, I know how the missionary feels in facing the hostile natives. The gospel message is not always joyfully received.

For example, one of my favorite questions is to ask the class: What percentage of working time do you believe is lost from strikes? I pass out secret ballots and then collect them. The answers have ranged from 1% to 20% and even much higher. This shows the power of newspaper headlines which dramatize the strike situations. The worst strike year ever recorded in the entire history of the United States was 1946. In that year, the time lost from strikes was less than 1.5%. Since then the worst year has been 1959, when 1/2% working time was lost. In the past ten years, the time lost from strikes has been about one-tenth to three-tenths of 1%.

Most economists would say that this is a small price to pay for a system which settles industrial disputes. After all, over ten times as much production is lost from job-related injuries as from strikes. The strike or threat of a strike occurs very rarely as compared with other economic forms of bargaining, such as the costs involved in entertainment of potential customers on company expense accounts.

In fact, economists point out that a strike is a mutual decision. There would never be a strike if the company agreed to whatever the union asked for. Likewise, there would never be a strike if the union agreed to whatever the company offered. It is only when the company fails to agree, or

the union fails to accept, that there is a strike. A strike is a joint agreement to disagree. The fact that newspapers tend to blame unions for strikes does not change the truth that every strike is a common decision of the company and the union. It is a joint responsibility to be shared. No one side can be held to blame for the existence of a strike.

To blame the union because of a work stoppage is much like blaming the plaintiff in a legal action for causing all the trouble by suing the defendant. Now, some people may think that it is the one who complains about a grievance who is stirring things up, but most of us would agree that it is just as likely that the defendant has some fault as it is that the plaintiff ought to be blamed. As a practical matter, the lawsuit means that one side or the other, or both, have failed to agree.

A strike or its threat is a way of imposing economic pressure. The pressure is on both sides. The company wants to produce, to sell, to make money, to pay dividends to stockholders. The union has members who have little in the way of savings to survive. Both sides are under pressure.

The result of this pressure is to give us a wage. But it gives us more than that. Collective bargaining does more than the "free market" because it sets up a system for grievance procedures to guarantee industrial jurisprudence. Thus, working conditions, fair treatment, and individual rights are negotiated and enforced.

But some people are not satisfied with this method. First of all, only 25% of all workers belong to unions, so the other 75% need something else, such as legislation to establish minimum wages, health, safety, non-discrimination, pension protection, and so on.

Then there are those who dislike what unions do and try to move the settlement process into the legal system.

Finally, there are those who see the legal system as a way of helping the economic process to function more effectively.

Let me state immediately that to move the settlement process into the legal system is no substitute for the economic process in collective bargaining. Courts cannot write contracts. Courts can only interpret contracts which have already been written. Compulsory arbitration--some system of so-called "labor courts"--is not effective. Suppose we had a law which said that if there is continued disagreement between labor and management, then the dispute would go to the labor court.

What would happen? No dispute would ever be settled voluntarily. Instead of strikes being one-tenth of one percent, the number would jump dramatically. Why? Because if labor thought it could get a better deal from the labor court--the members of the court being Democrats, let's say--then labor would never agree with management. If management thought it could get a better deal--the members of the court being Republicans--then management would never agree but let the dispute go to the court.

Then what would happen? In either case, one side would feel "ripped off." Lawyers are fond of saying that a contract voluntarily agreed upon, even under economic duress and looking to outsiders like a bad deal, is better than one forced upon you. When both sides sign voluntarily, there is a moral obligation to feel bound by the contract. When the contract is imposed, there is no such obligation. We feel free to violate it. Thus, a self-imposed agreement is more likely to last, and we can always hope to negotiate a better deal next time.

It should also be noted that often both sides gain from a contract. There is a popular misconception that whenever one side gains, the other must

lose something. Not necessarily so. For example, in a collective bargaining agreement, both sides gain security. The workers know what will be their wages, hours, conditions, rights, grievance procedures. The company has a guarantee of continuity of production--no strike-- during the length of the contract and can plan accordingly.

Most contracts have provisions for voluntary arbitration procedures in the event of a dispute concerning the interpretation of the contract. This should not be confused with compulsory arbitration which is imposed by law from the outside. Voluntary arbitration means that both parties have agreed in advance to have doubts, questions, ambiguities, and so on, submitted to a third party.

This is where "Quakerism" may be involved. I am using the term "Quakerism" here to represent non-coercive efforts as compared to economic coercion or legal coercion. Thus, "Quakerism" would include love, good will, appeals to conscience, human dignity, common humanity, self-suffering, and persuasion through mediation, conciliation, and voluntary arbitration.

Obviously, not only Quakers can use these methods, but these methods are characteristic of Quaker efforts at non-violent conflict resolution. Let me give just one illustration of Gandhi's use of such a technique. Gandhi was not a Quaker; indeed, he was not a Christian, but I think if we could use words with considerable tolerance we might think of him as Quakerish. I am reminded of the advice given as to dispute settlement in Matthew 18:15-17, where Jesus asks us to appeal to conscience:

If your brother sins against you, go and tell him his fault, between you and him alone. If he listens to you, you have gained your brother. But if he does not listen, take one or two others along with you, that every word may be confirmed by the evidence of two or three witnesses. If he refuses to listen to them, tell it to the church; and if he refuses to listen even to the church, let him be to you as a Gentile and a tax collector.

This certainly looks like a peaceful procedure in seeking conflict resolution. But what's that about treating him like a Gentile and a tax collector? Doesn't that begin to sound a bit unpleasant? Usually this has been interpreted to mean that after persuasion has failed, you can go to the common courts of the land and sue just like everybody else.

Gandhi was a very imaginative peace-maker, and when he was asked to support the transit workers in India because of their real grievances in a strike, he admitted to the workers that they were suffering from low wages, long hours, and poor conditions. But he said they must make use of truth-force. They must show their sincerity by willingness to suffer even more. Their strike was depriving the public of transportation, and the public was an innocent victim of the dispute.

Therefore, Gandhi said, go back to work, and do it for free. Do not accept any wages at all. Of course, this was not what the workers wanted to hear. They were astounded that he could even suggest such a thing. But Gandhi was not yet finished with his advice. Since you are on strike, and accepting no wages while you run the trains, you also cannot accept any fares from passengers. You are working for free, and people ride for free. If management complains about this arrangement, and tells you to stop giving free rides, then it is not you who have harmed the public by stopping train service; it is the management. The strike was quickly settled--an illustration of the power of creative Hindu Quakerism at work.

Generally, coercive methods of settlement are not effective if the

coercion seems imposed from the outside. In France, General deGaulle was fond of drafting striking railroad workers and threatening to shoot them for treason if they did not run the trains. As we have seen from Iran, the army cannot--and will not--shoot everybody. Eventually, the army joins the revolution. John L. Lewis of the United Mine Workers liked to say, "You cannot mine coal with bayonets."

Once Lewis was ordered by a judge to tell the workers to go back to work. Lewis did so, but winked while saying the words. The judge said that wiggle of the eyebrows was contempt of court and imposed a contempt of court fine of \$50,000 on Lewis. Still, the Miners did not go back to work until an agreement could be reached. The law has its limits. Particularly where the public sympathized with Lewis' observation, "There's blood on your coal." There must be recognition of the human condition.

Efforts at cooperative settlement of labor disputes include various experiments, the Yugoslav Producer Cooperatives, the Israeli Kibbutz, German Co-Determination. These give workers a direct voice in the decision-making process and make it possible to achieve resolution of conflict. There must be recognition of human relationships and the need for the individual to be treated with dignity and respect. That, I think, is something that Quakers can be noted for in their efforts at peaceful solutions. I was interested in noting Judy Harvey's comments concerning the Cadbury chocolate factory, a Quaker business, which seems a success in its labor-management relations.

The law can make possible a framework for settlement. The National Labor Relations Board can come in to conduct elections to certify a bargaining agent, and negotiations should proceed in good faith. But the human relationships are important. The "Hawthorne Experiments" are famous in psychology, sociology, economics, and labor relations lore. A General Electric Plant decided to find out how to improve productivity. It began by putting in all sorts of improvements, such as better lighting, colored walls, a leaning bench, lunch breaks, and so on. At each point, productivity increased.

Then someone asked, what if we took away these improvements? The walls went back to dulls-ville, the lunch breaks were gone, the lighting dimmer, and so on--with, I think, the exception of the leaning bench, which was really important to relieve fatigue--production still went up! Was the whole experiment a failure?

What had happened was that the physical conditions were simply a symbol of the attitude of management. At each improvement, the workers were asked if they liked this. Their opinion was sought. They were important people. What they thought really mattered. Then when the improvements were removed, the same questions were asked again. So again, morale improved as the workers were being consulted as to their opinions.

This case has become a classic in the literature to illustrate the importance of human relationships. If workers are involved in the decision-making process, if there is a mutuality of trust and respect, if information is shared, and reasons are given for why decisions are made, if consensus is sought, then the process of conflict resolution can proceed to a more likely peaceful solution.

Quakers have certain techniques developed for trying to bring about such solutions. Such techniques can be shared. A friend of mine, David Graybeal, is an Industrial Chaplain of the Methodist Church. He is a minister who attended economics seminars with me at the Wharton School at the University of Pennsylvania to develop his expertise as an arbitrator. He is often called in to help mediate and conciliate in labor disputes. Fact-finding techniques,

the worthy efforts of knowledgeable persons of good will, and the suggestions, advice, recommendations, and creative truth-force involved can be a positive influence for conflict resolution in labor disputes. I leave you, then, with economics, law, and "Quakerism."

Philosophers over the centuries have discussed theories of justice in relation to the fact of conflict in human experience; a more recent way of looking at such theories is to regard concepts of justice as models of conflict resolution.

It is always easiest to begin at the beginning. In the beginnings of Western philosophy, we find that one of the oldest of recorded inquiries is a metaphysical one: What is really real, as contrasted to what merely appears to us to be real? As the pre-Socratics began to ponder the nature of reality, they adopted this language of the contrast between the appearances of things and the reality of things. It is striking that those early Greek thinkers identified conflict as one of the defining characteristics of reality. The pre-Socratics argued about the conflicting perceptions in the world around them, and tried to abstract principles and concepts that would describe what they thought lay beyond, behind, and rather literally under these everyday experiences. Groping for new abstract terms, they spoke of the conflict between appearance and reality. Their metaphysical vocabulary referred also to the conflict between the material and the immaterial, between the temporal and the eternal, between the particular and the universal.

Translated from metaphysical to moral terms, there are analogous references to the conflict between the values of the body and of the mind, between ugliness and beauty, between the individual and the polis, and finally between injustice and justice. Three fragments from Heraclitus are good examples of this strife of opposites:

25. Fire lives in the death of air, and air lives in the death of fire: Water lives in the death of earth, earth in that of water.¹

46. Opposition unites. From what draws apart results the most beautiful harmony. All things take place by strife.²

62. Men should know that war is general and that justice is strife; All things arise and (pass away) through strife.³

Plato in the *Phaedrus* has a lovely image of the winged steeds and the charioteer trying to control them. His hope is that

...If the better elements of the mind which lead to order and philosophy prevail, then they pass their life here in happiness and harmony--masters of themselves, and orderly, enslaving the vicious and emancipating the virtuous elements of the soul. 256. ⁴

Clearly, the earliest models of conflict resolution are monistic ones. Conflicts are resolved by selecting one characteristic as that which finally defines reality. For Thales it was Water, for Heraclitus, Fire; for Plato it was Form, and for Lucretius it was Matter. The similarities are more important than the differences here; each of these views offers a solution to conflict by the device of subordination of everything else to a single reality. In both cosmic and moral terms, these classical philosophers sought for a "just" resolution of the conflicts in human experience. From the beginning, the concept of justice has been both a metaphysical and a moral model for conflict resolution.

The best known illustration of Justice in this role of course is in Plato's description of his *Republic*. The Philosopher-King rules absolutely, by virtue of his knowledge of the Good. Properly subordinated according to levels

of ability, the rest of the society carries out rigidly established functions, and there is a presumption that the individual's ability and the society's needs match absolutely. No deviation is encouraged, and finally censorship within the society is justified by the nobility of its end.

The recourse to a single final principle of what is real, what is true, and what is just is an astonishingly persistent device of conflict resolution throughout human history. Much blood has been shed in defense of one or another monolithic view of human experience. I suspect that the effort to resolve conflicts by insisting that there can be only one single, final, absolute factor may itself be the real problem. At the very least, it must be acknowledged that it is entirely consistent with such a theory that the existence of a single reality which is the end of all can logically justify identifying, promulgating, defending, and purifying that end by whatever means can be devised.

The one conflict which that position itself has not yet resolved is the issue between my version of the Absolute and yours--though of course mine is the correct one. And there is an additional irony in the requirement of a Guardian for the Guardians of the Absolute. It seems strange to insist upon defending that which ought not to need defense because, by definition, it will triumph inevitably and by its own nature. This irony is most remarkable in the Hegelian dialectic. Hegel describes the Absolute Idea as emerging triumphant in the dialectical process. Nevertheless, his political descendants on both right and left have gone to horrendous extremes to promote the inevitable. The illogicality of the position has never been a barrier to organized efforts to assist and to justify the working out of that inevitable triumph in any number of authoritarian philosophies. There is no lack of evidence as to the cost in human terms of a theory of conflict resolution that eliminates all the diversities which have initially given rise to much of the conflict.

Nevertheless, there is also much evidence that the search for uniformity and the reduction of the Many to the One may provide great reassurance to the human spirit. The desire for certainty is at least sufficiently compelling to reappear in generation after generation. And I suppose I must admit that I might be tempted by either materialism or idealism, for example, if only I were certain beyond all doubt that appearances are reducible to any one single reality. But how can one be so sure?

Aristotle of course was dissatisfied with Plato's monistic model, in which Form dominated Matter. Aristotle proposed instead an uneasy alliance, a sort of dualism, in which neither form alone, nor matter alone, but form-and-matter, were ultimately real. This is a kind of hyphenated hope that the irreducible joining of the two conflicting dimensions of reality will be the model of conflict resolution. Form will no longer be sought in the distant and disembodied realm of the ideal; nor will matter be just a symbol of chaos and confusion. Matter has a pattern--it will literally be informed.

The struggle is now not to seek subordination of flesh to spirit, or of mind to matter, but to find a balance or a mean between the two. A Golden Mean, Aristotle called it; a sound mind in a sound body, as endless educational rhetoric has since proclaimed. Justice, the resolution of conflict, is to be found by establishing a balance point between the two contending forces.

The model is attractive: It seems fairminded to give each side its due, and satisfying that neither must finally give way completely to the other. The imagery of balance is fruitful; court buildings today are still emblazoned with the figure of Justice, holding high the pans in which the fate of men and

nations are to be weighed and brought into balance. But the figure of Justice is still blindfolded. We are not closer than the Greeks were to being able to identify when the balance point is reached in any given case. Whenever we can satisfy conflicting interests equally well, then of course there is no longer conflict. But life has this funny way of not balancing out conflicting interests.

Aristotle was perceptive enough to give us his own cautions about that perfection of balance. He writes of the need for a sense of equity as well as of justice in human affairs. Equity is that consideration of an individual situation in which a redress, or a balance different from the dictates of the general law, seems called for. Our tradition of Common Law has carried this concept of equity much further. Both represent a rather formal acknowledgment of something which is very difficult to account for theoretically--the value of individuals as individuals.

Such problems suggest that it is possible that the detail, the diversity, and finally the individuality which our world actually contains cannot be incorporated into any single balance point between two contending forces. This has often enough been dramatized: If only, for example, Antigone could have left her brother's corpse unburied; or if Creon could have made that one exception to his law . . .

Dualism may not have succeeded as well as either Aristotle or, much later, Descartes hoped, although it did propose a model of greater complexity than monistic philosophy had offered. But accepting the possibility of two "realities" opened the barn door. Why not several, or a dozen or so? There is logically no particular limit to the claimants that might be involved. It was no surprise that the absolute principles of Substance, Causality, Justice, and the Good were no longer able to dominate philosophical systems. It came about gradually, as Locke, for example, began to write about "substances" in the plural and with a small letter. Then David Hume in a few swift strokes made it clear that a principle is a principle only within a system, and than one cannot use the system to defend its key concepts. One cannot cite empirical evidence for the law of uniformity of nature, because one must assume such a principle of uniformity in order to make any inference about the future. Only the empiricist already working within the framework of uniformity can assert the probability that the sun will rise tomorrow morning.

Hume also was content with the thought that probability rather than certainty might be what we have to settle for in any quest for knowledge. As the mathematics of probability were developed, we learned to make very elaborate models of problem-solving. Game theory and decision-making in a matrix of probabilities, together with the capability of computers to help us play these games, have extended these options enormously. Wherever one turns for that sort of quantitative model of conflict resolution today, one is apt to be overwhelmed by the sheer complexity of the thing.

Nor is there much certainty elsewhere. Inevitably, the kind of scepticism which Hume voiced pushed others into various forms of subjectivism. More intricate consequences were the speculative ones which led to theories of meaning suggesting that meaning and value are contextual, or even functional, rather than having any substantive base in a realm of Platonic universals, for example. As more and more conflicts came under the scrutiny of linguistic analysis, it began to seem--and was proclaimed as a matter of principle by some analytic philosophers--that most human problems were at heart semantic conflicts.

What sort of model of conflict resolution can there be in such a pluralistic, probabilistic, open-ended approach? What concept of justice can be offered in the midst of such uncertainties?

For a time, especially in the 50's and 60's, it seemed as if contemporary philosophy neither would nor could propose any substantive solutions to anything. Phenomenology, Existentialism, Pragmatism, Linguistic Analysis all afforded splendid critiques of the confusions, impracticalities, deceptions, and uncertainties of the human scene. None afforded much in the way of substantive affirmations. An understanding of Justice remained distant, and mankind set no enviable records of conflict resolution in the 60's.

Nevertheless, the substantive issue as to the nature of Justice did not go away. I find it interesting that the single philosophical work which has generated more response than anything else in the 1970's has been John Rawls' work on A Theory of Justice (note that it is "A" theory), and it is some satisfaction to know that it is an essay of Hume's On Justice which Rawls acknowledges as the starting point for his discussion.⁵

In that essay, Hume had talked about what he calls "The Circumstances of Justice"--the conditions of human existence that impel men to establish a principle of Justice in society.⁶ Hume argues that individual life is better within than outside of society. Given the conflict between self-interest and the needs of society, together with the scarcity of goods needed for survival, he sees Justice as the necessary condition for the existence of society. Another way to put it is that Hume believes we have no choice but to strive for a morality that will enable both society and individuals to survive. If we do not learn how to resolve our conflicts, our existence is finally threatened.

Rawls summarizes Hume's view quite accurately, by pointing out that Hume describes the Circumstances of Justice as the normal conditions under which human cooperation is both possible and necessary. In Hume's words:

We are naturally partial to ourselves and to our friends; but are capable of learning the advantage resulting from a more equitable conduct. Few enjoyments are given us from the open and liberal hand of nature: but by art, labour, and industry, we can extract them in great abundance. Hence the ideas of property become necessary in all civil society: hence justice derives its usefulness to the public: and hence alone arises its merit and moral obligation.⁷

And again:

For what stronger foundation can be desired or conceived for any duty than to observe that human society, or even human nature, could not subsist without the establishment of it....[that is, such duty]⁸

As Rawls interprets Hume, "The Circumstances of Justice obtain wherever mutually disinterested persons put forward conflicting claims to the division of social advantages under conditions of moderate scarcity."⁹ This kind of relationship of individuals to one another must be taken into account in the description of the "Original Position" which sets the stage for Rawls' framing of questions and answers about Justice.

Rawls wants to take Hume a step further, I think, and argue that there is a choice which all reasonable persons in the original position would accept. Rawls develops a rather complex model, based on the idea of procedural fairness. He uses an analytical strategy for identifying the principles which any individual would select in an "Original Position," i.e., the hypothetical condition in which all particular knowledge of one's situation is lacking, so that no special interests can be put forward. Given this veil of ignorance, a situation of choice under uncertainty, Rawls argues, men will agree upon primary goods of liberty and self-esteem, and upon safeguards which will ensure equal distribution of both primary goods and derivative goods such as income. Having set this priority, Rawls argues that the highest values are always protected;

one can limit primary goods such as liberty only for the sake of liberty, never for the sake of a second-level good such as income, for example. The distributive principle guarantees that there can be no inequality of goods which does not improve the position of the least-advantaged member of society. Rawls' model can be summarized as follows:

The original position is a construct which allows us to identify the substantive principles which reasonable men would agree upon.

In the first step, the agreement would be that each person is to have an equal right to the most extensive basic liberty compatible with a similar liberty for others.

In the second step, the agreement would be that social and economic inequalities are to be arranged so that they are both

(a) reasonably expected to be to everyone's advantage

(b) attached to positions and offices open to all.¹⁰

The model also includes a lexical or priority ordering of its various components, such that no departure from the first principle of equal liberty is justifiable by reference to the second principle of social or economic advantage. Distributions under (b) must be consistent with (a).

Technically, Rawls works this out with subsidiary guidelines which combine the principle of fair equality of opportunity with the "Difference Principle," in which differences which advantage some members of society are allowable only if those differences also improve the lot of the least advantaged members of the group.¹¹

(There are some 600 pages of explanation for those interested!)

Of course this is a constructed model and therein lies much of its merit. Rawls makes the multiple assumptions that human beings are free, have the capacity to be rational, are concerned with furthering their own interests, and that they have a reason for the preference for equality and fairness. Scanlon's essay on Rawls summarizes this very well: "Rawls starts from a pluralistic view of persons with disparate interests, and adopts the ideal of social life in which a priority to the principle of justice is accepted by all."¹²

One can of course disagree with this model. Hart (and others) argue that "There may be persons who want more material goods and who would surrender some of their basic liberties to get them. More dangerously, they would let an authoritarian government require the surrender of other persons' liberty if their own property were enhanced."¹³ This is undeniably a possibility, even a probability. But the point of the constructed model is that it requires discussion and highlights the necessity for having a model which is understood and accepted. Unless and until that happens, conflict resolution is in principle not possible.

Rawls does postulate a rather surprising freedom from envy, and he probably does underestimate the impact of economic factors, especially those of poverty for the individual, and population pressures for societies, for example. But there is nevertheless much substantive merit in this model, which uses equality as a distributive principle and recognizes the importance of individuals and individual choice.

Despite these problems with the motivation to equality, Rawls does approach the resolution of conflict as a human problem, capable of human resolution, within the complexities of actual human experience. To consider justice as a human construct, rather than an eternal form, seems to be a good beginning. His construct assumes a pluralistic set of principles, which seems a necessary

response to the diversity and complexity of human experience. The construct assumes that a ranking of priorities is possible, and thereby avoids an all-or-nothing confrontation point. The construct assumes that interaction and interdependence characterize human relationships, and it emphasizes fairness of process rather than a static state of perfection as the goal of conflict resolution. The construct is open-ended, pointing always to the need for further decision-making as the process goes forward in human history. And finally, the construct assumes--perhaps one should say that Rawls pays his money and takes his choice on this one--that human beings are capable of a motivation that is towards morality as well as towards survival.

The model that he offers is finally a summons to moral endeavor, rather than a blueprint for an idealized society. And since I believe I have a choice, I would rather choose the endeavor.

¹Selections from Early Greek Philosophy, ed. Milton C. Nahm (New York, 1940), p. 90.

²*Ibid.*, p. 91.

³*Ibid.*, p. 92.

⁴Plato, "Phaedrus" in Dialogues, trans. B. Jowett (New York, 1937), p. 259.

⁵John Rawls, A Theory of Justice (Harvard University Press, 1971), p. 126.

⁶David Hume, "On Justice," in Hume's Moral and Political Philosophy, ed. Aiken (New York, 1948), p. 185.

⁷*Ibid.*, p. 189.

⁸*Ibid.*, p. 199.

⁹Rawls, p. 128.

¹⁰*Ibid.*, p. 60.

¹¹*Ibid.*, p. 75.

¹²Thomas Scanlon, Jr., "Rawls' Theory of Justice" in Reading Rawls: Critical Studies..., ed. Norman Daniels (New York: Basic Books, 1975), p. 170.

¹³H. L. A. Hart, "Rawls on Liberty and Its Priority" in Reading Rawls, p. 250.

AUTUMN MONDAY

Like dust I blow through the city
 where a woman
last night screamed like an animal
 brunted
a closed door purposelessly
like a huge baby
 banging on her crib

and three big cars like sad blue
carnivals oscillated disco rhythms
that went everywhere over the walls
onto the roofs into the door
 she lunged her
huge bulk toward the man backed
by another man who slipped back in shadow

one of the six policemen stopped her
a bulkhead she walked up like an
inclined plane he held her up she
beat on his back powerless fists her
face screwed into an infancy
 of madness the
policeman carried her
 a vast dark bubble
into the squad car

 and left her there
alone and her deep bass grief turned to a
blue baritone a solitude
 of sorrow
which went on a long time then hushed
 when she began again
a soprano sobbing carried everywhere
everywhere the blue light lit left
dark lit a flickering

 blue song So
I let the city sweep me along its streets
today like dust
 the city-wind
funnels along the curbs something that is
as plain as anything can be as small as
everything will become

It repeats
 this knot of time
 that will not break
 weaving out and in
 under-over
 like lines binding hearts
 cut into bark
 or words in an old book's
 endless bordering skein
 as when
 the bomb burst
 in the Belfast hotel
 the glass blew to shards
 like spear-heads
 at a population
 innocent of everything
 but history
 as when
 on a day gray as slate
 the warrior queen Macha
 came to this height
 to build the Red Branch
 Knights fortress
 three hundred years before
 Christ
 and here
 the year His blood dropped
 on a sun-baked hill
 King Concohar also died
 far away in this North
 Concohar macNessa
 high king of Ulster
 chief of the Red Branch
 known throughout Ireland
 and the lands beyond
 went in mid-life to feast
 at Fedlimid macDall's house
 his harper and storyteller
 and the king's druid Cathbad
 staring into a dream
 saying
 Weary as I am with age
 and sorrows, did I not beg
 to come here? Not that I
 suddenly love harping
 and singing
 for I care more to listen
 to the wind through the grasses
 or to the sighing upon the hill
 than to any music of war
 or love...
 when before he could say more
 there came upon them all

a scream like a shrill
 of an animal
 in an agony
 and everything silenced here
 but the breathing of fear
 every man standing
 with weapon poising
 where Elva the wife of the harper
 had been crossing the room
 and the unborn child in her womb
 had shrieked so every ear
 knew pain
 and Cathbad the druid
 of the inward eye and silver hair
 with his staff of rowan
 in his left hand went out
 into night watching
 the clouds of the air
 the signs of the stars
 the time of the moon
 chanting the chant of prophecy
 walking a sunwise path
 circling the home of the harper
 and drawing back the veil
 across years to come
 came back telling of sorrow
 a child grown beautiful
 splitting the Red Branch
 into shards of spears
 shattering hearts
 and they said Kill her!
 and the king said No!
 and Deirdre and her sorrows
 came to be
 as the druid had said
 for here a story
 is never shortened
 where a knot
 is never cut
 but let to hold together
 what it does
 like twined roots
 of a tree great with age
 too old for cure
 with health enough to live
 and even to grow
 as rings circle rings
 in the wood
 one thing in creation
 that has no term of years
 but grows--so sad--until
 it fall in the wind
 and the grasses on the hill
 grow through its heart

The material being presented is from the perspective of a sociologist, a humanist, and a religionist. As a scientist I have made a serious effort at objectivity and systematic analysis, but I realize that one cannot be wholly objective. As a humanist I assert the dignity and worth of man, and my "faith" combines with efforts at objectivity to determine my beliefs about the nature of man. It does seem important to recognize these interrelationships and to continually examine one's religious position against efforts at basic scientific objectivity toward that position. The reverse seems also important, that one's scientific findings be evaluated in light of one's basic premises.

Conflict is a term for which no definition seems wholly accurate. As generally used by sociologists it is something different from competition, yet the two have much in common. Park and Burgess many years ago recognized that both were struggles for scarce resources, usually wealth, power, prestige, or values, but saw them as different in that competition was an impersonal struggle as opposed to the conscious struggle of conflict. They did recognize that competition was not always impersonal, indicating a difficulty in discriminating between the two. They suggested further that competition was constant, ever present, while conflict was intermittent but intense.¹

A different dimension of conflict was presented by Robin Williams some two and a half decades later in a publication dealing with the reduction of intergroup tensions. He focused on competition as operating under rules that prohibited the removal of the competitor from the struggle for the goals, while conflict was seen as a struggle in which an immediate aim of the opponents is to neutralize, injure, or eliminate their rivals.²

The work of Lewis Coser, expanding our understanding of the concept of conflict, seems to follow the definitions used by Williams.³ There is still, however, a problem to be resolved in separating the two processes.

Both forms of social interaction, competition and conflict, are perhaps inherent in the nature of man. Yet to admit this does not condemn society to a specific level of competition or conflict, for there are great variations in their prominence from society to society. While some people focus on their inevitability, I focus on the hypothesis that a substantial amount of conflict may be resolved, that is, changed into competition with rules that reduce the handicapping of rivals.

I believe that most people accept the possibility and the desirability of some conflict resolutions in many circumstances, although a substantial number may assume that it isn't likely to happen. I suggest that the probability of its happening is in part proportional to the belief that it can happen and the determination to contribute to its happening. The lack of confidence that it can occur is often a major contributor to its failure to occur.

The above presentation is not to say that conflict is always harmful. At times it may preserve social systems and help to relieve oppression, as in the abolition of slavery. Sometimes people who work to reduce conflict are seen as supporters of injustice. For me, conflict resolution is a part of the struggle to move us closer to a society in which respect for the dignity of all humans is actualized.

Conflict has been the dominant form of interaction in black-white relations in the Western world, particularly the English-speaking Western world,

at least since the seventeen and eighteen hundreds, and it has continued on until this day in a somewhat decreasing form. We have lived with an ideology that centered on the forced segregation of the two groups, that is to say, the elimination of the blacks from the competitive struggle for certain scarce resources. The conflict has been managed, manipulated, controlled by whites over the years, primarily for their own ends. Only at a snail's pace has the resolution of the conflict been going on.

My interest in this conflict goes back to my youth in rural Eastern North Carolina working in the fields with black men who accepted my privileges, to drink first from the "well bucket," etc., as if they were God-given. During the late 1940's I spent some years with an organization trying to resolve some of the conflict with, as you might guess, little to show for my efforts. Over those years I often wondered how racism came into being.

By racism I mean the belief that real or imaginary biological differences between the so-called "white race" and the "black race" were of such a nature as to justify discrimination against individuals who were assigned as members of the "black race." It is my contention that racism was, over the years, and still is today the prime factor in determining the interaction patterns between blacks and whites. In other words, the main reason so many white people automatically see black people as not acceptable for the competitive struggle is a belief in genetic inferiority.

Racism is a term for a particular type of conflict, that between two or more groups of people called "races." The resolution of this type of conflict may be assisted if we understand something of its origins, and a number of scholars have recently been publishing in this area. Some works explain the developmental process that occurred as pseudo-scientific efforts were made to help Western Europeans understand the expanding world of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries, and which resulted in a virulent racism.⁴

As I interpret the situation, Linnaeus, an eighteenth century Swede, unintentionally gave a major boost to the ideology as he developed his interest in a grand system to classify all living things. He traveled for years and sent collectors to many parts of the world to gather specimens and information that would be helpful to his project. Humans, of course, must be fitted into the schema, and obviously they did not all look alike. He ended up dividing them according to skin color, as the Egyptians had done before him, using four categories called "razas" from Spanish, which was translated into English as "races."⁵ For Linnaeus the categories were divisions of the human species, nothing more or less, but they were used by others for much more. A second step in the arising of the idea of racism was the discovery of the evolutionary relationship between life forms. It fitted with the classification scheme so that many felt that the family tree of life was being unfolded physiologically with the "races" in a developmental sequence. The Europeans were at the top of the tree, of course.

The idea of the evolutionary development of human societies was already being discussed when Darwin presented his biological theory. Herbert Spencer, a leader in the discussion, tended to believe that evolutionary progress was the basic principle of the universe and that the social organization of the Western countries, especially England, represented the epitome of man's development.⁶

During the years that classification efforts and evolutionary ideas were stirring the intellectual Western world, whites were also trying to rationalize the morality of slavery, an extreme system for excluding a group of people, blacks in this case, from the general competitive struggle for scarce resources. Some did argue that slavery was a degradation of man justifiable neither by

science nor religion. The majority, however, accepted the pseudo-scientific ideas and added the argument that it gave an opportunity to bring salvation and civilization to the lower levels of mankind. That argument for slavery was used not only to make it acceptable but to make it a genuine good, even perhaps a religious duty, to capture and remove from Africa as many people as possible. And, in the process, if the whites got richer in such a good cause, so much the better. One merely had to ask the question, "Did Europe not rule the world? Did that not prove that Europeans were the fittest of all mankind? And if they were the fittest did they not have a right--a duty--under the laws of the universe to so rule?"⁷

Ethnocentrism, the tendency to view one's own culture as natural and right and to judge other cultures on that basis, seems in evidence wherever human groups are found. Certainly many Western Europeans felt that they represented that by which others should be judged. The extreme of the feeling was developed under the efforts to promote the Aryans in Germany. Paliakov says, "On close inspection the true Aryan appeared to be a Westerner of the male sex, belonging to the upper or middle classes, who could be defined equally by reference to coloured men, proletarians or women. Even as liberal a scientist as Thomas Huxley, though he favored the emancipation of women and Negroes, remained convinced of the congenital inferiority of both."⁸

Huxley was not the only scientist who accepted and helped develop the attitude of racial superiority. Philip D. Curtin says that the pseudo-scientific racism which dominated so much European thought between the 1840's and the 1940's was prompted by science:

The body of knowledge rationally derived from empirical observation, supported the proposition that race was the principal determinant of attitudes, endowments, capabilities and inherent tendencies among human beings. Race thus seemed to determine the course of human history.

These rationalized and elaborate theories about race differences were not pseudo in their beginnings. They were the teachings of science at its best for its own time. In the twentieth century, when early science is recognized to have been mistaken, they have continued as truly pseudo-scientific. That is, they claim the backing of science for propositions which the consensus of authoritative science denies and in the face of overwhelming evidence to the contrary.⁹

So today racism, that is the elimination of individuals from competition because of assigned racial membership, is rather widespread. It arose from efforts to classify all living things, theories of biological and social evolution, efforts to justify slavery, and ethnocentrism. The facts of its development are not widely known, and when learned may or may not reduce the orientation to conflict. As Williams, as well as others, points out, "The effects of imparting a given type of information about minority groups--under given circumstances--differ, depending upon the client and degree to which the recipients already have favorable or unfavorable attitudes toward the group or groups in question."¹⁰

Efforts on the governmental level to move black-white interactions from a strictly conflict relation to competition can be traced from the freeing of the slaves on until the present days. There have been spurts of progress and regressions that are recorded. Only a few highlights that may have particular importance for our present-day situations will be mentioned.

As early as 1915 the Supreme Court began to establish some rights

for blacks to participate in the system declaring "grandfather clauses" and white-only primaries unconstitutional. In the early years of World War II, Roosevelt, under pressure from blacks- issued an executive order forbidding racial discrimination in defense industries and establishing a fair employment commission. In 1954 the Supreme Court outlawed segregation in public schools and in 1964 Congress, under Johnson's leadership, passed the Civil Rights Act with an equal employment opportunities requirement.

The impact of these actions was substantial in establishing a legal basis for competition that had never existed before. They provided a foundation for change, but not much movement occurred. Exclusion from public schools, professional schools, employment opportunities still was the rule rather than the exception. Affirmative action programs and quotas were the result of the in-action. They began as a result of the minimal progress being made voluntarily by whites who controlled the admission processes. While easily being justified on the basis of past exclusion of blacks, affirmative action programs inject a different element of conflict into the struggle involving equality of results instead of equality of opportunity.

There has been a tremendous increase in the amount of interracial interaction, sometimes helpful but often limited in its results. Pettigrew says:

For face-to-face contact between blacks and whites to lessen prejudice and conflict, four situational conditions must operate: the two groups must (1) possess equal status in the situation, (2) seek common goals, (3) be cooperatively dependent upon each other, and (4) interact with the positive support of authorities, law or custom. Yet even positive changes rendered by this optimal contact in specific settings may not readily generalize to different situations.¹¹

The establishing of a legal basis in law and in Supreme Court decisions for blacks and other minorities to compete rather than automatically be eliminated from the struggle was an essential development if relations were to be moved from conflict to competition. However necessary they were, law and decisions have limited effect in the face of massive opposition. The acceptance of the right to compete and to compete from a reasonably even basis must in some way be assured.

In the book Racial Conflict in American Society, Joseph Himes points to three options in interracial relations. One is racial warfare with the possibility of third world support. A second is "law and order," by which he means the suppression of recalcitrant blacks by the white establishment. A third option is what he calls "institutionalization of the conflict." Regulate the social process. Control the conflict system.¹² I interpret this as meaning to move the conflict into competition.

Dr. Himes points out that what he is referring to has already happened in other areas. He says:

Nineteenth century American history is a sordid tale of religious strife, persecution, and defense....Throughout much of this period, the victims of religious abuse could find little defense in the law and courts....In time though, the extremes of religious abuse triggered insistent moral revulsion. A public opinion of religious freedom and tolerance tended to grow up. At the same time, as the nation prospered and opportunities multiplied, people felt less threatened by immigrants and citizens of divergent faith or denomination.

Slowly a tradition of religious tolerance and fair play developed. ...There grew up also an informal consensus of the legitimacy of

competition for members and the limitation of denominational rivalry. The rules of competitions and cooperation grew up outside the realms of the law, existing as intergroup agreements, customs, and understanding.¹³

He feels that the process has also gone on in the political arena as well as in labor-management relations, and that it must happen in the race relations area.

The first step, he says, is to recognize and accept the fact of a divergence of interests between blacks and whites. A policy statement by Congress, an executive order by the President or a Supreme Court interpretation is needed stating "specifically and categorically that black people have a legitimate right to engage in struggle for legitimate goals." Then there must be binding rules developed relating to "conflict guarantees to blacks," "differentiation of tolerated and non-tolerated forms of conflict," "procedures for the redress of grievances," "methods of appeal to higher levels of adjudication," and "procedures for amending or revising these rules."¹⁴ He sees the process already underway.

Personally, I would be optimistic about the process continuing if I were confident that we are facing a period of prosperity and expanding opportunities. Since I do not feel assured of an increasing job market for additional people, the specter of a different future clouds the picture.

The Impossible Revolution, Phase 2: Black Power and the American Dream is a second edition of a small book by Lewis M. Killian.¹⁵ In 1968 the first edition was published, in which he charted the ebb and flow of the civil rights movement. He saw the future for blacks as dim, for it seemed unlikely that opportunities would keep pace with rising expectations. In the second edition, 1975, Killian indicated being impressed with successes, particularly the greater psychic well-being and greater political clout. He acknowledged some economic gains and some gains in the social spheres, but felt that these gains were being exaggerated. The revolution had died down, it was somewhat confused and divided, wavering between assimilation and pluralism, but it would rise again. There will be new programs, new slogans, new tactics with third world support.

The civil rights movement left an important legacy of laws and the promise of national commitment to equality through assimilation. Many blacks, even ones with nationalistic leanings, are striving to take maximum advantage of these reforms and this promise. They utilize the political strategy of "bloc power," business enterprise, and opportunities for educational integration, as well as coercive measures such as the boycotts employed by Jesse Jackson's PUSH in Chicago. This struggle inevitably demands a renewal of faith in the efficacy of gradualism. Yet, in countless instances whites who proclaim their dedication to the abstract principle of racial equality resist specific applications of this principle when they perceive that their own neighborhoods, their children's schools, their job opportunities, their political power, or their tax bills will be affected. To subscribe to the general principle of racial equality is one thing; to pay the personal price in terms of sharing traditionally white-held advantages is quite another. It is this sort of segmental, foot dragging resistance that may again change the mood of blacks from one of conditional faith in gradualism and assimilation to one of impatience and angry rejection of whites. Angry black ideologists stand on the edge of the fray ready to exploit such a shift in mood and to precipitate a resumption of the "impossible revolution."¹⁶

The resolution of the conflict arising out of Western racism is a continuing struggle. There seem no easy answers to ridding ourselves of the legacy of generations, but the effort to do so must continue, for changing the conflict into competition has tremendous importance.

I agree with the sociologist Milton Yinger:

If we are to have international stability and peace, we must learn to live with diversity....It is my belief that the way in which the affiliation or rejection of racial, religious, and ethnic minorities is worked out within nations will strongly influence our ability to build a world-order in which similarities are not coerced and differences do not divide. We are dealing here with one of the great intellectual and moral questions of the day.¹⁷

¹Robert E. Park and Ernest W. Burgess, Introduction to the Science of Sociology (Chicago: Univ. of Chicago Press, 1921), pp. 574-576.

²Robin M. Williams, Jr., The Reduction of Intergroup Tensions (Social Science Research Council, Bulletin 57, 1947), p. 43.

³Lewis A. Coser, The Functions of Social Conflict (Glencoe, Ill.: Free Press, 1956); and Continuities in the Study of Social Conflict (New York: Free Press, 1967).

⁴Morton Klass and Hal Hellman, The Kinds of Mankind (New York: J. B. Lippincott Co., 1971); Winthrop D. Jordan, The White Man's Burden (New York: Oxford Univ. Press, 1974).

⁵Klass and Hellman, p. 23. ⁶Ibid., p. 82. ⁷Ibid., p. 84.

⁸Leon Paliakov, The Aryan Myth: A History of Racist and Nationalist Ideas in Europe (New York: Basic Books, 1974), p. 272.

⁹Philip D. Curtin, The Image of Africa: British Ideas and Actions 1780-1850 (Madison, Univ. of Wisconsin Press, 1964), p. 25.

¹⁰Williams, p. 64.

¹¹Thomas F. Pettigrew, "Race and Intergroup Relations" in Contemporary Social Problems, ed. Robert K. Merton and Robert Nisbet (4th ed.; New York: Harcourt, Brace, Jovanovich, Inc., 1976).

¹²Joseph S. Himes, Racial Conflict in American Society (Columbus, Ohio: Charles E. Merrill, 1978).

¹³Ibid., pp. 188-190. ¹⁴Ibid., pp. 188-193.

¹⁵Lewis M. Killian, The Impossible Revolution, Phase II: Black Power and the American Dream (New York: Random House, 1975).

¹⁶Ibid., pp. 174-175.

¹⁷J. Milton Yinger, "Ethnicity in Complex Societies: Structural, Cultural, and Characterological Factors," in The Uses of Controversy in Sociology, eds. Lewis A. Coser and Otto N. Larsen (New York: Free Press, 1976), p. 199.

"Only scientists can keep the arms race going." It was startling to find that phrase in an editorial of the American Chemical Society's Chemical and Engineering News a year ago (Jan. 2, 1978, p. 5)--startling because that journal is the profession's weekly official paper and I had not thought the chemical profession had moved that far. It probably hasn't, but the new editor has some courage and in any case the statement is self-evident and obvious. It is supremacy in the nature and quality of weapons, rather than their quantity, that seems determining, and recent historical studies suggest that much of history can be rewritten in terms of superiority of technological know-how determining the fate of empires. The Norman conquest of England in 1066 can now be ascribed to the mastery by William the Conqueror of the stirrup in armed combat on horseback. Invented in China, the stirrup made its way via Central Asia to Europe. It permitted the rider to use his lance energized by the momentum of the horse, without being unseated. King Harold also used stirrups, but not for fighting. His men dismounted to face the invaders.

Sometimes such calculations misfire. Fritz Haber developed a method for harnessing the plentiful nitrogen in the air, combining it with hydrogen under pressure, with a catalyst, so that it could be used for fertilizers and explosives manufacture. Without this invention, Germany would never have begun the First World War. When Germany fared badly, Haber was put in charge of gas warfare against the pleas of his wife, who committed suicide as a result. Haber certainly had conflicts within as he strove to help his country in its conflicts outside. (The 1947 Britannica says he hated war and its horrors.) His country was not even grateful for his services--he was stripped of his post as head of the Imperial Institute for Physical Chemistry and exiled in 1933 because of his Jewish ancestry.

We might imagine that the uses of science and technology for conflict resolution are a recent phenomenon--a result of modern science-- but reflection demonstrates the opposite. Man is ingenious and he can be selfish, but he also is usually concerned for the well-being of his family and community. Self-defense and defense of the community with whatever devices are suitable seem natural and were always practiced. Only when choices presented themselves, when our ancestors were individually faced with a conflict of loyalties such as family versus larger community, or conflict for defense versus conflict for the sake of conquest, did inner conflicts begin to arise. How much later that occurred is worth some speculation--the inner conflict between jealousy and brotherly love already occurs in the murder of Abel by Cain.

Among historians of science and technology and among the educated public generally, the view has been widespread that much of the technology we have inherited arose out of the need for weapons and defense in warfare. However, the metallurgist and historian of technology Cyril Smith¹ has recently demonstrated the shallowness of that assumption. As he has sought the origins of numerous technological innovations (not only in the development of metallic objects) he found himself again and again led to art rather than science museums, to the artisans who developed jewelry and works of beauty and devotion rather than objects that answer urgent practical material needs. And reflection again suggests Smith's position to be rather more plausible--when war threatens one does not have time to sit in meditation to wait for the flash of inspiration that suggests a new explosive, a new device for hardening metal or making it

sharper--one adapts those principles and discoveries already at hand. Only in the most recent past, with vast government resources made available for technological development, have major fundamental discoveries resulted from a technological need of a country at war. The numerous developments associated with the construction of nuclear weapons and the harnessing of nuclear energy are examples, though even here the fundamental experimental fact had been established in a pure research laboratory in Berlin. Otto Hahn and Lise Meitner, puzzling over a published experiment by Enrico Fermi in Italy, realized that Fermi had split the uranium atom. That much was in the public domain before World War II and a comic strip based on it even appeared in the American press during the war but was quickly suppressed. During my wartime chemistry studies in London University the lecturer pointed out that only engineering problems stood in the way of developing nuclear bombs.

The awareness that knowledge of the patterns of nature is a form of power, and in fact, power more potent than that exercised by threats or physical force, appears extremely early in human history. Tracing back the history of scientists leads one to a time when science and knowledge were synonymous (scientia = knowledge) and when those who practiced natural knowledge were also the priests, the magicians, the witchdoctors, the shamans. Clearly that kind of knowledge is not to be made public: that would be a betrayal of a cherished trust. Early scientific knowledge was kept a closely guarded secret and enormous care was taken in the selection of those to be initiated into the inner circle. In India only the priestly Brahmin sect could occupy itself with the pursuit of knowledge including the knowledge of nature. Careful instructions were set down for the selection of teachers and disciples:

The instructor must be wise, experienced, well-versed in chemical processes, devoted to Siva and his consort Parvati, sober, and patient.^{2a} A disciple should be intelligent, active, devoted to work, sinless and master of his passions.^{2b} Chemical operations are to be performed under the auspices of a ruler...whose territory is free from anarchy.^{2a}

In 1949, the historian of early chemistry, F. S. Taylor, wrote: Alchemy was certainly intended to be useful....But [the alchemist] never proposes the public use of such things, the disclosing of his knowledge for the benefit of man....Any disclosure of the alchemical secret was felt to be profoundly wrong, and likely to bring immediate punishment from on high. The reason generally given for such secrecy was the probable abuse by wicked men of the power that the alchemical secret would give....The alchemists, indeed, felt a strong moral responsibility for the result of their work, a responsibility that is not always acknowledged by the scientists of today.

The material aim of the alchemists, the transmutation of metals, has now been realized by science and the alchemical vessel is the uranium pile. Its success has had precisely the result that the alchemists feared and guarded against, the placing of gigantic power in the hands of those who have not been fitted by spiritual training to receive it.³

We need to look at one other aspect of early science for it throws much light on our modern technological dilemmas. Early man saw the material world not as apart from man but as of the same nature as man, following the same rhythms, obeying the same laws. We think we share that belief, but Western man has tended to think of nature as available for his manipulation, as being under his control, like a machine, a car, a mechanical toy that should do his

bidding. Early man sensed a likeness, a kindred spirit, in the stone, in the sun, in the storm. What occurred outside mirrored the spirit within. In China there were two parallel alchemies, outer, laboratory, alchemy and inner, physiological alchemy, and one kind could not make progress without the other. The perfection of the elixir of life could not be attained unless the perfecter himself approached perfection. Sometimes translators find it hard to determine whether a particular Chinese alchemical manuscript discusses experimental manipulations or inner states of consciousness. The rhythms sensed within gave clues to better laboratory methods. The microcosm within mirrored the macrocosmic world without.

That was all shattered with the coming of the Renaissance--no longer St. Francis' ode to brother sun and sister moon and brother stone, but a colder more rational more powerful onslaught on the secrets still harbored by nature. Natural knowledge was much easier to attain than once thought, and to break the stranglehold over knowledge of all kinds by the rather corrupt church, Galileo wrote his treatises in Italian rather than the scholar's Latin, and Luther and others translated the Bible into the vernacular where all could make their own interpretations. Scientific knowledge became democratic, it became public property, it was too vast and too easy to be kept secret any longer but those who knew of the powers thus unleashed also retained the awareness of man's potential for evil. They chose not to make public their obviously destructive discoveries. Nef summarizes the Renaissance position in his War and Human Progress:

Confident of their own powers while still wary of the uses to which their discoveries might be put in the practical world, Europeans of genius made an effort to control the consequences of their work in the one place where control might be effective, within the human mind.⁴

Leonardo, for instance, said of his design of a submarine:

This I do not...divulge on account of the evil nature of man, who would practice assassination at the bottom of the seas, by breaking the ships in their lowest parts and sinking them together with the crews who are in them.

Napier of logarithm fame refused to divulge the nature of a powerful weapon he had developed; Robert Boyle would not publish the ingredients of some poisons and an invisible ink because they were "mischievous."⁵ He also subsidized a Dr. Kuffler on constructive projects in order to keep him from developing "dreadful and destroying inventions."⁶

The Italian scientist Tartaglia became fascinated with projectile theory but his sense of guilt made him burn up everything he had written on the subject. Later, however, when the Turks invaded Italy, he rewrote and published his works.⁷ Renaissance scientists were not pacifists in the modern sense. They were often subsidized in their work because they offered their technological aid to dukes and princes they believed were worth defending.

Then came that period so strangely called the Enlightenment, when all that was known of the potential for evil in man was forgotten and we were intoxicated by our newly found powers and the evident rise in the general standard of living.

Condorcet, in 1795, under sentence of death by the French Revolutionary Terror, and in hiding, believed "that reason and science would lead to indefinite perfectibility...science provided the model for man's enlightenment.... Human life would be prolonged indefinitely and both the physical and mental constitution of man would undergo limitless improvement. Slavery and war would cease and the acquired perfections of an individual might be transmitted to the

next generation by inheritance. Improvements in domesticated animals lent credence to this hope."⁸

Pasteur was certain "that science, in obeying the law of humanity, will always labor to enlarge the frontiers of life." Nobel was confident that his explosives, by making war so horrible, would lead civilized nations to recoil from war and disband their armies, seeking for a negotiated settlement of differences. Pierre Curie did recognize evil but felt science tipped the balance toward good:

I am among those who believe with Nobel that humanity will obtain more good than evil from future discoveries.

"I am among those who believe..." That was in 1903 and Pierre Curie was admitting that there were people who did not share his belief in the benign influence of science. The Enlightenment was giving way to the twentieth century, the most destructive and murderous century in human history.

But before we move forward to our time let us step back once more.

At the turning point from the era of the worried, conscience-stricken scholar to the age that believed science was the means to peace, stands of all people, a Quaker. Benjamin Robins is considered by Nef one of the first English natural philosophers to "combine with a good conscience, speculative scientific work and practical engineering for destructive purposes." Robins was a mathematician, a Fellow of the Royal Society, who turned his genius to the study of projectiles and of military engineering. His Principles of Gunnery published in 1742 marks a milestone in military history. In it he accuses Galileo and Newton of falling down as scientists because they did not test their projectile theories in the field. It is interesting to speculate why a Quaker should hold this unenviable position. Though he left the Society of Friends in his early twenties he did not sever all ties with his former religion. He is known to have remained in close friendship with many Quakers throughout his life and to have been on very close terms with his father, who outlived him. Whereas Renaissance scientists (and churchmen) feared the evil tendencies in man, Quakers have stressed the potentialities for good, believing in "that of God" in every man. Their belief that new truths could be discovered, that the Bible was not the completed revelation of truth, made them open to participation in the scientific venture. In their optimistic view of men, Quakers were the heralds of the Enlightenment.

With the religious scruples against destructive science out of the way, biology soon provided a seemingly scientific basis justifying the refinement of the arts of war.

The hypothesis of the struggle for survival and the survival of the fittest was used by the most varied thinkers to justify armed strife. General Benhardi in Germany and the Next War (1911) proclaimed: "War is a biological necessity. War is a universal law of nature." And the anthropologist Sir Arthur Keith in The Place of Prejudice in Modern Civilization (1931) wrote: "Nature keeps her orchard healthy by pruning; war is her pruning hook. We cannot dispense with her services." Class and race conflict theories were bolstered by or based on the theory of evolution proclaimed by Charles Darwin and Alfred Russell Wallace in 1858. Karl Marx and Friedrich Engels were delighted with this unexpected gift from science. In 1860 Marx wrote to Engels: "Although it is developed in the crude English style, this is the book which contains the basis in natural history for our view." In 1880 Marx wanted to dedicate the English edition of Das Kapital to Darwin but Darwin declined.⁹

German National Socialism and many another attempt at establishing the superiority of a given race found or manufactured support from current

biological theories. Charles Darwin himself in contrast with Wallace ranked the earth's existing tribes and presumed races on an evolutionary ladder. Science, instead of sensitizing our conscience in the sight of tremendous power, had become the handmaiden, the defender of strife, nay, the caller to arms. "Nature keeps her orchard healthy by pruning, war is her pruning hook. We cannot dispense with her services."

Of course Darwin did not see struggle and competition as the only factor having survival value. Cooperation--the copse as against the lone tree in the field, the herd as against the single giraffe--was a signal factor for survival. But the laissez-faire capitalism of the 19th century, the intoxication of the industrial revolution and imperialist expansion, wanted to hear only the praise of the strong and materially successful and reassurance that there was nothing morally wrong with treading down or at least ignoring the weak.

Kropotkin in Russia emphasized mutual aid and later the Quaker biologist Warner Clyde Allee at the University of Chicago devoted his life to gathering experimental evidence for the survival value of cooperative behavior. That aspect of evolution has become popularized with a new twist in Edward O. Wilson's Sociobiology (Harvard University Press, 1975). A bird exposes itself to danger by giving a warning cry to help save the flock--the idea of group selfishness for genetic survival (thus explaining away altruism as serving group selfishness) is the latest fashion.

The events of our century have made the problem of the personal responsibility of scientists one of burning urgency. The atom bomb only highlighted the vexing problem of responsibility that was already discussed in the pages of scientific magazines in Britain after the First World War. L. F. Richardson, physicist and Fellow of the Royal Society and a Quaker, abruptly ceased his meteorological research and destroyed his unpublished work when he discovered that the greatest interest in his studies was shown by workers in poison gas research. Einstein confined his participation in the atomic bomb work to the writing of a single letter. After the Second World War, Norbert Wiener publicly announced in the pages of Atlantic Monthly (Jan. 1947) his refusal ever again to publish work which "may do damage in the hands of irresponsible militarists." In the same period the Nuremberg trials convicted Nazi doctors for their experiments on concentration camp victims claiming that human considerations stand above scientific interest. The same period also saw the formation of such organizations as the Federation of Atomic Scientists and the Society for Social Responsibility in Science, both concerned with the right utilization of scientific knowledge and manpower.

Here were beginnings of a guild of scientists concerned to work out for themselves and share with others their own perspective as scientists regarding technology and war. Scientists began meeting across ideological national boundaries to discuss ways to reduce the likelihood of warfare--the most spectacular examples being the now annual Pugwash conference of scientists from both sides of the iron curtain, which helped push reluctant governments to agree to the nuclear testban treaties.

The Society for Social Responsibility in Science emphasized personal responsibility--the individual scientist's duty to desist from misusing his scientific knowledge for destructive ends. Many have maintained that such a position is a Western democratic luxury, here causing little harm to the individual; but one that is socially irresponsible because our enemies have fewer moral scruples and do not allow such positions. It is therefore instructive to note that one of the recipients of last year's Nobel physics prize was the Soviet physicist Peter Kapitsa, who refused to work on atomic weapons under Stalin and

spent a considerable period under house arrest, yet after the war headed the Soviet space program. He probably saw in the moon competition a way of sublimating the rivalry between the two superpowers.

One other Quaker deserves our attention. Klaus Fuchs, the atom spy who leaked information about the hydrogen bomb to the Russians, was the son of a revered German Quaker Emil Fuchs, a dedicated Christian socialist. Klaus Fuchs handed over the secrets out of high idealism, hoping thereby to lessen the chances of war. When released from prison he went to East Germany and was soon, to his horror, so I understand, wooed by the Russians to help them win nuclear superiority over the West. High ideals wedded to political naiveté--that is a very dangerous character trait of not a few religious pacifists.

* * * * *

I have suggested that the attitude of scientists to the uses of their knowledge and discoveries might be grouped in certain distinct periods. In the ancient era, the solution was to keep knowledge secret and carefully select those to be permitted into the inner circle. With the Renaissance, science became largely public but individuals accepted responsibility not to divulge the particularly horrendous applications of science. With the Enlightenment all controls, outer or inner, were dispensed with to leave us in our time without useful guidelines to cope with the Pandora's box that is exploding around us.

Ours is a peculiar situation because we live in a democracy. To the suggestion that individuals, scientists or heads of industries, should make personal decisions, the answer usually is that these are matters for society to decide by the democratic process. Until then business will supply what the country needs no matter how horrendous or until the contract is no longer profitable. Napalm is an example, produced by Dow Chemical Company until its corporate image was so sullied that it decided it would be more profitable to lose that particular government contract to a lower bidding competitor.

What we have forgotten is that all the great laws guaranteeing our civil liberties, all the rights of democratic functioning and redress of grievances were established through the courage and devotion of individuals who were willing to act according to what they felt was right even when no one stood with them and certainly before a law was established guaranteeing them their position.

But much more is needed than personal moral courage on the part of scientists "without whom it is impossible to keep the arms race going." For our real trouble is that we have lost our sense of kinship, of oneness with the natural, the material world. Though we know that all is made of the same atoms yet we act as if we (made of the same atoms) can manipulate our environment with impunity. The ecological movement is the first major reawakening of the interdependence of man and nature. But it has not shaken the industrial community except insofar as its members are becoming concerned about polluting the environment or endangering the worker. The deeper question whether the products of industry should or should not be made is considered a question of marketability or economics. Whether the method of making the products alienates the worker from the material or brings the two together is seldom if ever asked. One day perhaps mankind will become quiet enough to sense again the rhythms of nature and realize once more that man and nature can serve each other. Then industry will turn to nurturing only those needs that enhance man's sensitivity and humanity.

It is amazing how quickly now history is forcing us to face the fundamental questions of our relations to nature and to our fellow humans. Nuclear power meets with one problem after another. Oil is becoming less available,

faster from political than resource reasons. We have to treat the Mexicans better because we need their oil. Soon no nation will be able to afford any longer the huge human and resource costs for new weapons systems.

But we will not slide into peace. Peace is something that must be obtained and held--it is not simply discovered. To attain it will require courageous communal moral decision. The Indian statesman, C. Rajagopalachari (New York Times Dec. 26, 1954) challenged the U.S. and U.S.S.R. to see which country would be the first to renounce nuclear weapons and dismantle its nuclear arsenal. The energies released by such an act would be incalculable.¹⁰

¹Cyril Smith's work is described in Jon B. Eklund, Chem. and Eng. News, 25-32 (June 5, 1978).

^{2a}From the Tantric treatise, Rasaratnasamuchchaya (13th to 14th century A.D.). I am indebted to Priyadarajan Ray of Calcutta for the information on ancient India.

^{2b}From the Tantric treatise, Rasaratnakara, by the alchemist Nagarjuna (ca. 8th century A.D.).

³F.S. Taylor, The Alchemists (New York: H. Schuman, 1949), p. 233.

⁴J. U. Nef, War and Human Progress (Harvard University Press, 1950), p.121.

⁵"Robert Boyle" in Dictionary of National Biography, 1886, v.6, p. 121.

⁶Nef, p. 196.

⁷Alex Wood, "Science, Wisdom and War," Peace Pledge Union, London; reprinted in Newsletter of Society for Social Responsibility in Science, 3 (Dec. 1951), p.3.

⁸Robert Young, "Malthus and the Evolutionists," Past and Present, 43, 113 (May 1969), reprinted in Bobbs Merrill Reprint HS-85.

⁹Ronald L. Meek, ed., Marx and Engels on Malthus (New York, 1954), p. 171. Quoted in Robert Young, p. 138.

¹⁰An early draft of the material and ideas in this article was published as "The Scientist's Conscience: Historical Considerations" in the Bulletin of Atomic Scientists, 12(5) 177-8 (1956) from which the sections on Benjamin Robins, Richardson and Wiener are excerpted.

EXPERIMENTAL SEMINAR FEATURES DOCTOR KWUN

--Wooden Star, Neb. (AP)

Eighteen hours, and still he'd pared
his acupuncture crosshairs
to our nerves' white crimp;
he'd laid our bodies, subjects,
on the line; he who had swum
the Yangtze into freedom
was back in old Nebraska,
yellow as a changing mind.

"Ha," he said, as he needled
us and we flopped like hinges
swinging this downtown hotel.
But that was evening, early;
our fingers, professional,
played static in the mangle
of white disposable beds.

Three hours of close critique, we
marked our charts like twisted verse:
their stress points, pain nodes; private
lives recrossed like rivers when
you gripped my neck for practice;
ganglia flashed out.

The fabric of your pillow,
now, is rumped. It's a brain
laid open: gray sheets gown you
under the knees. Corridors
clamp down our room; now
red night lights burn out
black; our fire escapes are full
of windy dust. Needles
of white rain. They pock the glass,
inverse us, as your fingers
flashback their quick lover's twist;
so I'm turning like a slipped
electrode: in the Fissure
of Sylvius, memory
crowds. Again nerves net us in.

"Won't you tuck me in,"
you asked, your tone sharp
and cool as parting
water. Temptation,
we'd thought, was extra-
curricular, though
even Doctor Kwun
would hold that fish bones,
flint stones, even sharp
bamboo is less keen
than the needles you
could tuck me in, could
slip my nerves and prove,
like a real old Doc
with bed-side style:
enjoying life means
patient bedding,
holding steady, even
walking out on sleep.

Five hours later, we rolled out
our public charts. Good old Kwun
picks seminars as painless
as shaved skin. You laughed
like clean glass where I left you.

April, I was blank as white
cut nerves. Still there are
straight words. April, call
time out, call it pure
research, even call
it therapy; but, April,
call me back.

Not long ago, at a party, I asked a friend who is a professor of English if he thought literature in the past was as violent as television is in the present. He proceeded to depict in rather graphic terms a scene from Henry VI, Shakespeare's first play, which included, among other things, severed heads being carried across the stage dripping blood and gore. I had to stop him from elaborating as the dessert on my plate, a cherry custard concoction, was beginning to take on extremely unappetizing images.

One might make a similar argument concerning the issue of violence in professional sports. Ty Cobb may have been every bit as aggressive and violent as Pete Rose; indeed, the classic stories of the Georgia Peach sharpening his spikes to better get at, or better intimidate, infielders remind us that the issue of violence in sports is not a new one. Similarly, whoever was our fathers', or our grandfathers', version of Mean Joe Greene may have been just as mean, and just as violent. But I think not. The greater size and speed of the participants in today's college and professional contact sports, the increased amount of contact, and the nature of the contact, all lead me to believe that these sports are more violent today than ever before. Coaches teach techniques of violence today that were not used in the past. Consider the following quote from Woody Hayes, former football coach at Ohio State (who, after years of testing the limits of his own autocratic and aggressive behavior, finally got himself fired for physically attacking an opposing player on national television): "We teach our boys to spear and gore....We want them to plant that helmet right under a guy's chin....I want them to stick that mask right in the opponent's neck."¹ Correspondingly, old films of athletic contests of earlier eras, especially films of football and basketball games, indicate that they were less violent than today's games. So do statistics on injuries. At one point a few seasons ago, 20 quarterbacks in the 28-team National Football League had suffered incapacitating injuries.²

Even if one were to accept the argument that professional sports are no more violent than they used to be, their transmission on a nearly continuous basis in living color and in slow motion instant replays, through the medium of television, have them playing a role that they could not have played in days of old. And this role has some most unfortunate effects. Before focusing on that role, it is worthwhile to consider the unique nature of television in our culture.

In modern America, television is nearly ubiquitous. More homes have television sets than any other electrical appliance, and many more have television than indoor plumbing.³ These televisions are on and watched by adults and children for hours and hours per week. One study, performed in the mid-sixties, found that children in the primary grades averaged between 15 and 25 hours per week in front of the tube, older children averaged 25 hours, and high school students between 12 and 14 hours.⁴ For the first quarter of 1979, the average American home had a television on for seven hours and four minutes per day!⁵

There is an additional consideration about the nature of television, and this concerns the multiple functions that it performs. It does not just provide us with fictional drama, but with information about events in the world, including sports. As Daniel Schorr wrote in an article in Esquire:

The often humdrum real world must compete, on unequal terms, with the excitement of the made-up world. The two worlds unfold, in bewildering proximity, on the same screen, using many of the same techniques. Generally, reality loses. Sometimes the news is exciting enough--a President slain or driven from office--to rival fiction, and then it may merge, in the minds of many, with all the other thrilling dramas on the same channels. To add to the confusion, the department of make-believe draws some of its plots from the stockpile of reality and re-enacts them with stunning realism.⁶

Therefore, though violence in and out of sports is not new in fiction or in reality, its transmission through the medium of television is relatively new. Television has now been with us long enough for some research on its impact to have accumulated. It is on the particular impact of televised violence and its relationship to athletic behavior that I ultimately will focus in this paper. First, however, I will describe the leading psychological theories which apply to televised violence in general. Then I'll give examples of some of the research that has been done, and the major conclusion that has been drawn. Finally I'll consider the particular problem of televised sports violence, and some implications.

The theories. There are basically two competing positions on the issue of televised violence. The first is called the "catharsis hypothesis." It dates back to Aristotle, who speculated that when an audience witnesses a drama, it "purges" itself of feelings of grief, fear, or pity. More recently, Freud, and more recently yet, Lorenz, have employed variations of the catharsis hypothesis to argue for socially acceptable outlets for what they believe is an innate instinct of aggression. Applied to watching violence on television, the hypothesis asserts that the witnessing of violence or aggression is in fact the vicarious experiencing of aggression, and this vicarious experiencing of aggression makes the angry person less angry, and thus less likely to behave in violent ways. Lorenz sees catharsis as the primary value of sport, and, as such, sees sport as one of the ways we might avoid destroying ourselves. He writes, near the conclusion of his book On Aggression, that "While some early forms of sport, like the jousting of medieval knights, may have had an appreciable influence on sexual selection, the main function of sport today lies in the cathartic discharge of aggressive urges."⁷

The contending theory, which has been referred to as the "activation hypothesis," argues just the opposite: that the witnessing of violence, on television or in a movie, activates the individual in such a way as to make that person more, not less, likely to behave violently. It is based on the process of "modeling," and stems from work done in psychology by social learning theorists.

The evidence. There have been three major types of psychological research on this topic: laboratory studies, correlational field studies, and experimental field studies. The laboratory studies have been performed in controlled settings, with experimental and control groups undergoing the same experience with the exception of what psychologists call the "manipulated independent variable" (or, sometimes, variables). For example, in one such study, hospital attendants, high school boys, and young women were tested. Half of those in each group watched violent scenes from a film (the knife fight scene from the movie Rebel Without a Cause) on a television screen, and the other half watched a film of adolescents involved in constructive play (thus the particular film they saw was the independent variable). Both before and after seeing the film, both groups had participated in an experiment which ostensibly

required the administration of electric shock to someone who made errors on a learning task. There were no differences between the groups in their administration of shocks before seeing the film. But after seeing the film, for all three groups of subjects, those who saw the violent film administered stronger electric shock than did those who saw the non-violent film.⁸

In a typical correlational study, a large number of adolescents are asked their television viewing habits. Their preference for television violence is tabulated, using a violence viewing index that has been developed. At the same time, they are also asked questions about their own behaviors, including such questions as whether or not they have been in any fights at school, and questions about how they would respond to hypothetical conflict situations. Typically these studies have shown a positive relationship between the tendency to prefer violence on television and one's own experienced levels of violence. These data, being correlational, do not necessarily indicate a causal relationship between viewing violence and being violent.⁹

Finally, the experimental field studies attempt to combine the naturalistic approach of the correlational study with the advantage of experimental control. One such study was performed on 97 preschool children who were enrolled in a nine-week summer nursery program that was established for the study. The children were randomly assigned to one of three groups, and their television watching was controlled over the nine weeks. Some saw aggressive programs (such as Batman and Superman cartoons), some saw neutral programs, and some saw prosocial programs (such as Misterogers' Neighborhood) which emphasized such prosocial themes as cooperation and sharing. Each child was observed for five minutes three times each day, and his behavior scored in the categories of aggression, prosocial interpersonal behavior, persistence, self-control, and regression. The children who viewed aggressive programming were more likely to behave aggressively in interpersonal situations than those who viewed neutral or prosocial television.¹⁰

The literature is too extensive to summarize all the studies that have now been performed. A careful reading of this literature indicates, however, that there is very little evidence for the catharsis hypothesis, at least as far as television is concerned. Most psychologists would agree with the conclusion drawn by Robert Liebert, John Neale, and Emily Davidson in their book The Early Window: Effects of Television on Children and Youth. They write: "The evidence gives little support for the idea that observing violence drains off aggressive impulses, making observers less likely to be violent. Indeed, the data suggests a possibility directly opposite to the catharsis hypothesis--that watching aggression may have an instigating effect."¹¹ There is one additional factor that should be stressed in looking at the conclusion drawn from this literature: the research has shown consistently that when televised violent behavior is rewarded, or when it is made to seem justified, the effect on the young viewer is even greater (that is, he or she is even more likely to behave in an aggressive manner that "models" the person observed).¹²

The implication for sports. If we accept the evidence for the activation hypothesis as compelling, as I believe we should, and abandon the catharsis hypothesis as lacking in evidence, then we can assume, among other things, that young people who observe professional athletes behaving violently will increase their own violent behavior. Similarly, we can assume that youngsters who view professional athletes behaving childishly, or with poor sportsmanship, are likely to imitate those behaviors. This will be especially true if those they observe are rewarded for their behavior, either in the contest itself (by increasing their chances of winning) or, for example, by receiving the praise

and admiration of media and fans.

There are many reasons to believe that this is precisely what has happened. In the case of football, a recent series of articles by John Underwood in *Sports Illustrated* convincingly demonstrated the increase in such tactics as head-butting and spearing among young players.¹³ In August 1978, Underwood predicted, based on previous evidence, that the forthcoming season would include: injuries to a million high school players at approximately 20,000 schools; injuries to 70,000 college players at more than 900 schools; a 100% casualty rate (at least one injury for every player) in the National Football League. As he saw it: "Players learn dangerous techniques like butt-blocking and butt-tackling in the littlest of leagues, where coaches imitate things they have seen or been taught at higher levels. Collegians imitate pros, high schoolers imitate collegians."¹⁴ This is precisely my point, though I would put it a bit differently. I'd say collegians, high school athletes, and younger athletes all imitate the professionals, indirectly through one another as Underwood claims, but also directly due to their easy accessibility on television. As I've indicated, football is on the tube, the tube is on, and isolated camera instant replays provide a powerful teaching technique.

Football is not the only sport where younger athletes (and, for that matter, older athletes) are modelling the pros. Bent hoops on playgrounds all over America remind us of the ongoing efforts to emulate slam dunking pros like "Dr." Julius and his straight-from-the-high-school-to-the-pros teammate, Darrell ("The Gorilla") Dawkins. Similarly, one can see little league baseball players arguing with umpires and throwing helmets and tantrums like their favorite stars. Even more troubling, one can see "adult" little league managers, often parents, throwing their helmets and their tantrums like their favorite managers. When Jonathan Brower, a California sociologist, observed over 200 hours of little league baseball, he saw "occasional fist-fights and more frequent shoving matches between opposing managers." In addition, he noted that: "Managers charged umps during games by standing at close range to them and yelling and stamping their feet in the classic Leo Durocher-Billy Martin pose."¹⁵ John McEnroe has provided us with the sobering realization of what happens when a tennis player grows up with the sportsmanship of Jimmy Connors and Ilie "Nasty" Nastase as his guide.

I think there can be no doubt that the problems trickle down from the pros. There is no catharsis, there is the modeling of talented, extremely well-paid, often violent, and often immature professional athletes. Where can one look for solutions? It seems to me the only real ones lie in the hands of those who make the rules, and those who enforce them. If part of the modeled message were that the rules would not allow such behaviors, and that the infractions would be consistently and harshly dealt with, then professionals and amateurs, players and coaches, would learn that it doesn't pay to let one's aggression get out of control. The message would be clear: such behavior loses yardage, points, games, or even can deprive one of the opportunity to participate.

But this is not so easy, for who makes the rules, and who hires those who enforce the rules? The owners. And, despite their attempts to foster the image of benevolent paternalism, the owners are in it primarily for profit (paternalistic, yes; benevolent, no). Therefore, as long as they are convinced that violence is what the fans want, that hockey should have fights, and that basketball should have "enforcers," then that is what the rules will allow, and that is the way the officials will call the games. Consider the words of John Ziegler, who was recently appointed president of the National

Hockey League (by the owners of the various clubs): "I do not find it unacceptable in a game where frustration is constant, for men to drop their sticks and gloves and take swings at each other. I think that kind of outlet is important for players in our games."¹⁶

As Ziegler's comments demonstrate, it is unlikely that the owners, whose primary motivation is profit, voluntarily will encourage a significant reduction in violence. There is a greater possibility, however, that economic pressures, brought about by lawsuits over injuries, will lead to changes in the level of violence in sports. There is evidence that this is exactly what is happening. Liability insurance costs for athletic programs in public schools have soared--in the past four years these have increased more than 300% in elementary schools, high schools, and junior colleges--and, as a result, some school districts have curtailed or eliminated athletic programs. Similarly, the increasing number of suits at the professional level led Underwood to write:

When a business ethic takes over a sport, sport adapts. It is not the other way around. In business, you take your grievances to court, not to the locker room.¹⁷

Or, as Dr. Kenneth Clarke, a professor of physical education at the University of Illinois, puts it: "Litigation is waking people up. Litigation will be the cause of change."¹⁸ The recent court decision to award Rudy Tomjanovich, the National Basketball Association player who suffered extensive injuries when hit in the face by an opposing player, \$3.3 million, \$600,000 more than he had sued for, indicates that the courts are attempting to play a role in reducing violence in sports.¹⁹

Hopefully, they will be successful. For unless there are changes, our professional athletes will continue to be gladiators playing in coliseums, injuring themselves and each other at an alarming rate, all in televised living color and slow motion replays. At the same time, the more our children watch them "play"--and I use the term loosely--the more they will convert their own playful athletic endeavors into those that are dangerous to themselves and their "playmates."

¹Allen Gutman, From Ritual to Record: The Nature of Modern Sports (New York: Columbia Univ. Press, 1978), p. 120

²John Underwood, "Punishment is a Crime," Sports Illustrated, August 12, 1978, p. 54.

³Alberta Engrall Siegall, "Preface," in Robert M. Liebert, John M. Neale, and Emily S. Davidson, The Early Window: Effects of Television on Children and Youth (New York: Pergamon Press, 1973), p. ix.

⁴Liebert, p. 9. ⁵In These Times, June 6-12, 1979.

⁶Daniel Schorr, "Is There Life After T.V.?" Esquire, October, 1977, p.106.

⁷Konrad Lorenz, On Aggression (New York: Harcourt, Brace and World, 1963), pp. 271-272.

⁸Liebert, p. 59. ⁹*Ibid.*, pp. 73-81. ¹⁰*Ibid.*, pp.84-87

¹¹*Ibid.*, p. 48.

¹²Leonard Berkowitz, "The Effects of Observing Violence," in Elliot Aronson, Ed., Readings About the Social Animal (San Francisco: W. H. Freeman, 1973), pp. 197-209

¹³John Underwood, "An Unfolding Tragedy," Sports Illustrated August 14, 1978; "Punishment is a Crime," Sports Illustrated, August 21, 1978; "Speed is All the Rage," Sports Illustrated, August 28, 1978.

¹⁴Underwood, August 14, p. 75.

¹⁵Jonathan J. Brower, "Little League Baseballism: Adult Dominance in a 'Child's Game,'" in Rainer Martens, Ed., Joy and Sadness in Children's Sports (Chicago, Ill.: Human Kinetics Publishers, 1978), p. 47.

¹⁶Michael D. Smith, "Hockey Violence: Interring Some Myths," in William Straub, Ed., Sport Psychology: An Analysis of Athlete Behavior (Ithaca, NY: Movement Publications, 1978), p. 141.

¹⁷Underwood, August 14, 1978, p. 70.

¹⁸Underwood, August 28, 1978, p. 38.

¹⁹Washington Post, August 19, 1979, p. F7.

When considering the entire body of economic thought, I envision an eclectic collection of schools of thought. These schools overlap in places so that sometimes they cannot be distinguished from one another, and at other times they diverge so greatly that one might wonder how they could be considered branches of the same body. Some of the schools that come to mind are: the Neo-Ricardians, who draw on the work of the famous nineteenth century economist David Ricardo; the Keynesians, followers of Keynes; the Marxists, who adopt the analytical approach developed by Karl Marx; the institutionalists, in the tradition of Thorsten Veblen; and, finally, the Neo-Classical School, which houses such diverse company as Milton Friedman and Paul Samuelson. This by no means exhausts the list.

In each of the above mentioned schools social conflict plays a different role. This makes for an unwieldy subject, and a subject which I am ill-equipped to handle, since I am only superficially acquainted with most of those schools mentioned. Instead, I will undertake a less ambitious task: I will focus on the role of social conflict in the two schools I am most familiar with, the Neo-Classical School and the Marxist.

These two schools are particularly appropriate for comparison, since they lie at opposite extremes of the body of economic thought in their treatment of social conflict. On one extreme, the Neo-Classical theory almost completely disregards social conflict. Where it does consider conflict, that conflict quickly leads to a resolution, an equilibrium where there are no conflicting forces to move from that position. This is true not only for the static theory, but also for the dynamic theory, where the economy is pictured as moving along an equilibrium growth path, again devoid of conflict that would move it from that path.

Marxist theory, on the other extreme, is founded on social conflict. It views the economy as constantly changing, in a perpetual condition of dynamic disequilibrium. Resolutions may be reached, but they are of a temporary nature. The focus is on change itself, and the analytical problem is to uncover the conflicting forces that come together to produce the observed changes.

One might wonder how such different paradigms, or scientific world-views, could be fruitfully compared. After all, the Neo-Classical theory confines itself to a very narrowly defined "economic" dimension, while the Marxist approach is multi-dimensional. While this may be true, there are important areas of overlap, where the two schools are at least attempting to explain the same set of phenomena. To postpone zooming off into the stratosphere, perhaps we should first examine some of this common terrain.

One place of mutual concern is the marketplace, where buyers and sellers meet for the purpose of exchange. Both schools of thought see the market as a central social institution that links human beings from many scattered places. For example, standing on my own two feet here at Guilford College, I am connected to people in Italy and England, for on my feet I wear shoes that were produced by Italian laborers in a factory owned by a London-based corporation. This came about through the act of exchange. I paid money in exchange for these shoes. Both theories see the market as important, and both see as a central issue the explanation of what determines price, or the ratio at which commodities exchange for money on the market.

In an immediate sense, looking at the immediate causes of the day

to day fluctuations of price, both theories are in agreement. Both see market price as fluctuating due to the conflicting forces of supply and demand. When more of a commodity is being offered for sale than is being demanded at a given price, there will be a tendency for the force of supply to drive down the price of the commodity. It is just the reverse when demand exceeds supply at a given price. Both theories recognize the law of supply and demand as a fundamental law of markets.

It should be pointed out that two types of conflicts are being resolved in price changes. One perpetual conflict is between buyers and sellers, where buyers will be trying to get the lowest possible price and sellers will try to fetch the highest possible price. But in a situation of excess demand, buyers will be pitted against each other for a limited quantity supplied, and in a situation of excess supply, sellers will be pitted against one another to make sales in a buyer's market. These conflicts lead to price change, which temporarily resolves the conflict. Both theories agree on the immediate causes of short-run price fluctuations. Neither theory quarrels with the law of supply and demand.

Where they do part company is on the question of value--what determines the average price around which the day to day prices fluctuate. Supply and demand may explain the movement of prices above or below a certain level, but it cannot explain what determines that level, or why we observe prices gravitating toward certain average prices. The value question must explain what governs supply and demand.

Before launching into a comparison of the two theories of value, it will be helpful to distinguish among three dimensions of value: "use value," "exchange value," and "labor value."

"Use value" is the satisfaction or gratification of need that an item produces. It should be recognized that this dimension of value is purely subjective, dependent on the desires of the human subject; for the same item, its use value will differ from subject to subject and from time to time for the same subject. For example, as an Alabamian I have a very different appreciation (use value) of cornbread and turnip greens than Charlotte, who is a New Yorker, while Charlotte has a different use value associated with blintzes. She happens to get a larger charge out of cornbread and turnip greens, and I go into fits of ecstasy over blintzes, which she considers quite ordinary.

"Exchange value" is the ratio at which commodities tend to exchange on the market. In money terms, it is the average price, the amount I had to pay for the shoes. Exchange value is what both theories attempt to explain.

"Labor value" is the amount of human labor needed to produce an item. This will crucially depend on the material conditions of production, the techniques used, and the relative availabilities of any natural resources that are required for its production. Consider coal. The labor value of a bushel of coal will be relatively low if there are high quality coal deposits near the surface. Under these conditions large amounts of coal can be extracted using very little human labor. In contrast, consider the situation where surface deposits have been exhausted and the only remaining deposits are deep under the mountains. It will require a greater expenditure of human labor (living labor in the form of miners and embodied labor in the form of machines) to extract a bushel of coal. The labor value of coal is higher in the second case than in the first.

The Neo-Classical theory of value sees exchange value as ultimately determined by use value. Natural resources, labor, and machines are taken as

given at the moment in time, and the consumers casting their given dollar votes on the market determine what is produced and the price. If, for example, consumers all of a sudden desire wood stoves, more dollar votes will be cast for wood stoves at the earlier price than there are wood stoves available. This action will drive the price of wood stoves up. Firms will see that there are excess profits being made (due to the dollar votes being cast) and they will pull more resources into stove-making as a response. Given that those resources are scarce, the new equilibrium price will be higher than the old, reflecting the change in use value of wood stoves. Note that the active force is the idea in people's heads about the usefulness of the item. The amounts of money they have to spend is assumed given; the firms respond to their demands in a given manner, combining given resources to meet the wishes of consumers.

It should also be noted that a form of conflict, competition between firms, erodes excess profits and is responsible for supply following demand. The focus, however, is on the resolution of this conflict, the equilibrium state that is achieved after excess profits have been eroded away. Moreover, the resolution of this temporary conflict is for the social good, the satisfaction of the society of consumers. This view of the market process, where use value governs the movement of demand and supplies follow the demand, is frequently called upon to justify the existence of our "free market" system.

Karl Marx would say, "No, exchange value is not determined by ideas originating in people's heads. To understand what governs supply and demand we must first examine the material conditions under which items offered for sale are produced. We must look at the other side of the problem first--the labor process."

Markets have existed to a greater or lesser extent over the entire course of human history, but the material conditions of production have changed dramatically from age to age and from society to society. The law of supply and demand, a basic law of markets, is relevant whenever and wherever markets have become established; but the forces governing supply and demand have differed depending on the particular way production has been organized. The relative amounts of money people have cannot be assumed as given, but will differ depending on the established production relations of a particular age. Likewise, the natural resources, the technologies introduced, and the motivations of producing units cannot be taken as given for all time, but will depend crucially on the dominant organization of production of the society in question.

For example, under slavery the demand structure is quite different from that of capitalism. The laborers in one case do not receive a money income from their work and so have no dollar votes to cast, whereas under capitalism the workers do receive a money wage. Furthermore, it has been shown by Eugene Genovese and other historians of Southern slavery that Southern planters were extremely limited in the technologies that they could successfully introduce. Horses, for instance, could not withstand the abuse that slaves inflicted, so much slower mule-power was adopted. The light, sharp hoe that was predominantly used in Northern agriculture was found to be fragile in the hands of slaves. A much heavier, more durable hoe was adopted by Southern planters. [See Eugene Genovese, Roll Jordan Roll (New York: Random House, 1972).] The forces governing demand and supply are different under slavery than under capitalism.

Under capitalism, the demand structure is determined by the conflict between profit shares and wages; these relative shares and their further distribution cannot be taken as given but will change over time. Likewise, conflict between capital and labor for relative shares, and conflicts between capitalists

over the splitting up of profits, will create a drive, peculiar to capitalism, to introduce machines instead of men in the work process, thereby governing the conditions of supply.

Changes in exchange value under capitalism will result not from a change of ideas in people's heads, but from changes in the structures of production which will govern the movements of supply and demand. Any resolution, from the Marxist perspective, will be temporary not because ideas in people's heads are so subject to change, but because the social conflicts in capitalism will constantly undermine the conditions of equilibrium.

All that has been attempted here has been to examine the role of social conflict in two different theories of market exchange. In summary, the Neo-Classical theory almost completely disregards social conflict, and where it does take conflict into account, it is in the limited respect of conflict between firms. This conflict is seen as quickly resolving itself, and the equilibrium outcome results in a social good being achieved: the satisfaction of consumer wants. The Marxist theory, in contrast, founds itself on the conflict between classes that is inherent in the production of the items offered for sale. The forces governing supply and demand will differ from age to age depending on the nature of the central conflict of that age.

I have intentionally confined myself to limited terrain. All I have touched on is how social conflict enters into the explanation of exchange value in two schools of economic thought. I hope that this will provide us with a firm starting point for discussion of some of the broader ranging scientific, political, and ethical ramifications of these two different treatments of social conflict.

When we ask questions concerning conflict and conflict resolution in international politics, we are really asking questions about war and peace: What are the origins of war? What are the bases of peace? How we answer the first question should provide some essential clues for finding the answer to the second, if indeed an answer may be found.

In his nineteenth-century treatise On War, Prussian General Karl von Clausewitz affirmed that "War is only a continuation of state policy by other means," that is, by means other than diplomacy. Moreover, and more specifically, "The war of a community, of entire nations and particularly civilized nations," he claimed, "is always called forth by a political motive in a political situation." War "is, therefore, a political act....It is not merely a political act," however, "but a political instrument...." If war is both a political act and a political instrument, then, given von Clausewitz's understanding of politics and policy, war is a product of, or at least a reflection of, a political choice: "War is not a pastime; not a mere passion for venturing and winning; not the work of free enthusiasm; it is a serious business for a serious object....[For] policy has declared the war....[It] is the intelligent faculty, and war is its instrument, not the reverse."¹

Von Clausewitz is quite definite about the origin of war: the origin of war is state policy. He is, however, silent on the question of the bases of peace. Nonetheless, his formulation of the nature of war does indicate that there may be two general approaches to preventing war and maintaining or establishing peace.

The first approach to war prevention focuses upon war as the instrument of policy. If war is, indeed, an instrument of policy, then it should be possible for the would-be peacekeeper to create conditions under which the instrument ceases its appeal. This approach lies at the heart of all doctrines of military deterrence, and it is what concerns us most about SALT II today when we ask whether the treaty will measurably alter the risk the Soviets should consider in any contemplated engagement of American vital interests. From this perspective, the arms limitation agreement ideally should act to stabilize the Soviet-American "balance of terror" at its present level in the on-going cold war without unseizing the hands hovering over the launch buttons on either side of the divide. Deterrence strategies, however, have not always been so narrowly conceived. They have also underpinned the classical, multi-state doctrine of the balance of power which afforded an approximation to world order before the First World War, as well as the collective security doctrine of the League Covenant and United Nations Charter which logically perfected, while morally challenging, the strategic linking of balance of power advocates.

The second general approach, on the other hand, concentrates upon what von Clausewitz called the "intelligent faculty"--policy: Solve the issues of policy that give rise to war, then war will be nipped in the bud. In contrast to the former approach that centers on the prevention of the act of war, this second approach claims to be concerned in its various manifestations with removing the very problem of war from center stage, if not with obliterating it completely from the general life of international society. Thus within this broad approach we may find numerous theories about the bases of peace, from the functionalist doctrines of liberal internationalists like David Mitrany and the

more rigidly narrow Marxist ruminations on imperialism and war, to what is my immediate subject: the pacific settlement approach to peace.

The pacific settlement doctrine--unlike the simple principle that all international tensions ought to be resolved peacefully--rests upon very definite, though limited, propositions about the origins of war and the bases of peace. These propositions were enunciated and developed particularly in conjunction with the two Hague Conferences of 1899 and 1907 and with the framing of the Covenant of the League of Nations; they were carried over into the United Nations Charter in 1945 and today live a natural--or if you prefer unnatural--life in liberal circles despite the morbidity of that once hopeful organization.

With von Clausewitz the doctrine of pacific settlement assumes that war is the continuation of state policy by other means. But the advocates of the doctrine have gone a step further to assert that wars have their origin in foreign policy disputes between states which are, moreover, amenable to pacific processes of arbitration, conciliation and adjudication. The doctrine, accordingly, is concerned not merely with altering the policy bases of war for purposes of peace; it is also dedicated to diminishing the attractiveness of war as an instrument of policy, although not in the usual practice of deterrence strategies.

The doctrine presumes that disputes are raised to be settled. War, then, is to be understood as a technique for the settlement of such disputes among nations. It is, to repeat, an instrument of policy--as understood here, for the settlement of disputes. "War is, therefore, not a crime of national leaders or a disease of international society, but simply a traditional method of resolving quarrels that inevitably arise as in all other societies." However, as Inis Claude has proceeded to observe, the pacific settlement doctrine looks upon war as an "inappropriate method, undistinguished for the moral quality of the solutions which it has produced, and unworthy of the character of man."² As Cicero put it: "Since there are two methods of settling a difference, the one by argument, the other by force, and since the former is characteristic of men, the latter of beasts, we should have recourse to the second only when it is not permitted to use the first."³ Viewed from the standpoint of pacific doctrine, the possibility that international disputes might not be settled peacefully stems only from a failure to seek out and pursue other means short of hostilities. The British publicist and future Nobel Peace Prize laureat, Norman Angell, stated well the basic idea behind the doctrine when he observed in his controversial book The Great Illusion (published in 1913), that "men fight when they have not been able to 'come to an understanding.'"⁴

The solution to the problem of war so born seemed to many of Angell's liberal contemporaries to lie in the correction of institutional inadequacies in the traditional processes of diplomacy. It was a view that was to be accorded a special credence in the "accidental" or "negligent" interpretations of the outbreak of the First World War. Thus, in an early book defending the League of Nations after the United States Senate had failed to ratify the Covenant, Arthur Sweetser was to write that at the time of the unravelling of the peace of Europe in August, 1914, British Foreign Secretary Sir Edward Grey "proposed the one human course. He asked that the statesmen get together about a table; that they talk over their differences man to man [as it were]; that they try to settle them by agreement and not by hostility. But no one heard him. And therein lies the whole great crime. Frantically, even as the flames were mounting, he telegraphed about Europe to this end. They did not hear, first because they did not want to hear, and second because they had no obligation to hear. They had carte blanche to plunge the world into blood."⁵ The task, therefore, was to find a way of ensuring that just such an obligation would be imposed upon the deaf in

the future while at the same time providing the means by which looming war could be peacefully averted.

Much work had already been done on this question by private individuals and organizations during the First World War before the issue was taken up by governments. For example, writing in the September 1915 Atlantic Monthly, Harvard president A. Lawrence Lowell explained the first two points of the proposals for a postwar international organization which had been suggested by the League to Enforce Peace earlier in the year. "The first," he wrote, "is that before resorting to arms the members of the league shall submit disputes with one another, if justiciable, to an international tribunal; second, that in any like manner they shall submit non-justiciable questions--that is, such as cannot be decided on the basis of strict international law--to an international council of conciliation," by which was intended political processes of settlement.⁶ These proposals were among the many influences which contributed in one way or another to the definition of the League of Nations' role in maintaining peace. In the end, to give effect to the concept of pacific settlement in international practice, the Covenant agreed upon at the Paris Peace Conference imposed a mandatory cooling-off period upon disputants and required that "any dispute likely to lead to a rupture" either be submitted to arbitration (amended later to include as well judicial settlement) for impartial judgment or, depending on the nature of the dispute, be sent to the League Council for full consideration and investigation as outlined in the rules and procedures set forth in Articles 12-15.

Thus the League was to provide both the time and the opportunity for reason to gain ascendancy over the impulse to war as the method of settling disputes among nations. Here, especially in light of the horrors of the Great War, the partisans of pacific settlement set aside von Clausewitz's detection of war's rationale in favor of the claim, once voiced by Emmanuel Kant, that the act of war lies outside the purview of reason. If in the past men and nations indeed had made resort to war a means of settling their differences, the machinery proposed for the League of Nations (and later reincorporated with changes into the United Nations) was to serve as war's moral and rational, functional equivalent. As Woodrow Wilson declared in September 1919, during his speaking tour through the western United States on behalf of the already endangered League Covenant, America's purpose in the First World War had been not only to defeat Germany, "but also to redeem the world from the danger to which Germany had exposed it, to make the world a place in which arbitration, discussion, the processes of peace, the processes of justice should supplant the brutal processes of war."⁷

Of all our contemporary fantasies about why nations go to war and how they might peacefully be kept apart or brought together, no other has been as resilient in the face of harsh experience as the dream of a global regime of peace built upon a framework of institutions for the peaceful resolution of international disputes. No other dream has so stirred the well-meaning, liberal-minded men and women of our century. No other has so often, and brutally, devoured their hopes along with new generations of war-dead.

The pacific settlement doctrine reflected in the League of Nations Covenant rested upon a very definite although limited view of war that would not survive the next twenty years without incurring serious injury: that wars have their origins in foreign policy disputes which are amenable to pacific processes of settlement, and that the reason war has been resorted to in the past as an instrument of settlement is that sufficient pacific settlement procedures have not existed. These assumptions were less in doubt at the time of the First World War than they are today, to no one's surprise.

Many of those who drafted the Covenant in 1919 believed that with the close of the war they were on the threshold of a new and better, moral and rational, age. Under the doctrine of pacific settlement then articulated, it was virtually inconceivable that within the reformed international order to be erected at the Peace Conference countries might prefer war to peace, that specific disputes might be raised to camouflage the actual motives for war, and that the actual motives for war might be of a type that only war could put to rest, such as imperialistic designs or an aggressive revolutionary ideology, or that the motive might even be the glory of war itself sprung from a militaristic spirit. Should the nature of war prove to be any of these other things, then the pacific settlement doctrine's promise of a way to lasting peace should seem tenuous indeed. Sadly, one need not reflect long upon the evidence of the inter-war years.

The Great Powers did go to war again within a score of years, and the experiences of the interwar years led to a sophisticated and more broadly gauged rethinking by both Marxists and non-Marxists alike of the question of the origins of war and the bases of peace. Von Clausewitz's dictum that war was merely the extension of state political policy by other means appeared to be hopelessly inadequate. War, it was now confidently asserted, has its roots in deep-seated economic and social contradictions, deficiencies and maladjustments. Peace, therefore, could not come until the root disorders were put right. The very creation of the new United Nations Organization having power of review not alone in the political sphere but also in economic and social matters of international concern attested to the tremendous and sometimes beneficent influence the methodological inventions of Marx and Comte have had upon our own era.

Thus far I have concentrated on some objections which might be raised against the view of war underlying the pacific settlement doctrine's approach to peace. But even if the doctrine's concept of the nature of war be granted, as well it might be for some specific incidents, the efficacy of the kind of pacific settlement procedures embodied in the League Covenant and U.N. Charter hinge upon yet another set of assumptions. As voluntary commitments freely made by sovereign nation states, such procedures assume, first, that states are essentially law-abiding entities and will, even as they are making ready for war, fulfill their contractual obligations in good faith; and second, that for the fulfillment of those obligations they are prepared to submit their vital interests to allegedly impartial consideration and will accept the consequences as determined by the forums constituted for this purpose. This, of course, raises the question: Are nations likely to act in the way prescribed here? Woodrow Wilson best expressed the affirmative position, to which Professor Hans J. Morgenthau has most vigorously taken exception.

Wilson's belief in the essential validity of these assumptions, and therefore the viability of a code of international good behavior overriding the traditionally asserted sovereign license to revert to war at will, was a projection of his faith in the tenets of liberal democratic theory as applied to social organization in a national context, on the national level. Ideally, for him, the League of Nations was to be composed of constitutional democratic states, liberated from the lawlessness of arbitrary government, each of whose citizenry would share common liberal values reflected in their fundamental laws and each of whose foreign policies would thus be subject to the discipline of common conceptions of right reflected in the mature consenting judgment of the people. So long as these states remained democratic and constitutional, their dealings with one another as a rule would reflect essential harmonies since such conceptions of right were held to be universal, immutable and self-evident.

This is not, of course, to say that this shared belief in an objective order of truth would preclude conflict between subjectively derived presumptions of interest. But just as the democratic governmental process works through this community of values to effect compromise by discussion rather than coercive dictation among conflicting subjective interests of autonomous individuals, so was it also believed that with the passing of Europe's powerful despotic regimes mankind's liberated consciousness of what is right and conscience to do it would enable the application of the democratic method to relations among states pursuing subjectively defined national interests. It was for this vision that Wilson waged the war to make the world safe for democracy. Parliamentary processes and the rule of law would then triumph as the final curtain rang down upon the age of power politics and wars at the close of the war to end all war.

Now obviously such a state of international affairs did not come about, either after the First or after the Second World War. Was it, as Wilson might protest, because the expected universalization of liberal democracy failed to materialize and with it the objective preconditions for a law-abiding, peace-prone world community? Or was it because the very idea of a functioning moral order among nation-states--democratic or not--is a rationalist chimera?

The latter position has been adopted by Professor Morgenthau, who bases it upon his now famous assertion that men and nations in international relations may be expected to act, because they nearly always do, on behalf of national interests defined in terms of power.⁸ This counsel of prudence has become the cutting edge of the so-called Realist school's critique of what is termed the moralistic and legalistic (i.e., pro-treaty and institutional) bent of twentieth-century American foreign policy since Wilson. Morgenthau has succinctly formulated the line of criticism adopted also by George F. Kennan, among others, in affirming that Wilsonians in general suffer under the "illusion that a nation can escape, if it wants to, from power politics into a realm where action is guided by moral principles rather than by considerations of power."⁹ He argues instead that, "This being inherently a world of opposing interests and of conflict among them, moral principles can never be fully realized, but at best approximated through the ever temporary balancing of interests and the ever precarious settlement of conflicts."¹⁰

An important distinction is involved here: that which must be made between the pacific settlement doctrine's necessary presumption of an extant moral regime in international affairs prior to the settlement of disputes, on the one hand, and Morgenthau's belief that a moral order can only be approximated through a balance of interest-defined-as-power system and the settlement of conflicts on terms of interest first rather than simply moral principle. If a moral world order can only be tenuously approximated from time to time, then "peace," as understood by Wilsonians, is an ephemeral concept.

Certainly the main reason why the doctrine of pacific settlement has been so long-lived, despite the disappointments of Manchuria, Abyssinia, Munich and the Second World War, Korea, Vietnam and the Near East to name a few, is that the doctrine is manifestly right about the prerequisites of peace: that peace depends upon order, order upon justice, and justice upon a universal recognition of common objective values which alone makes the compromise of selfish interests and hence the lasting settlement of disputes possible. But just as certainly, a crucial reason why the doctrine has so often proved incapable of bringing its vision of a peaceful world to fruition is that it has been manifestly narrow-minded and downright wrong about the actual causes of war. And it is where it has been wrong about war that it also fails as a practicable, exclusive theory of conflict resolution.

Here Morgenthau would step into the breach with his teaching that wars do not originate in policy disputes which unfortunately escape peaceful resolution, though some wars have this appearance and may in fact be avoided through negotiation; nor do they simply originate in deep-seated economic and social factors which give rise to hostile policies, though some appear so and may yield to socio-economic ministrations. Rather, he asserts, all wars, whatever the appearance of more immediate origins, are ultimately rooted in human fallibility. This same elemental flaw also makes the liberal vision of a moral regime of peace freed of war through reason illusory, and transforms the doctrine of pacific settlement as an exclusive theory of war and peace into a threat to the welfare of society. "The best we can hope and strive for," with respect to this elemental fallibility, "is to restrict its manifestations and mitigate its evil," Morgenthau contends. "In one form or another, we must live with it."¹¹ In the political field its particular manifestations are selfishness and the "lust for power" which corrupt while necessitating the noble conception of politics as a form of moral endeavor. They not only breed wars beyond the reach of negotiations; they also foul the very processes of moral and rational suasion which pacific settlement advocates would bring to bear upon less intractable conflicts. As a result, the cycle of crisis and precarious solution, governed by concerns of power and selfish interest and punctuated by wars, is for Morgenthau unending; for the selfishness and lust for power from which social conflicts arise are permanent, inherent, and quite often controlling characteristics of mankind. This is the key concept in Morgenthau's attack upon the various peace theories, particularly liberal and Marxist, advanced under the modern banner of scientific rationalism.

The basic assumptions of rationalism relevant to conflict resolution have been stated well by Leo Struass: "Man as the maker of civil society can solve once and for all the problem inherent in man as the matter of civil society. Man can guarantee the actualization of the right social order because he is able to conquer human nature by understanding and manipulating the mechanism of the passions."¹² This philosophy of rationalism, Morgenthau argues, "has misunderstood the nature of man, the nature of the social world, and the nature of reason itself. It does not see that man's nature has three dimensions: biological, rational and spiritual. By neglecting the biological and spiritual aspirations of man," he concludes, "it misconstrues the function reason fulfills within the whole of human existence; it distorts the problem of ethics, especially in the political field; and it perverts the natural sciences into an instrument of social salvation for which neither their own nature nor the nature of the social world fits them." "Social problems, then," he states at a later point, "become mere scientific propositions which, like mathematical and physical problems, can all be solved rationally and with finality once the right formula is discovered."¹³

The important point in opposition Morgenthau would make here is that mankind is incapable of attaining moral perfection through its own efforts, and hence it is incapable of achieving a kind of earthly social salvation from human fallibility and corruption as made manifest in social conflict. But the tendency in modern social thought is to externalize human fallibility and corruption, and thereby see social problems, such as war, solely in terms of the presence of some institutions, e.g., capitalism for the Marxist, or the absence of others, e.g., universal liberal democracy and pacific settlement machinery for the liberal internationalist. Human nature and human sinfulness become, simplistically, social conditions and social error.

The problem for our consideration is that such misconceptions of the

nature and origin of social conflicts does not augur well for the management of war, and in the nuclear age this may well prove fatal. This is far from saying that liberals and Marxists do not, in spite of themselves, at times contribute to the mitigation of the social manifestations of human sinfulness. Indeed, they should be encouraged where their policies prove helpful. But the error committed by those rationalists who elevate their perverse and often unconscious conception of human nature to the level of counterfeit scientific dogma is that, once the search is on for ultimate, rational solutions, attention is diverted from two things: first, the ineradicable corruption of man by his lust for power and, hence, of all political endeavor, including the scenario for peace foreseen in the doctrine of pacific settlement; and, second, the necessity of making prudent and often morally untidy political decisions at every point in the continuous chain of political crises resulting from the evil present among men.

To exclude the reality of evil from the universe by wish or decree in order to go about the task of constructing a fantasy social world untroubled by it is not only capricious and grotesque; in the policy maker it is foolish and a clear danger to society. "Politics is an art and not a science," Morgenthau declares," and what is required for its mastery is not the rationality of the engineer but the wisdom and the moral strength of the statesman. The social world, deaf to the appeal of reason pure and simple, yields only to that intricate combination of moral and material pressures which the art of the statesman creates and maintains."¹⁴ The acceptance of Morgenthau's position does not abrogate our responsibility to act morally and rationally and to seek to elicit moral and rational behavior from others, although Morgenthau himself comes close to embracing a kind of moral nihilism. But the advantage to be gained from the Realist philosophy of politics is its unrelenting emphasis upon man's lust for power and the use of power for selfish interests, which is the distinguishing characteristic of international power politics. This is not a counsel of despair. Rather it is a call for courageous practical action which does not deprecate the actual role power plays in the world for the sake of an ideology positing an illusory moral and rational world order. The statesman may ignore the harsh realities of power politics only at the risk of great peril not only to his nation but also to the best hope the world has for an approximation to moral order and the maintenance of peace. Conceived as a useful tool for the statesman practicing his art, the pacific settlement approach can prove to be an important contribution toward solving problems of war today. But pursued single-mindedly as the only rational and moral and therefore acceptable response to the threat of war, the doctrine of peaceful resolution will cease to be part of the solution and become part of the problem itself.

¹Karl von Clausewitz, Vom Kriege (Berlin: 1832-1834), Book I, Section 1, and Book VIII, Section 3B, as translated by George A. Lanyi and Wilson C. McWilliams, Crisis and Continuity in World Politics (New York: Random House, 1973), pp. 266-267.

²Inis L. Clause, Jr., Swords into Plowshares: The Problems and Progress of International Organization, 3rd ed., rev. (New York: Random House, 1964), p. 200.

³As quoted in Frank M. Russell, Theories of International Relations (New York: Appleton-Century-Crofts, 1936), p. 157.

⁴Norman Angell, The Great Illusion: A Study of the Relation of Military Power to National Advantage, 4th ed., rev. (New York: G.P. Putnam's Sons, 1913), p. 356.

⁵Arthur Sweetser, The League of Nations at Work (New York: The Macmillan Co., 1920), p. 9.

⁶A. Lawrence Lowell, "A League to Enforce Peace," Atlantic Monthly, September 1915, in Randolph S. Bourne, ed., Towards an Enduring Peace: A Symposium of Peace Proposals and Programs, 1914-1916 (New York: American Association for International Conciliation, n.d.), p. 148.

⁷Ray Stannard Baker and William E. Dodd, eds., The Public Papers of Woodrow Wilson (New York: Harper and Brothers, 1927), VI, pp. 310-11.

⁸Hans J. Morgenthau, Politics Among Nations: The Struggle for Power and Peace, 5th ed. (New York: Alfred A. Knopf, 1973), p. 5.

⁹Hans J. Morgenthau, In Defense of the National Interest: A Critical Examination of American Foreign Policy (New York: Alfred A. Knopf, 1951), p. 13.

¹⁰Morgenthau, Politics Among Nations, p. 3.

¹¹Hans J. Morgenthau, "The Great Betrayal," The New York Times Magazine, November 22, 1959, in Morgenthau, The Purpose of American Politics (New York: Alfred A. Knopf, 1960), p. 344.

¹²Leo Strauss, Natural Right and History (Chicago: University of Chicago Press, 1953), p. 194.

¹³Hans J. Morgenthau, Scientific Man versus Power Politics (Chicago: University of Chicago Press, Phoenix Books, 1965), pp. 5 and 27-28.

¹⁴*Ibid.*, p. 10.

Introduction

I propose to support the desirability of conflict as a major beneficial element in any dynamic existence. The presentation is directed primarily toward organizations deliberately structured which require formal managerial effort. The concepts presented in support of this position appear to be equally applicable to informal structures as well.

For generations there has been a deceptive managerial model presented in the literature. This traditional model depicts management performing the usual functions of planning, organizing, controlling and directing in a harmonious atmosphere with all departments pulling together, presumably in peace and tranquility. Whenever conflict is mentioned at all, it is treated as an undesirable condition that should be avoided or eliminated as quickly as possible so that the serious matters of the organization might continue without such unplanned interruptions. Such a model is not only a fraud, it is dangerous!

A model that is more real and one that would give the organization better chances of survival would recognize the presence of conflict, understand its importance, and include the management of conflict as the major responsibility of every executive.

The successful organization, business, family, club or otherwise, is not the one without conflict, rather it is the organization that has learned to manage conflict successfully.

Definition

Conflict as discussed in this paper will be considered antagonistic psychological relations or antagonistic psychological interactions.¹ Although this definition is broad it has workable parameters. There must be an awareness of conflict to fit this definition. If it isn't perceived it doesn't exist. It precludes conflict within the individual--fertile though this subject may be. The definition does not require incompatibilities or overt actions, but may include them.

Conflict Philosophies

We can identify three distinct philosophical attitudes toward conflict. They are the Traditional, Behavioral, and Interactionist. Of these three, the Traditional philosophy is much older than the other two and stands more directly in opposition to the newer attitude of the Interactionist. The Behavioral philosophy holds the middle ground in both attitude and age.

Traditionally, conflict has been considered a negative force, something to be prevented, reduced, or eliminated. In our culture, the pattern of conflict prevention is very clear. If it couldn't be prevented, then it should be suppressed. This pattern had its roots in the home, in the schools, and in the church.

Children in the home were--and perhaps still are--told "Mama knows best," or, "because I said so." Any antagonistic interaction with the parent probably evoked a reaction explained as "spare the rod and spoil the child" syndrome. (The fact that the wife/mother didn't always hold a position differing greatly from the children fits the overall pattern of autocracy.)

In the schools the same or more rigid attitude generally prevailed. The rather rigid attitude of intolerance for conflict with teachers and peers

hasn't disappeared yet.

In the church, particularly, dogma was to be accepted--not challenged. Conflict within the church has generally been discouraged.

Thus the combined forces of these three institutions have fostered, for generations, a negative attitude toward conflict. Thus, it is not surprising that the same attitude was carried to the workplace where the ability to "get along with people" is generally still regarded as the foremost desirable characteristic of a manager.²

Within management literature, the subject of conflict has been treated either as something to be eliminated or ignored entirely until fairly recently. A notable exception to this practice was the work of Mary Parker Follet in the 1920's, who was a half century ahead of her time.

The Behaviorist view of conflict is general acceptance. In general they seek to rationalize its existence. The term most generally used is resolution. In other words, it is there but it should be resolved.

The interactionist view or philosophy is quite a radical departure from that of the traditionalist or the behaviorist. The interactionist generally:

- (1) recognize the necessity for conflict
- (2) encourage opposition
- (3) define conflict management to include stimulation of conflict as well as resolution.
- (4) consider the management of conflict a major responsibility for all administrators.

The view of the interactionist is rapidly gaining prominence in the literature, although in actual practice it may well be much less advanced. Old customs die hard.

The case for managing conflict rests on the premise that conflict has value for any organization.

The Value of Conflict

Interactionists contend that organizations with levels of conflict too low tend toward stagnation, lack of innovation, inadequate decisions, and danger of demise. Some real life examples of conflict levels being too low can readily be found. The Penn Central Railroad debacle was predictable to outsiders but was never seriously challenged by management internally. Bankruptcy followed. In fact we can only postulate now what might have been averted had the Penn Central Board of Directors encouraged the airing of conflicting views.

A study of the conflict between manufacturers and automobile dealers back in the 50's found that conflict was less between Studebaker and its dealers than for any other major group. It would be interesting to know what impact this low level of conflict had on that industrial failure.

On a national scale, the Vietnam debacle can be attributed in large part to the absolute intolerance for conflict manifested by both the Kennedy and Johnson administrations. Minority views were given the axe in a preemptory fashion in both administrations. Conflicting views were not tolerated. Anyone who suggested that our course of action may have been ill-chosen was branded a traitor. A prudent system of conflict tolerance and management would seem to have been a tremendous value under such circumstances.

While it is recognized that conflict levels can be too low for the organizational well being, it is also recognized that when levels are too high conflict can be destructive. Thus the whole thrust of this effort is to state the case for the necessity to manage conflict.

The Paradox of Conflict

It isn't difficult to demonstrate that conflict can be valuable. The fact that conflict stimulates change and that change is essential for survival isn't hard to accept. We can quickly review, mentally if we like, several examples of essential changes brought about by conflict. The desegregation movement of the past decade is an interesting case in point. The present equal rights movement for women is another interesting case. Both involve change stimulated by conflict. The desegregation movement involved more antagonistic psychological interaction, perhaps, and more overt actions, while the equal rights movement involves more antagonistic psychological relations.

Despite a reasonably sound case favoring the presence of conflict and numerous examples demonstrating the danger of too little conflict the typical executive or manager still has a negative view of conflict. It is possible that the combination of home, church, and school training combined with the desire for the status quo is still too strong for existing arguments that would support conflict cultivation and management.

The view of the typical executive seems to have somewhat general support in society as a whole. Elise Boulding³ illustrated this point rather vividly more than a decade ago. In a controlled study, a series of groups were established to study an assigned problem. In some groups there was a deviant, an individual who challenged the consensus, attacked the dominant position, and who had to be convinced. In every case, the group containing the deviant came up with a richer analysis and a more elegant solution. Yet, when groups were given the option to drop one member it was invariably the deviant who was dropped.

Conflict and Survival

Conflict —————> Change —————> Adaptation —————> Survival

The schematic sequence above says in effect that the change necessary for adaptation and survival is stimulated primarily by conflict.⁴ A logical challenge to this concept would argue that all conflict isn't functional for organizations and that mere change has little to recommend it. Such an argument has the support of truth but it also supports the model favoring conflict. For only through managed conflict can the valid courses of action be guaranteed equal consideration with all other perceived courses of action and get support based on merit alone.

Functional vs. Dysfunctional Conflict

While no one could seriously support conflict which is clearly dysfunctional in terms of the organization's goals, a careful distinction must be made between conflict which is perceived to be dysfunctional to participants and that which is truly dysfunctional to the goals of the organization. A careful distinction must be drawn between individual goals and organizational goals. It is in this area where researchers have great difficulty in analyzing the results of conflict--especially when using interview or survey techniques that involve individual reaction.

The need to differentiate between functional and dysfunctional aspects of conflict is joined by a corollary need to classify the relationship existing in the minds of many regarding conflict and competition, also the relationship between cooperation and conflict.

As conflict as defined here means antagonistic psychological relations or antagonistic psychological interactions, competition might involve

conflict but not necessarily so. Our race to the moon with Russia involved competition but not conflict. For years the auto imports into this country involved competition but not conflict. (They now do involve conflict.) The striving for excellence between two academic institutions involves competition but not necessarily conflict.

Cooperation is a more clear-cut case. Where cooperation exists conflict is diminished. But it is possible also for cooperation to cease without conflict being a factor. In other words, it's possible to have no cooperation and no conflict either. People just simply go their own way without regard to others with whom their psychological relations or interactions might be antagonistic if they were to share some common interest.

Sources of Conflict in Organizations

If greater detail were needed the specific sources of conflict could be greatly expanded from the three broad categories that will suffice for most management purposes. Generally conflict arises from one or more of three broad categories:

- Communications

- Organizational Structure

- Personal Behavior Factors

It is important for the executive to understand conflict sources in order to manage.

In the communications area semantics, misunderstanding and noise contribute to conflict. For us at Guilford, the term "liberal arts" is a source of conflict because we don't share a common definition of the term.

Organizational structure gives rise to more complex conflict patterns. The academic departments, for instance, are in some areas considered equal. Obviously, some are more equal than others. All compete for the same limited resources, etc.

Personal behavior factors are even more complex. Differing value systems and idiosyncracies will always be a source of conflict. This source of conflict is always the most difficult to manage.

Conflict Stimulation and Conflict Management

The desired level of conflict is difficult to gauge. Within any given organization the maximum level will be controlled by the conflict tolerance level of the chief executive and his perception of the role of conflict in his organization. Perhaps an example will better illustrate the point.

Fifty years ago two outstanding leaders in automotive manufacturing were practicing two completely opposite attitudes toward conflict. Henry Ford I would not tolerate conflict. He owned the Ford Motor Company, had about 80% of the U.S. market, and his word was law. Alfred P. Sloan was the chief executive of a much smaller manufacturing company called General Motors. Sloan's approach to corporate decision making placed far greater value on competition within the company and conflict. Each operating division of General Motors had to develop its own budget and defend it against all comers. The division that could demonstrate a need that represented a higher potential return got preferential treatment for resources that were limited. A series of committees were set up to evaluate and assess the merits of competition requests. Competition and conflict were encouraged under controlled conditions. The results are obvious today.

While the maximum level of conflict may be determined by the attitude of the chief executive, the risk of organizational failure clearly seems greater

as conflict diminishes. Thus, zero conflict must be viewed as an intolerable situation, and when levels of conflict become too low it will become increasingly acceptable for management to stimulate it. The deliberate act of stimulating conflict has some favorable attributes not found in conflict with random origins. First, conflict deliberately stimulated has a predetermined origin and can be evaluated more quickly and precisely than the random variety. Second, as a normal part of the planned course of action it will require a new and more comprehensive attitude toward planning.

Conflict is essential to organizational survival. Although it is presently viewed negatively by the major portion of the public and operating executives, it must inevitably be viewed in a more favorable light. In time, the management of conflict will be recognized as the major role of the manager. The manager will be trained to resolve the dysfunctional, manage the functional, and stimulate conflict when the level drops so low that the status quo is acceptable.

Thus, the great peacemakers in organizations have a dubious distinction indeed, but their days are numbered. The one certain way to kill an organization is to suppress conflict completely.

¹Clinton F. Fink, "Some Conceptual Difficulties in the Theory of Social Conflict," Journal of Conflict Resolution (Dec. 1968), pp. 412-460.

²Garrett L. Bergen and William V. Haney, Organizational Relations and Management Action (New York: McGraw-Hill, 1966).

³Elise Boulding, Power and Conflict in Organizations (New York: Basic Books, Inc., 1964), pp. 147-148.

⁴Stephen P. Robbins, Managing Organizational Conflict (Englewood, NJ: Prentice-Hall, 1974), p. 20.

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GUILFORD REVIEW



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EDITOR'S NOTE

In our secular age it is easy to forget that higher education is deeply rooted in the church. The religious tradition is the matrix from which western learning sprang, with due credit to the Greek sources, which were themselves acculturated by the church. Guilford College was born in and nurtured by a religious community. The relationship between the scholar and the guardians of religious tradition has not always been an easy one, although in our case we have been less restricted by theological dogma than is sometimes the case in church-related colleges. Yet, we have our own latent dogma, if you wish, a pro-human, "tender" view that gives us a decided preference for the road that leads toward The City of God.

Contributors to this issue describe some of the diverse strands which create the fabric of the Quaker educational community. The image fluctuates and evolves with time. If we are fortunate, "Quaker Education" will never be clearly defined, but will continue to grope for an ideal that will forever elude us.

Hiram H. Hilty
Sebring, Florida
March 11, 1980

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CONTRIBUTORS

Quaker, s. m. (Hist. des sect. mod.) ce mot anglois veut dire trembleur; c'est le sobriquet odieux qu'on s'est avisé de donner à une secte pacifique, dont la religion théorique a été cent fois tournée en ridicule, et dont on a été forcé de respecter la morale

.....

Voilà les principaux dogmes de cette secte: après cela qu'on range tant qu'on voudra les Quakers parmi les fanatiques; ce sont toujours des fanatiques bien estimables. Je ne puis m'empêcher de déclarer, que je les estime un peuple vraiment grand, vertueux, plein d'industrie, d'intelligence, et de sagesse.

TRANSLATION

Quaker, s. m. (Hist. des sect. mod.) this English word means Trembleur (who quakes); it is the odious nickname given to a peaceful sect, whose religion has been ridiculed a hundred times, and yet we must respect their ethics.

.....

These are the main dogmas of this sect: if some wish to place the Quakers among the fanatics, let us say that they are fanatics one should esteem (admire). I cannot help regarding them as a truly great people, virtuous, industrious, intelligent and wise.

Encyclopédie (1772)

Quaker, quakeresse, membre d'une secte religieuse fondée au XVIIe siècle et répandue principalement en Angleterre et aux Etats-Unis.

.....

Ils se distinguent par la pureté de leurs mœurs, leur probité et leur philanthropie.

TRANSLATION

Quaker, quakeress, member of a religious sect that was founded in the XVIIth century and prospered principally in England and in the United States.

.....

They are known for the purity of their lives, their honesty and their philanthropy.

Larousse (1972)

The religious attitudes of the French have always puzzled foreigners. Though "the elder daughter of the Church" (i.e., the Catholic Church), France has known throughout her long history all the religious vicissitudes and trauma that passion can feed and fan. Just to list a few: the Crusades and the building of the great cathedrals, the wars of religion, the many more or less ephemeral sects and heresies that sprouted here and there (Cathares, Jansenism, Quietism, etc.), the almost innumerable orders (from the Cistercians to the Jesuits, the Sisters of Charity to the Carmelites), the numerous movements (Saint Vincent de Paul, Abbé Pierre), the newspapers (l'Avenir, la Croix), all attest a most vigorous life, but also a life full of contradictions.

Maybe that diversity explains to a certain extent the small number of other religions in France. Only two minorities, albeit very influential and active, exist: the Jews and the Protestants numbering together a little over a million out of the 50-odd million French population.

It is not the purpose of this paper to describe these minorities however interesting the exercise may be. Here, we are primarily concerned with a particular sect of the Protestant faith: that of the Quakers who, to this day, command respect and esteem in practically all quarters.

Yet, it may seem strange that the French who by nature are not given to mysticism should so admire a faith based on the dogma of direct revelation and inner spiritual light.

One should remember that the Quaker faith became known in France at a time when the French, and the educated class in particular, were undergoing deep religious changes; in fact, the whole XVIIIth century was shaken by traumatic spiritual crisis. Religion, state religion, was vigorously attacked from without (Voltaire, Encyclopédistes, etc.) as well as from within (Quietism, Abbé Raynal, etc.), and new, bold ideas (Voltaire, Montesquieu, Rousseau, etc.) were jolting the entire establishment down to its very foundations, that alliance of the State and Religion.

Spiritual crisis and new ideas contributed therefore to the recognition and acceptance in France of the Quaker faith with its concepts of justice and mutual aid. The Quakers, with their observance of a religion exempt from sacerdotal hierarchy and their rather simple manners, fitted well the image of a new order--that of democracy as it flourished in England where all aspiring French intellectuals travelled to drink at the fountain of freedom.

Those intellectuals could not fail to note the state of religion in England, the different sects and the separation between them and the State. In particular, they admired the Quakers.

But it remained for Voltaire really to bring them onto the French stage. In 1733, after a long stay in England, he published his Lettres Anglaises, the first four entirely devoted to the Quakers.

As usual, he handles his subject with wit and irony, using that pretext (a religion without priests, a religion of justice and tolerance) as a foil to attack the Catholic Church at home:

"My dear Sir," I said, "you have been baptized?"

"No," replied the Quaker, "nor have my brethren."

"How now, morbleu!" I cried, "then you are not Christians?"

"My son," he answered, in a mild and quiet voice, "do not swear. We are Christians, and try to be good Christians; but we do not think that Christianity consists in throwing cold water, with a little salt, upon the head."

"Eh, ventrebleu!" I protested, "not to speak of this impiety, have you forgotten that Jesus Christ was baptised by John?"

"My friend, no more oaths...Christ received baptism from John, but he himself never baptized anyone. We are the disciples not of John but of Christ."

"Alas, my poor man," I said, "how you would be burned in the land of the Inquisition!..."

"Are you circumcised?" he asked.

I replied that I had not had that honor.

"Very well, then," he said, "you are a Christian without being circumcised, and I am a Christian without being baptized."

(For the sake of saving space the French text has been omitted.)

A very effective attack indeed. But one knowledgeable of the Quakers sees that Voltaire did not really bother to understand their dogma though he gave an impassioned depiction of their virtues. The rest--the usage of the familiar "thou" in conversation, the hat never removed in society--appeared to him a bit ridiculous though harmless.

In spite of these reservations, we must admit that Voltaire's letters could not but inflame the imagination of the French who, about that time, yearned for the exotic appeal of the New Continent. "L'Amérique" entered (already!) every phase of life, at least at the Court and in the educated circles, and more specially that part of America where virtuous Quakers had settled under the exemplary leadership of William Penn. It is interesting indeed to note that years later, discouraged by the deteriorating conditions in France, Voltaire wrote in the article "Quakers" (Questions sur l'Encyclopédie de 1770-1772) that he would have emigrated to that land of "brotherly love", Pennsylvania, had it not been for his fear of seasickness.

The Quakers had become a legend, a myth that embodied the aspirations and the wishes of the French. This was particularly evident in the world of letters where all the new ideas of the time were fiercely debated and somehow found echo in the land of the Quakers. In fact, one of the last works by Voltaire, Histoire de Jenni, a very minor work, tells the story of Mr. Freind (sic) who travelled overseas to the New Continent in an attempt to find his son lost in the wilderness. All the while, Mr. Freind visits and stays with Quaker families depicted in glowing terms for their charity and the purity of their lives.

Legend or not, the Quaker "way" had attracted the attention of quite a few French who espoused the ideals and tried to emulate the noble people of Pennsylvania. Some even converted to the Quaker faith and we can retain the names of Claude Gay, Etienne Bridel, Etienne de Grillet, Antoine Benezat and Jean de Marsillac who gained some notoriety for their activities in France. Jean de Marsillac, in particular, we will meet later on the political front.

Other writers as well expressed their views, and their admiration for the Quakers. L'Abbé de Raynal, for instance, joined in the fight against the established French Church and, in Histoire des Etablissements Français dans les Deux Indes (1772), he presents the Quaker faith as an example to emulate: "Si les habitants de la Pennsylvanie admettent l'enfer et le paradis, c'est avec raison qu'il rejettent... l'éternité des peines. La doctrine du péché originel est pour eux un

blasphème impie qu'ils abhorrent. Tout dogme cruel à l'homme leur paraît injurieux à la divinité." (l. IX, p. 16, l. xviii, cg. 5.) ("The people of Pennsylvania believe in hell and paradise, but they are right to reject perpetual punishment. The doctrine of the original sin is, for them, a blasphemy which they abhor. Any dogma that is cruel toward man seems to them also injurious to God.")

Of course, we cannot overlook that other great thinker, Montesquieu, who seemed to have been somewhat influenced by the Quaker ideals, though he never names them specifically, while he was in England. Some chapters of his Book IV in L'Esprit des Lois reflect attitudes and thoughts that were those of the Quakers and it is quite possible he might have met some members of the sect.

In counterpoint to these praiseworthy descriptions of the Quaker way of life, we must point out this irreverent quatrain written by the Duke of Luyne, shocked by the sight of a woman whose testimony during a service he compares to the agitation of the ancient Sybil:

Elle s'anime, elle s'agite;
Puis avec un air hypocrite,
Masquant sa voix, roulant ses yeux,
Pousse au Ciel des cris furieux.

(She stirs to life, she gesticulates;
Then with a hypocritical air,
Changing her voice,
Rolling her eyes,
Shrieks furious cries to the Heavens.)

One senses here the libertine, but a libertine somewhat scandalized (hence the probable exaggeration) by the participation of a woman in a religious ceremony.

More critical still are the sober observations made by contemporaries (Lafayette included; cf. his letters!) who note the tensions in Pennsylvania "between the English Quakers, who had the highest social standing, the German farmers whom they regarded as uneducated boors, and the tough Scots-Irish, who had settled the frontier and backcountry...." (Samuel Eliot Morison, History of the American People, p. 176) and even the violence as reported by Benjamin Franklin himself (cf. letters to Colonel Bouquet, 30 Sept. 1764).

Chateaubriand too was rather bemused and even shocked by the reality. Here is what he had to say in Essai historique, politique et moral sur les révolutions anciennes et modernes (1ère partie, ch. 33, p. 179, note de la 1ère édition, 1797): "Sur la foi des livres et des intéressés, au seul nom des Américains, nous nous enthousiasmons de ce côté-ci de l'Atlantique. Nos gazettes ne nous parlent que des Romains de Boston et des tyrans de Londres. Moi-même épris de la même ardeur, lorsque j'arrivai à Philadelphie, plein de mon Raynal, je demandai en grâce qu'on me montrât un de ces fameux Quakers, vertueux descendants de Guillaume Penn. Quelle fut ma surprise quand on me dit que, si je voulais me faire duper, je n'avais qu'à entrer dans la boutique d'un frère." ("On the strength of books and that of people involved, the very name of Americans stirred enthusiasm on that side of the Atlantic. Our papers describe constantly the Romans of Boston and the tyrants of London. I too shared that enthusiasm. When I arrived in Philadelphia, I could not wait to see one of these famous Quakers, the virtuous descendants of William Penn.

How great my surprise when I was told that should I so wish to be deceived all I had to do was to enter the shop of a brother.")

Yet, these observations and harsh appraisals did not abate the wave of enthusiasm and admiration the French felt toward the good Quakers. Not only the educated class but the general public by now were very much enamoured of the Quaker image, and Pierre Béranger, a "chansonnier" popularized that image in a little song "Ma Patrie..." (1783), a most laudatory panegyric:

"O Liberté!
Règne à Philadelphie....
.....
Cité du sage Penn.
....."

Then, Benjamin Franklin arrived in France. And he certainly did nothing to change the image. (It was to pay high dividends for his country....) In a somewhat amusing side effect, the Quaker influence was soon felt at the Court and among the common people through fashion (adoption of the fur hat!) and, in some quarters through the simple manners of the illustrious visitor (the "thou," tu in French, enjoyed some popularity even among the "grandes dames").

Well, on the 14th of July 1789, the Bastille fell and a new order was established soon after in the name of "Liberté, Egalité, Fraternité," the very essence of the Quaker behaviour and faith as seen by the French. In fact, we may venture and speculate that the Quaker influence was felt all the way to the Convention (the National Assembly) which adopted the "thou," initiated some improvements in the jail system and some motions toward the abolition of slavery in the French colonies (Antilles, especially).

In this regard, La Societé des Amis des Noirs, the French equivalent of the American Abolitionists' Society, issued a manifesto -- "Adresse aux amis de l'humanité" (Paris, 1790) -- written by two noted French Quakers, Jérôme Petion de Villeneuve and Jacques Brissot de Warville. And here we meet again Doctor Jean de Marsillac, member of the Convention, who wrote about that time La Vie de Guillaume Penn, fondateur de la Pennsylvanie, a book which met with considerable success among the liberals.

We should also mention the foundation in France of a Quaker School for Agriculture, and the immigration from Boston and subsequent establishment in Dunkirk (northern France, on the Channel) of a group of Quaker whalers who had been ruined by the outbreak of the Revolutionary War. The case of these unfortunate people came to the attention of the formidable Mirabeau who took the matter in hand, and, as President of the French Assembly, authorized them to live on French soil and prosper, assuring them of the respect of all in a noble and forceful letter ("...comme système philanthropique, vos principes obtiennent notre admiration..." 10 February, 1791).

After the French Revolution and its excesses, after Napoléon and the collapse of the nation, the French did not entertain the same utopic visions any longer, notwithstanding the efforts made by the Romantics. The Quaker myth, that "grand illusion," fades too, although now and then it is alluded to in the context of a political treatise (De Tocqueville in De la Démocratie en Amérique), or in a literary work. The example that comes to mind is the play of Alfred de Vigny, Chatterton (1835).

Chatterton is a young writer of 18 years of age. He is misunderstood, ignored and very distressed. He is also loved, in secret, by the wife of the wealthy, but rather brutal and uncouth, industrialist in whose house he lives. As it happens, a Quaker friend of the family comforts Chatterton and, because the young man contemplates suicide, reveals to him, overriding his religious convictions, the love of Kitty Bell. The following passage tells much of the feeling the author--Vigny--harbors toward the Quakers:

The Quaker friend speaks:

"Que le Seigneur me pardonne ce que je vais faire.
Ecoute! Chatterton, je suis très vieux, je suis chrétien et de la secte la plus pure de la république universelle du Christ. J'ai passé tous mes jours avec mes frères dans la méditation, la charité et la prière. Je vais te dire, au nom de Dieu, une chose vraie, et, en la disant, je vais, pour te sauver, jeter une tache sur mes cheveux blancs..." (Scene II)

"May the Lord forgive what I am about to do. Listen! Chatterton, I am very old, I am a Christian of the purest sect in the universal republic of Christ. I have spent all my days with my brethren in meditation, charity and prayer. I will tell you, in the name of God, a true thing, and in doing so, for your salvation, I will accept a blemish on my soul (white hairs)."

This may well have been one of the last expressions of a "Paradise Lost" in French literature. From then on, progressively but rapidly, industrialization and global politics become the preoccupations of the day. Of course, the efforts of well-meaning people keep the Quaker ideals alive; but again, these were not to weigh much on the mind of the French as they once had. Yet let us not forget the generous humanitarian deeds toward wounded soldiers during World War I and World War II in France, and, after those wars, the same philanthropic actions to help those who had been uprooted and left destitute.

Today, more than ever perhaps, little is sacred and immune from criticism in France; not only American politics but religions as well are attacked and mocked (cf. Roland Barthes, "Billy Graham" in Mythologies, 1957). Yet, few would question the Quaker faith and every one is familiar with the reassuring picture of a portly, benign-looking man with a funny hat on a box of cereals.



SPECTRUM

Allah by name, in sheer unprism'd Light
the silence breaking: "Long ago you knew,
Confucius, of the golden rule; and you,
Siddhartha, of the eightfold path of right,
causing Ashoka to convert his sword
into pillars of peace; and you, called Son,
have lived as God would have His will be done
and died a sacrifice, His love restored.

"As Krishna promised, I assume on earth
new forms to serve new ages in distress.
How long before our followers confess
their kinship over accident of birth?

"Each shares the Light along the prism's scale;
without each one, refracted light would pale."

In the beginning was the Light, Saint John's Gospel and Goethe's Faust notwithstanding. Light was articulated in the Word and its articulation constituted the Act. It remains indispensable as a religious metaphor, re-occurring constantly in the sacred stories and the holy scriptures of the world's shared religions. That is why I cannot discuss the Inner Light without some consideration along the way of the more general symbolism of "Light."

In Hinduism, for example, the symbol of Light plays an important role. Listen to Krishna (whose name ironically has the literal meaning of "black" or "dark") as he encourages Arjuna, the warrior prince, sickened by the battle for which he has no heart:

Arjuna, by My favour thou hast seen
This loftiest Form by yoga's self revealed!
Radiant, all-penetrating, endless, first,¹
That none except thyself hath ever seen.

. . .

As the one sun illumineth the whole earth,
so the Lord of the Field illumineth the whole
Field, O Bharata.²

And the Light is eternally rekindled:

Though unborn, the Imperishable Self,
and also the Lord of all beings brooding
over nature, which is Mine own, yet I am
born through My own Power.

Whenever there is decay of righteousness,
O Bharata, and there is exaltation of un-
righteousness, then I Myself come forth;

For the protection of the good, for the
destruction of evil-doers, for the sake of
firmly establishing righteousness, I am
born from age to age. 3

An explanation of a metaphor is futile inasmuch as the metaphor has arisen to suggest the ineffable. Describing the Inner Light is not experiencing it and is probably not going to make any one else experience it. At best, some one may recognize for the first time that one has indeed had the same or a similar experience, may begin to understand the conditions conducive to such an experience and may appreciate the experience more deeply through its being shared. It is the experience that is important.

The fact that I will write about the Inner Light and you will have some understanding of what I say reveals the first of its qualities, its universality: the Light, though inner, is shared by all. It is shared by all who seek it. It is itself also seeking to be shared. It is omnipresent, waiting for a connection, as simply as electricity is always available at the turning of the switch. It lies within human nature and its source pervades all of nature. It can be perceived directly. However, in the sense that each of us is both a part of and distinct from other parts of nature, we might refer also to an "outer light," which cannot be directly or intuitively perceived but must be experienced from without and enjoyed only through its reflection.

Goethe's use of light as symbol conveys the second idea that I would express here. He has the new Faust of Part II searching for Life in "colorful reflection" because Faust cannot bear to look at the light directly. Just as the eye is not made to linger on the sun, the human spirit or mind (Geist) is not made to perceive the Divine directly. But in neither case are we left in darkness. The eye perceives the play of color (according to Goethe, a mixture of light and matter) and the mind perceives the reflection of the Infinite in natural phenomena (Widerschein des Unendlichen in den Erscheinungen der fasslichen Welt).⁴

Goethe's idea that the human being is destined to perceive only that which has been illumined rather than the light itself deprives us of the concept of an "inner" light which illumines directly.

The Inner Light is also to be distinguished from "enlightenment" (Aufklärung), with its emphasis on a faith in human reason. Kant was writing approximately a century after the beginnings of the Quaker movement, with its emphasis on the guiding force of the Inner Light, when he answered the question: What is Enlightenment? He recognized the importance of political freedom in religious matters, just as the Quakers had had to struggle for theirs in order to follow their leadings. He emphasized that every person should be allowed to use his own reason in matters of conscience, that rulers should exercise no more "guardianship" in matters of religion than in matters of arts and sciences, and that human nature requires the opportunity to grow into its own maturity, to reach enlightenment, without external authority.⁵

Loren Eiseley sees the Inner Light in an evolutionary view of creation:

And looking so, across the centuries and the millenia, toward the animal men of the past, one can see a faint light, like a patch of sunlight moving over the dark shadows on a forest floor. It shifts

and widens, it winks out, it comes again, but it persists. It is the human spirit, the human soul, however transient, however faulty men may claim it to be. In its coming man had no part. It merely came, that curious light, and man, the animal, sought to be something that no animal had been before. Cruel he might be, vengeful he might be, but there had entered into his nature a curious wistful gentleness and courage. It seemed to have little to do with survival, for such men died over and over. They did not value life compared to what they saw in themselves--that strange inner light which has come from no man knows where, and which was not made by us. It has followed us all the way from the age of ice, from the dark borders of the ancient forest into which our footprints vanish. It is in this that Kierkegaard glimpsed the eternal, the way of the heart, the way of love which is not of today, but is of the whole journey and may lead us at last to the end. Through this, he thought, the future may be conquered. Certainly it is true. For man may grow until he towers to the skies, but without this light he is nothing, and his place is nothing. Even as we try to deny the light, we know that it has made us, and what we are without it remains meaningless. 6

Eiseley seems to be suggesting the idea of a mysterious spark, that has ignited to glow and spread, illuminating all that it touches; but only insofar as it manifests itself in the human being does it function as "that strange inner light," ready to be perceived, intuited within.

To the extent that it is received and reflected by every individual differently, this Inner Light, which we recognize as universally accessible, is also uniquely experienced. Communicating any meaning is possible because of the universality of its source and the commonality of the means of perception, but communications are infinitely varied because of the uniqueness of pattern of each human being reflecting the Light. The "gates of the body," as the senses are called in the Bhagavad-Gita, are uniquely carved and not uniformly accessible; they affect uniquely but do not dim the Light. The radiance of one Helen Keller affords ample evidence for this.

When Quakers use the term Inner Light they are speaking of what they also call "that of God" in every one, the source of spiritual vitality and creative energy in every human being, the guiding force of the moral life. They have inherited the symbolism of a Judaeo-Christian tradition and literature. A careful perusal of the Old and New Testaments or even a rapid glance at the index of any recent Bible commentary will show the importance of the symbol of light. It is used prophetically in the Old Testament, where Yahweh, who IS and WILL BE, is envisioned in Isaiah (60) as "an everlasting light" which will "arise" out of the "darkness" to bring "righteousness." In the New Testament, Paul, who has grown up in the Jewish tradition of an age of darkness and an age of light to come, interprets his experiences as belonging to the new age, where the "Light of the World" has already arisen in the form of Jesus and the Gospel. He speaks to the Romans of Jesus as an "armor of Light" (Rom. 13:12), to the Thessalonians of the followers of Jesus as the "sons of light" (Thess. I. 5:5) and to the Colossians as "partakers of the inheritance of the saints in light" (Col. 1:12). This symbol of light appears frequently also in Matthew and John. It has remained as symbol in the Catholic churches and the Protestant denominations. For centuries it has filtered through the vessels of the priests, the illuminated manuscripts of the monks, the stained glass and mosaics of the artisans, the ministrations and messages of the missionaries and ministers of the Gospel and, especially since Luther, through the interpretations of "the priesthood of all believers."

Quakerism arose as one of the Seventeenth Century sects which began

to seek for answers to religious questions in the spiritual endowment of the human being with direct access to the Light within the self and in communion with other persons having their individual spiritual resources. The Inner Light became one of many terms used by the Quakers to describe the "fact of God known and working within them." 7 George Fox discovered in his own seeking that an answer could be addressed to his spiritual condition without any external mediation, with no outer sanction of institutions, sacraments, priests or holy books. This direct answer from within he called "the divine Light of Christ" and said that it could be recognized and communicated among its children:

Now the Lord God opened to me by His invisible power that every man was enlightened by the divine Light of Christ, and I saw it shine through all; and that they that believed in it came out of condemnation to the Light of Life, and became children of it; but they that hated it, and did not believe in it, were condemned by it, though they made a profession of Christ. This I saw in the pure openings of the Light without the help of any man; neither did I then know where to find it in the Scriptures; though afterwards, searching the Scriptures, I found it. For I saw, in that Light and Spirit which was before the Scriptures were given forth, and which led the holy men of God to give them forth, that all, if they would know God or Christ, or the Scriptures aright, must come to that Spirit by which they that gave them forth were led and taught. 8

The uniqueness with which this is experienced, mentioned earlier, is assumed in a delightful conversation imagined by Jan de Hartog between George Fox and Margaret Fell at their first meeting:

He smiled. "I am sorry I gave the impression of boorishness, Margaret Fell. The fact that I failed to rise and bow is part of my testimony."

She knew that if she wanted him to leave she should be firm now and not let herself be drawn into an argument. But she could not resist asking, "And what would your testimony be?"

"All men and women have that of God in them, which will respond when appealed to by that of God in myself. For me to bow or doff my hat would be to deny that of God in thee. I would be honoring thee not as a unique, irreplaceable person who has never been on earth before and never will be again, but as a symbol, wife of Judge Thomas Fell, mistress of Swarthmoor Hall." 9

The doctrine of the Inner Light thus removes distinctions in levels of society at the same time that it recognizes the uniqueness of personal endowments.

It may not have been the intention of early Quakers to denigrate established church creeds and practices. It was their aim to show that spiritual nourishment and guidance can and must be found directly in the freedom of the human soul. To show this they had to practice it and allow their fruits to bear witness to its effect. The only recognized early Quaker "theologian," Robert Barclay, expressed in the title of a letter, originally written in Latin, the urgency of the experience of the Inner Light: On the Possibility and Necessity of an Inward and Immediate Revelation. This sounds, as did many of Fox's critical utterances about "steeple-houses" and priests, as though, even if traditional ways of the church are not altogether wrong, they do not work effectively. At the same time, the founders of the Society of Friends were steeped in the knowledge of the Bible and the practices of the Christian churches and used the familiar terminology to show their identification with Christian history. As a "convinced" Friend with a Protestant background, I was shocked when I read years ago for the first time Fox's letter to the Governor of the Barbados and recognized the familiar vocabulary, which I had not expected to be used to any such degree among Quakers. My surprise was all the greater since I knew that early Quakers gave up the use of sacraments because they

found access to and communion with the Inner Light or the Spirit of Christ to be easier without the traditional mediation of the church.

Elbert Russell, to whom I am especially indebted for his interpretation of this symbol and its meaning for the Society of Friends in various areas of the Society's history, describes how early Friends differed in their concept of the Inner Light from other religious insights represented by Protestants of the same century:

God has provided within the human personality without dependence on outward authorities the means of spiritual life, power, knowledge, grace and moral direction. The doctrine of the Inner Light, under a great variety of names and designations, was the recognition and proclamation of the spiritual freedom and autonomy of the individual soul. Calvin had taught that only the elect are given the Spirit by special dispensation, so as to enable them to believe and accept the Gospel; George Fox boldly claimed that God has endowed all men with spiritual capacity for the spiritual life and that each has within himself, quite apart from outward institutions and other human helps, the means of spiritual life, knowledge, guidance and power by drawing upon the divine source within the soul.

. . . Just as practically all power, light and life on earth come ultimately from the sun, so all spiritual energy, life and truth come from God. All Christians agree on that. . . . The Quaker contention is that man carries within the soul by divine provision all the needful apparatus for the spiritual life. ¹⁰

If Elbert Russell had been speaking today, he probably would have been sensitive to some of his wording and truer to Fox by giving all men and women the same spiritual capacity. The absence of sexual bias has been prominent in Quaker history and education. Similarly, with ever increasing sharing of the Light with other than Judaeo-Christian members, Russell might have given more attention to the forces that moved even early Quakers to find agreement with members of other religions. Although he wrote that the "Founders were especially insistent on the identity of the historic with the Inward Christ,"¹¹ he also wrote elsewhere:

These limitations on the channels of Divine guidance were not accepted without occasional protest and there were great souls who refused to be wholly limited by them. William Penn protested that all noble souls are of one religion no matter how diverse the liveries they wear [Some Fruits of Solitude]. Margaret Fell protested against thinking that God, who clothed the moors and fells with flowers, confined his peoples' dress to Quaker drab. John Woolman recognized the voice of the Inward Christ in The Imitation of Christ even though the author was a Catholic monk, and in John Huss who refused to violate his conscience at the command of church and empire. Madame Guyon [French mystic] was recognized by many generations as having heard the same "accents of the Holy Ghost" which came to them. Stephen Grellet found that underneath their robes and ritual many of the prelates of the Russian Orthodox church had been baptized into the things of the kingdom of God. ¹²

How is the Inner Light experienced today? Has the psychic life of the human being changed with the passage of time? How differentiated can experiences of the Inner Light be and still be experiences of the Light? How important are the separations caused within Quakerism by modifications of the concept of the Inner Light in our history? In one human being can the Light be experienced without any confusing of aesthetic prejudices with the search for truth? And does "religious" truth belong to a separate sphere from the truth being sought by scientists?

Before dealing with the first of these six questions I will try to answer, perhaps too briefly, the other questions because their answers are

involved in my answering the first question.

So I will start with my opinion that the nature of the psyche has not changed significantly with time, even though much attention has been devoted to its study and analysis. The discovery of the importance of the subconscious and the collective unconscious, with implications for the concept of the Light, the importance of introversion and extraversion, with implications for the natural ease with which a person may experience the Inner Light, the maps that have been drawn of the inner realm, inhabited by shadows and phantoms of our sexual opposites -- all this enlightenment concerning our psychic nature does not seem to have altered the picture of the psychic life described by Russell as "a babel of voices, a welter of diverse impulses,"¹³ or to have decreased the difficulty one has in attending to the Light.

Questions three and four should be answered together. Not only do the unique personal differences already mentioned bring about a logical differentiation among individual experiences of the Inner Light, but two influential movements in the history of Quakerism have caused a twofold differentiation within the concept of the Inner Light, resulting in two types of Quaker worship. The first of these, according to Russell, had its roots in the Quietist movement of the Eighteenth and early Nineteenth Century. It emphasized the mystical element, the immediate experience (to the point of spontaneity with little, if any, prior preparation) and stressed the peculiar customs of the Founders. The second, of the Nineteenth and Twentieth Century, was influenced by German Pietism, by way of Methodism and its influence on the Church of England and on American Quakerism. The details of the separations which ensued are not important here. The results, however, brought about in many Meetings a new emphasis on the outward authority of the Bible, evangelism and the employment of pastors. Both extremes still exist. Between them can be found groups, such as New Garden Friends Meeting nearby, seeking unity within the divergent views of the Light, with perhaps some compromising of the direct Inner Light of Fox and/or the mediated light of history.

In thinking about these two related questions, I have come upon an answer which makes both questions of secondary importance. I have been reminded of the Japanese poet, who had looked at Fuji-san a thousand times and had seen a new mountain each of the thousand times, because of the varying clouds and winds.¹⁴ With a propensity to overstate a point, I conclude that our perspectives do not appreciably change the Light.

The last two questions have been differently stated as a single question by Brand Blanshard, a contemporary Quaker philosopher, who spoke at a Guilford convocation some years ago: "The question before [Quaker] leaders was whether the Inner Light should or should not be conceived as continuous with our natural powers. Was it of a piece with our normal intelligence, taste and feeling, open to refinement with their advance, subject to error with their indiscipline, corrigible by their experience?"¹⁵ He asserts that the early Quakers, Fox and Barclay, gave the wrong answer to the question. They held the view that "the organ of religious insight might be conceived as discontinuous with human faculties, and beyond corruption or amendment by them, a spark of divine fire, a little enclave of divinity between which and the surrounding mass of the merely mundane there was no reciprocity."¹⁶ That view, he also states, has changed:

. . . What I conceive to be the voice of soberness and sanity has prevailed. Less and less is the knowledge of God there [in the Society of Friends] thought of as something piped in sealed tubes through an alien human spirit; more and more is the spirit of man himself conceived as the candle of the Lord. . . .The light that shines from above through the

human spirit, however white it may be, is bound to take on the colors of that spirit itself. 17

The way of the Light had been opened by George Fox to all persons, before as well as after the Scriptures inspired by it. Now it needed to be opened to the whole person, needed no longer to be compartmentalized. Logical principles and aesthetic values are arrived at through insight. The human being's faculty for that insight is at work in the scientist and the artist, too, who demand the same authentic experience to bolster authority that George Fox demanded and claimed in his frequently quoted statement: "This I knew experimentally." The Inner Light at this point would seem to encompass both Kant's "Erklärung" and Goethe's "Widerschein."

* * *

How is the Inner Light experienced? It is sparked both from without, through the bodily senses, and from within, through memories, dreams and introspections. With time and concentrated effort, the human being can find the conditions that enhance reflection. Inner quiet is fostered by outer quiet, both conducive to the experiencing of Light. This may resemble the contemplation of the Buddhist or the meditation of the Hindu. It may be a solitary experience like that described by Plotinus as the reunion of the soul with the One, or that by George Santayana in one of his sonnets as the "inward vision," or that by Elizabeth Gray Vining as a "minor ecstasy."18 Inazo Nitobe, a Japanese Quaker, comments:

. . .Curiously enough, the Cosmic sense, as described by those who attain it, is very much the same everywhere--whether it be by a Buddhist priest, a Shinto votary, a Mohammedan saint, a French mathematician, an American farmer, or a Jewish philosopher. Nothing confirms the identity of the human race better than this spiritual expansion. 19

In the same passage he spells out his experience of being acquainted with Christ as "at-one-ment." At other times, however, from my own experience, there are also fleeting moments in which this "spiritual expansion" occurs in the midst of a miscellaneous crowd of unrelated people, where a feeling of aloneness turns into an outpouring of a spirit that gathers all our humanity together.

A member of Japan Yearly Meeting, who joined Friends in Shanghai in 1947, describes what happens to her as she enters into a Meeting for Worship:

As I silence myself I become more sensitive to the sounds around me, and I do not block them out. The songs of the birds, the rustle of the wind, children in the playground, the roar of an airplane overhead are all taken into my worship. I regulate my breathing as taught me by my Zen friends, and through this exercise I feel the flow of life within me from my toes right through my whole body. I think of myself like the tree planted by the "rivers of water" in Psalm 1, sucking up God's gift of life and being restored.

Sometimes I come to Meeting for Worship tired and weary and I hear the words of Jesus, "Come unto me all ye that labour and are weary, and I will give you rest". And having laid down my burden, I feel refreshed, both physically and spiritually. This leads me on to whole-hearted adoration and thanksgiving for all God's blessings. My own name, Tayeko, means "child of many blessings" and God has surely poured them upon me. My heart overflows with a desire to give him something in return. I have nothing to give but my own being, and I offer him my thought, words and actions of each day, and whisper "Please take me as I am". Thus, having offered myself to him, I have centred down 20

I shall make the effort to speak from my own experience of this Inner Light in which I have faith, although to speak of it is more difficult than to seek it. Sometimes I seek the Inner Light when I have a great problem or a great need that seems beyond my control but nevertheless belongs to me. Something happens when I stop acting in this situation, seek quiet and wait for a meaning to be attached to my actions and some direction for future action. Mental activity continues at first. Frequently it amounts to no more than a question: why? or how? Then several answers may present themselves. Often I feel compelled to reject all answers. Sometimes one answer bears the authority to compel its acceptance. In all such moments, I am aware that this inner activity is going on in the presence of a sustaining energy that may ultimately replace any formulated questions and all conflicting answers. Oppressive feelings vanish. I am filled then only with a sense of well-being and of meaning that often lies beyond my comprehension, a feeling of relief for not having to bear any responsibility alone, an ability to rest in my conviction of the omnipresence of this energy, this sustaining Light, which is now both inward and flowing outward--a part of me but also beyond me. The feeling might best be described as one of lightness, in the sense of lacking pressure, and even cheerfulness. There is a German word "Heiterkeit," meaning both "serenity" and "cheerfulness," which I understand best in connection with this experience. And I can also understand the Quaker admonition to "walk cheerfully." Such cheerfulness comes with clarity, another meaning of the word "Heiterkeit."

I do not need, however, to seek the Inner Light alone. This is what to me is very special about a Meeting for Worship with Friends who have gathered in silence for the purpose of seeking together. Meditating in Meeting is not like meditating alone. Alone and searching inward, I may slip into a sort of circularity with a feeling of perhaps being caught in my own self. In Meeting, there is the same looking inward for the Inner Light, but there is also the equally strong awareness of others engaging in the same search. Insofar as I am able to concentrate on the Common Object of our search, I am experiencing what I suppose Friends mean by "centering down." The Center cannot be in myself alone, even though I look inward to find It. The others are gathered with me and I feel myself a part of them.

There is a universe within that I may enter...eyes closed...I drift...into a galaxy of light-in-darkness...or opened...into infinite worlds peopled with secular saints sought and doubted and sought again...along with me...alone...yet never alone...through a familiar forest of words (Logos?)...I do not know the name...La Nature est un temple...its perfumes, sounds and colors correspond. The Lord is in His holy temple...enter to discover no walls...pillars of light and filled silences...I follow the feeling of presences...the footprints of Marjorie Sykes from England to India...to Arjan Das...to "naughty" Nettie Bossert poking into trash for a beautiful story...to that warm face in Meeting in Berlin and those happy children's voices in Munich...belong again to that longing in la rue Vaugirard to share concerns with strangers who would be Children of the Light...Cora Worth and Eva...oh the loving voices in a carol of birds...often a David is there...Vienna Meeting and reunion with the guru of Guilford, Claude Shotts, and the Spirit speaking through Polly Cobb auf deutsch!...Algie Newlin comes walking with John Woolman...waves "journeying mercies" from Lucretia Moore to Helen and Warren Ashby for Glasgow...for Stockholm...I join them briefly in the Kvakargarden for tea and biscuits...But the Cambodians have little, I am reminded by that young presence sitting inside the temple collecting signatures for voluntary fasting...God forgive us...remembering Vietnam vigils...hearing the news: Light has caught fire...young Quaker father-husband, but more brother to Saigon, a temple-torch before the Pentagon...a witness for the future...lightning to ashes...avatar...attar of

snapped dragons in the bowl of flowers always waiting at the earthly center from the mali in Delhi to Margaret Crownfield in the Moon Room...and all the creation gave unto me another smell than before, beyond what words can utter: a cheerful greeting from George Fox released from stinking prisons...with hands from all sides to be shaken...as I return with the endless Presence...to time and the Act.

¹The Bhagavad-Gita, XI:47, trans. Annie Besant (Madras: Theosophical Publishing House, 1961), p. 173.

²Ibid., XIII:34, p. 195.

³Ibid., IV:6-8, p. 64.

⁴Goethe, Faust, ed. Erich Trunz (Hamburg: Christian Wegner Verlag, 1960), pp. 543-5.

⁵Immanuel Kant, "Beantwortung der Frage: Was ist Aufklärung? (Königsberg, 1784). See C. J. Friedrich, The Philosophy of Kant (N.Y.: Modern Library, 1949), pp. 132 ff., for a translation.

⁶Loren Eiseley, The Firmament of Time (N.Y.: Atheneum, 1975), pp. 145-6.

⁷Elbert Russell, The Inner Light in the History and Present Problems of the Society of Friends (N.C. Friends Historical Society, 1945), p. 7.

⁸The Journal of George Fox, ed. Rufus M. Jones (N.Y.: Capricorn, 1963) pp. 101-2.

⁹Jan de Hartog, The Peaceable Kingdom (N.Y.: Atheneum, 1972), p. 21.

¹⁰Russell, pp. 5-6. ¹¹Ibid., p. 8. ¹²Ibid., p. 14. ¹³Ibid., p. 8.

¹⁴From Hiroshige's Tokaido in Prints and Poetry (Tokyo: Tuttle/Matsumura, 1958) Station 7:

A thousand times at Fuji-san I look,
A thousand times I wonder that 'tis ever new;
In clouds and wind still always varying,
The whole year through.

¹⁵Brand Blanshard, "The Inner Light," The Harvard Divinity School Bulletin for the Year 1945-1946: Official Register of Harvard University, Vol. XLIII, No. 3, March 10, 1946 (Cambridge: Harvard University Press, 1946), p. 55.

¹⁶Loc. cit. ¹⁷Ibid., p. 63.

¹⁸I need to acknowledge my indebtedness to Elizabeth Gray Vining for the evocative influence of her testimony in The World in Tune (N.Y.: Harper/Pendle Hill, 1954). As is printed on the jacket, her book "might well be called a 'testament of light'."

¹⁹From Christian Faith and Practice in the Experience of the Society of Friends (London Yearly Meeting, 1972), I: 89.

²⁰Tayeko Yamanouchi, "Ways of Worship," Friends World News, No. 113 (London: 1979), p. 13.

H I R A M H I L T Y : ROSA BLANCA ORTIZ DE MORELL: QUAKER
EDUCATOR

For eight years an unobtrusive woman of mature years was to be seen in the halls and classrooms of the old downtown Urban Center, and later also on the main campus. It was during the years 1962 to 1970. Only during the later years was she able to attend the faculty meetings with some regularity. She taught Spanish language and literature, and won high loyalty both from adult Urban Center students and serious students of literature on main campus. Because her English was somewhat labored, few of her colleagues came to know her intimately, and were thus generally unaware of the remarkable person she was.

Born Rosa Blanca Ortiz-Amengual in Ponce, Puerto Rico, on April 5, 1902, she became known in the United States as Mrs. Morell, the wife of Dr. Ramón Morell, who managed the Guilford language lab for a number of years. Distinguished as was her service to Guilford College, she arrived in this country from Cuba following a long and distinguished career in that country.

The distinction of the Ortiz family was well established in Puerto Rico before the birth of Rosa Blanca. Her maternal grandfather, Don Juan Amengual Pabón, was a captain of the Spanish army from Mallorca. Her paternal great-grandfather, Don José Ortiz de la Renta, became the first mayor of Ponce, Puerto Rico, when it was chartered as a city in 1812. A century later, her father, Don Obdulio Ortiz-Paniss, wrote articles critical of the (American) colonial government and subsequently found it prudent to move his family to Cuba in 1913. This decision of her father meant that Rosa Blanca grew up as a Cuban and an ardent devotee of José Martí, while at the same time retaining her American citizenship due to her birth in colonial Puerto Rico.

In Cuba, Don Obdulio (now a widower) enrolled young Rosa Blanca in the Quaker school, Los Amigos, in Holguín. This was a crucial decision, because it brought her to the attention of earnest American missionaries who early spotted her talents and began to groom her for a life commensurate with her talents. She continued in the Friends schools through elementary and secondary school until she reached the university level. During all this time she had before her the model of able women who had left their homes in the United States to teach in the young Republic of Cuba. A born intellectual, she early decided that she herself would be a teacher, and seems never to have wavered in that decision. She became a life-long friend of several of her teachers and kept in touch with them across great distances and many years of time.

During and after her graduation from the University of Havana in Spanish Literature, Rosa Blanca taught in the Colegio "Los Amigos", in Holguín, from which she had graduated. She married Ramón Morell in 1924, became the mother of five children, and completed her doctorate in 1941. She boasted that she took out only the minimum time necessary for childbirth and then immediately resumed her work. Yet, she was a devoted wife and mother and took the deepest interest in the development of each child. She had a habit of recording the barest record of family events, and the birth of each child merited something like that of son Aldo: "On the sixth day of June, 1927, at 12:05 A.M., the child Aldo Ramon was born. !Bienvenido sea! --- Welcome!" Many years later she wrote a moving poem

giving a sensitive and accepting appreciation of each of the five individual children. She accepted and respected their varied talents and aspirations.

Within the school, Rosa Blanca was a natural magnet of attention and respect. In that period, public and institutional libraries were little developed in provincial Cuba. People interested in books followed the ancient Spanish custom of collecting their own, and every city had a number of fine private collections. Rosa Blanca was concerned to make more books available to the children in the school, so she founded the school's first library, which was then called La Biblioteca Rosa Blanca in her honor. By the time the author arrived in Cuba, it had grown to considerable dimensions and it became his privilege to organize it in a systematic way according to the system approved by the Ministry of Education.

The 1930's and 1940's were a time of increasing participation by women in the intellectual and professional life of Cuba. The ancient mold of the submissive Spanish woman thought by men to be best employed en casa con la pierna quebrada (at home with a broken leg), was melting away among the small middle class, but for many it was still a revered tradition. Rosa Blanca had certainly never even considered such a role for herself, so it was natural that she should be active in the affairs of women in public life. In her own city, she became active in the Business and Professional Women's Club, and through it in the national association. She later became president of the National Association of Business and Professional Women of Cuba. In her city she established the office of the National College of Doctors of Science, Philosophy and Literature.

For many years, the Municipality of Holguín (a more precise comparison would be county) had been growing enormously in population and commercial importance. By 1957 it actually exceeded Santiago, the provincial capital, in population. It became apparent to Rosa Blanca and a number of other local educators that the city merited a university. In that year the dream became a reality when the University of Holguín was founded. Dr. Ramón Morell, Rosa Blanca's husband, invited the fledgling institution to use the facilities of Los Amigos for night classes, which constituted the bulk of those offered by the university. Rosa Blanca was named Dean of the School of Philosophy (broadly interpreted) and taught Latin and Greek.

The Morells lived in four different homes in Holguín during the 37 years of their residence in that city. Wherever they lived, that place was the converging point for students, former students, and civic and religious leaders. While husband Ramon of necessity busied himself with administrative duties, Rosa Blanca was the counselor and mother confessor to the stream of people who came and went. A somewhat corpulent woman, never much given to physical exercise, she established herself in a rocking chair in the living room and held court evenings and weekends. They came for advice to the love-lorn, help in gaining admission to Cuban and foreign universities, to report on their successes and failures, and to share their dreams.

Rosa Blanca had acquired from her schooling and association with the Quaker missionaries a high standard of morals and ethics. She knew and cherished Quaker ideals. When I visited Cuba in January of 1959, Castro's firing squads were busily "cleansing" the country of Batista collaborators. The time very much resembled the recent state of affairs in Iran, with the population rallying around Castro in support of the executions, much as the Iranians have rallied around the Ayatollah Khomeini.

In the face of international outrage, community leaders and many old personal friends vied with one another to convince me that the blood-letting was absolutely just and necessary. It was not until I entered Rosa Blanca's "court" in the Morell living room that I heard a different note. In grave tones, she expressed her outrage and revealed the terror then stalking the homes of the hapless families caught in the web of mindless revenge. Only recently, a Miami schoolteacher of nearly 20 years recalled those days. She was the widow of an upright young man who fell into Castro's firing squads because he turned up on the wrong side in the revolution.

The natural instinct of the Quaker not to join the herd, together with revulsion at violence, created a growing problem for Rosa Blanca and Ramón and their family. They were highly visible in the city, and the revolution, which had been anti-American from the beginning, also took on an increasingly anti-religious tone. Since Los Amigos School had been founded by Americans, even though it had been completely Cuban and independent for years, the taint of Yankee Imperialism hovered over it. Never a shrinking violet, Rosa Blanca expressed herself freely on what she considered the excesses of the revolution, but the time for debate had passed. When firebrands began to intone al parodón -- to the firing wall -- for Doctora Morell, it was time for some drastic decisions. When Los Amigos School was taken over by the government in the wake of the Bay of Pigs invasion, the die was cast. The Morells made their way to Miami, and at length to Guilford College, where they joined their daughter Ilma (now Manduley).

In the Frazier duplex where they now made their home, the famous "court" was reestablished. Not only did students find their way there, but for nearly a decade Cuban exiles made it their port of call in North Carolina. She comforted them, helped them get located, and assisted them in finding jobs. She and her family brought their membership to New Garden Friends Meeting and she attended meeting with some regularity, but Sunday became primarily a day to catch up on a voluminous correspondence with former students who were spreading all over the country and to foreign countries as well.

At Guilford, she enrolled in English courses with George Cobb to improve her English. For eight years she taught here with the high sense of professional responsibility which she had always maintained. Students respected her thoroughness and enthusiasm as a teacher. She loved the Spanish language and its literature with a mystical fervor which is not uncommon among those reared in the Hispanic cultures. For the enjoyment of her family, she left sensitive poems honoring her parents and members of her own family, as well as peans to her native Puerto Rico and her adopted Cuba.

The culture gap was too wide for Rosa Blanca to be an ardent advocate of Women's Liberation in the American sense of the word. The traditional Hispanic devotion to family was far too powerful for that. As a full-time and life-long professional, she never ceased to cultivate the arts of motherhood and homemaking. She taught the writer's wife to make arroz con pollo, flan, and other fine Cuban delicacies. She maintained intimate and continuous contact with her grown children and grandchildren, and was always sensitive to their needs and potentialities.

Yet, in the best sense of the word, Rosa Blanca Ortiz-Amengual de Morell was an outstanding example of a liberated Hispanic woman. Her fruitful public life was light-years removed from that of her self-effacing, home-bound ancestors who peered out on the world through their fluttering fans and barred windows in Puerto Rico, Mallorca and Barcelona.

(Dr. Rosa Blanca Morell died in Miami in 1972.)

JOHN MOSES PIPKIN

PENDLE HILL, PENNSYLVANIA

This hill
Rears no skylined hump
But forms a flat Fox-pulpit,
Whispering quietly
Through Penn's Woods
To pilgrim bands or strays
Of that "Great people
To be gathered still."

Odd that he
Who wore his sword
Until it rubbed him raw
And gentled with his trust
The feathered phantom
Of the forest trail
Should offer shade
To insubstantiality's posterity.

Yet here we are,
Sucking as the buzzing bees
Our life-store
From these knowing trees.

WHERE IS LONELY

(To Thoreau--and Emerson)

I never went to Walden, but always
I have heard that you were there
smug in your birch cocoon and aping
the elusive loon that loved to laugh
behind the shadows of the pond and
ridicule the gospel of togetherness.

It was well for a round of seasons--
longer might have weathered flaws into
your argument. That succinct answer to him
from the cage: Why are you out there?
could have shamed him more had he not
been in his own right as much a sage.

There is evidently a double must about
existence--solitariness and sociality.
Your point is taken; so is his. There is
as well an Overness that refuses to deny
off-drumbeats and the marcher's privilege.
Farewell until I come to pay my pilgrimage.

It is hard to describe an experience of coming home to someplace you did not know existed and did not know you were seeking. For me the seeking must have begun before seminary, continued through a postgraduate internship in clinical pastoral care, followed by two pastorates in Presbyterian churches and graduate study in library science. In the university community there was a small, experimental, Presbyterian church that had no formal building and consciously tried to put the Christian faith into practice through social action and a congregation that embraced ethnic and economic diversity. The experience of that church made it difficult to imagine returning to conventional worship services, conventional sermons, and conventional religion.

Guilford College and Friends, therefore, came as a welcome surprise. Many of the things that had seemed exceptional in most churches were common to Quaker tradition: cultivation of the spiritual life, consciousness of social responsibility, respect for all regardless of race or sex, genuine concern for reaching unity in making decisions, real sharing of responsibility for leadership in worship and service, commitment to nonviolence, acceptance of legitimate uses of civil disobedience, and simplicity and modesty in lifestyles. Being among Friends, therefore, seemed a joyous homecoming.

Friends, it turns out, are much more diverse than they first appeared to be. Some are unprogrammed and pastorless in worship, deliberate in their dealings with one another, and consciously Christian. Some are more like Protestants of various sorts, with pastors, music, and programmed worship. Some are evangelical. Some are activist and liberal and eschew religious labels. "Birthright" Friends tend to find common genealogical ground with other birthright Friends, but except for Quaker business procedure there is little similarity among some groups, and even the business procedure can vary.

Given this diversity it is not surprising that a Quaker "convert" may embrace passionately one part of the tradition and substitute it for the whole, as in the Indian parable of the blind men feeling the parts of the elephant. If Quakerism had a creed or a fixed liturgy there would be some clear definition for Friends to agree or disagree about. Since there is none, each person is free to emphasize only those aspects of the tradition that most appeal to him or her. Even if one sees the tradition whole, it has a shape that is ambiguous enough to make it a kind of Rorschach ink-blot for each person to invest with his or her own meaning.

Most Friends are aware of the turmoil caused by radically different interpretations of their tradition, and many of them know that it is the "converts" who often keep things stirred up. They may view with some suspicion and alarm the eager, enthusiastic newcomer whose viewpoint tends to be partial and distorted. No matter how much one knows about Friends, or has read and studied, there is no substitute for experience. One Friend remarked that learning to be a recording clerk in a Friends meeting "only takes a lifetime." Quaker traits also take awhile to develop. For example, since Quaker business procedure requires acquiescence to each decision by virtually the whole meeting, one might expect that a Friends meeting for business would always be a place of lively, spirited discussion in which everyone exercised responsibility to express his or her views. Yet many Friends business meetings are characterized by restraint, deference, and cautious expression of opinion. Often ideas or objections will be withheld. The new "convert"

may not realize that the tradition of speaking only following a divine leading can be as powerful as the tradition of shared responsibility for the meeting's decisions. There may also be a very human reluctance, in a tradition that values harmony, to offend by appearing contentious. The Quaker business procedure seems to work best (that is, to result in decisions without disunity) when all present speak out about matters of conscience but defer to the judgement of "weighty" Friends on less essential matters.

Another possible misconception involves the role of leadership in a Friends meeting. In every group there are strong personalities who may be vested with formal responsibility for leadership. A Quaker "convert" in such a situation sometimes finds it hard to lead a Friends group that may not respond when the leader attempts to chart clear directions. Only when a direction begins to "set" or "gel" in the minds of Friends does genuine commitment, and therefore action, take place. Getting something done may be no more nor less than gently putting forward an idea or a concern at appropriate times, testing the responses, and listening for echoes. Often the idea will come back later on the lips of someone other than its originator and perhaps in a modified form. If the meeting is ready to move, an action may be taken and a direction established. Nothing can kill an idea faster among Friends than to have it pushed on them or presented by someone who is determined to see it enacted regardless of whether the meeting is ready to support it. Even if the idea is not actually opposed it may not really be approved either.

Such a climate affords an interesting challenge to strong, aggressive leadership. American society tends to reward and advance people who know how, without seriously offending, to sell themselves, who have clear-cut goals, and who project an image of dynamism and self-confidence. The name of the game is to edge out the competition, if possible without losing its respect. Friends, however, have generally shied away from competition. The whole idea of winning is foreign to the Quaker ethos because it means somebody has to lose. The Quaker program seems to be one of eliminating or at least suppressing ego in all of one's dealings. Friends, being human, do not always succeed in this enterprise. Still, the goal for Friends is to arrive at a mutual apprehension of Truth. The underlying faith is that, if the meeting is "gathered" in seeking Truth, if each of its members is receptive to Truth from whatever source it comes, and if each person avoids letting his or her own ego become an issue in dealing with questions and decisions by the group, then Truth will become clear to the meeting. Consensus may be a byproduct of the search if it is conducted in this way, but it is not the goal; Truth is. A non-Friend might say that Friends are willing to compromise in order to arrive at an agreed-upon solution to a problem. Yet many times Quaker meetings for business have arrived at agreed-upon solutions that were not originally the will of the majority because some Friend, for Truth's sake, refused to compromise and stand aside, and because the meeting respected the Light within that Friend enough to reexamine its vision until it was able to arrive at an insight that took account of the dissenting Friend's perception.

This way of making decisions, which is really a way of life, has given rise over the centuries to the development of a special kind of Quaker character and a special kind of Quaker leader, the clerk. Clerk and cleric have a common linguistic root, but there the similarity ends. The clerk keeps track of the matters of business obligatory for any Friends meeting, and may also introduce other items known to be of concern. The primary function of the clerk, however, is to be a sensitive facilitator of a group process. The clerk senses when it is time to move from unprogrammed ("silent") worship

into the business of the meeting, and when it is time to resume the silence in the course of the meeting. The clerk prompts the members to express themselves on issues, and may continue to prompt Friends to be heard if insufficient discussion has taken place. The clerk also bears the responsibility of trying to limit discussion when it becomes repetitive or irrelevant. The clerk (or the recording clerk, or both) tries to formulate a minute that expresses a sense of the meeting when it develops, and then to encourage members of the meeting to respond to the formulation. If the meeting is not in unity, the clerk may be the one to suggest what to do next. The clerk is also supposed to be a responsible member of the meeting, but he or she is finally much more a reflective listener than a speaker. Training in counseling may be one of the best modes of secular preparation for being the clerk of a Friends meeting, because the role of sensitive listener who is able to articulate clearly and accurately the feelings someone else expresses is basic to both. The critical difference is that the clerk also oversees a group process and tries to arrive at verbal formulation that accurately expresses the view of everyone (or nearly everyone) present. The satisfaction is great when, after reading a minute to a group of people who appeared only a short time before to be unable to reach agreement, the clerk looks around the room and hears each one say, "I approve."

Friends meetings, of course, vary widely in how they apply the basic formula for doing business. A meeting of older, birthright Friends is considerably different from a meeting of the Guilford College faculty. The former is made up largely of people with three hundred years of continuous Quaker experience behind them. They move without haste and phrase their statements with extreme care. Everyone has a chance to meditate (often literally) on the issues and to make careful responses. The college faculty, on the other hand, has a minority of Friends from many different backgrounds. There is no common theological basis for Quaker business procedure, although most faculty members, Quaker or otherwise, share a philosophical commitment to the process. Many people who make their living mentally and verbally are quick to express their opinions, but they may so dominate a discussion that slower or less verbal colleagues have inadequate opportunity to think or to speak. Academicians are also trained to think critically, and a college faculty is much more skilled at raising questions than it is at reaching even provisional answers; yet it can be less patient with delayed decisions than a traditional Friends meeting might be. Nevertheless Quaker business procedure seems to work at least as well at Guilford as other methods elsewhere, primarily because most faculty members are committed to it, and are therefore constantly growing into it.

The Quaker way of life expresses itself in various other ways. Friends seem to prefer on the whole to build on strength rather than to attack weakness. The idea that there is "that of God" in everyone results in an approach to change that constantly seeks to address the best in oneself and others. Threats and coercion are not tools that Quakers generally approve. As with Friends business procedures, this positive approach to dealing with others can frustrate people who are accustomed to decisive, assertive, confrontive approaches to problem-solving. It is also more conducive to "formative" than to "summative" evaluations of individuals.

Akin to this emphasis on the positive is the Quakerly sensitivity to "openings." Actions are supposed to be taken as or if "way opens," an interesting and subtly varied form of "God willing." When a non-Friend is going to do something, "God willing," he or she is probably planning to do it unless absolutely prevented. When a Friend intends something, "if way opens,"

there is likely to be more concern about whether there really seems to be a "leading" in that direction, and obstacles may be interpreted as signs that the intention should be deferred (unless the Friend is "under conviction," in which case obstacles are viewed as opportunities to testify to the conviction!). There is a reluctance among Friends, mentioned earlier, to take actions for which there does not seem to be a clear leading, even though there may be no obvious reason to forbear. Ironically, a Friend may be convinced of a course of action only after being "labored with" or "waited upon," while too much belaboring of a reluctant Friend may result in resistance and a conviction that "way is not open."

Friends' openness to leadings can make them quite flexible (unless there are narrowly preconceived limitations on the kinds of directions in which one may be led), but it can also make planning more difficult. In classic Quaker business procedure, committees do not even recommend specific courses of action to the meeting for business, although they may describe the alternatives they see and the consequences of each. Such a practice expresses a radical faith in the ability of each member of the meeting to perceive Truth in the particular situation. The Quaker way may be the most thoroughly democratic approach yet conceived. Despite a strong tradition of deference to "weighty Friends," it firmly invests each individual with the responsibility, based upon there being "that of God" in everyone, for being sensitive and obedient to the promptings of the divine Spirit, even when that means challenging authority, Quaker or otherwise. Yet it also invests each individual with the responsibility to recognize that of God in everyone else, including the authority one is challenging, and to respond to the Light within the other person.

Although Friends try to avoid theoretical speculation, Quakerliness is based upon assumptions about the nature of reality. If those assumptions are in fact correct, they should have universal applicability, and Quaker procedures should be more than merely what works for Friends. Friends do not believe, for example, that nonviolence is good only for Friends; they advocate it for everyone, quite vigorously at times. What they do not advocate as publicly is their way of living and making decisions cooperatively under divine guidance. Friends seem to have few public programs for countering aggressiveness, competitiveness, and hostility, except to accept, absorb, and hope to transform them. Perhaps, given Friends principles, that is all that can be done. Quaker literature is replete with stories of Friends who refused to go the way of the world, stuck to their principles, and transformed those who saw themselves as enemies. One of the most urgent challenges for Friends today is to help equip people--strong, assertive, initiatory, dynamic people--with the skills necessary to lead in a Quakerly way and to make their type of leadership work in a society where many people, including many Friends, do not seem to want that kind of leadership or life. How can Friends help people who are eager to channel their creative energies into ways that do not overwhelm others, but rather bring out the best in them? How can Friends help those who are not Friends, do not want to be Friends, or have no opportunity to be among Friends to experiment with leadership styles that are conscientious but not competitive?

There are signs that, amid the chaos of famine, warfare, and revolution, Americans are beginning to appreciate the importance of cooperation, restraint, and more modest styles of living. Many of the topics that have long been on Friends' agenda, including peace, simplicity, and sexual and racial equality, have become topics on the agenda of the larger society as well. There are those who are kindly disposed toward the values Friends practice, but who

need role models to support and guide them in their own living. Others recognize the need for changes, but are worried that change will destroy their way of life. To both groups the experience of Friends should be a source of comfort and hope.

Friends, whether "birthright" or "convinced," are greatly needed. Birthright Friends have the tradition and the experience without which Quakerism would be just another contemporary counter-culture movement. They provide role models for many who seek to march to the beat of a different drummer. Convinced Friends have experienced Quakerism from the outside and can often describe it more effectively to non-Friends. Despite their sometimes unsettling influence, they are sources of new ideas, new perspectives, and new energy. George Fox and other early Friends were not Friends to begin with either, but radical Protestants seeking a spiritual home that they largely had to build for themselves with divine aid. In enlarging and extending that home today, Friends are certainly in constant need of new "converts."



In Germany between 1910 and 1925 a series of political, social, and artistic events with roots deep in Germany's past came together, collided, and coalesced to give the modern world its first fully pacifist drama. As was the case with the pacifist plays of Euripides and O'Casey, war was the main catalyst that brought these plays into being; but a number of other factors in Germany combined to give the pacifist play its peculiar character--that of German Expressionism. For in Germany these two phenomena grew up together, and with few notable exceptions, the pacifist drama of that country is written in the expressionist style. An examination of some of the other factors that joined to form the pacifist drama at this time will show that the combination of pacifism and Expressionism was both logical and appropriate.

Coming out of Germany's literary past, with roots in Scandinavia, Expressionism was itself a primary factor in the development of pacifist drama. And at the same time various aspects of the expressionistic technique made Expressionism particularly suitable as the vehicle of pacifism. The first of these is expressionistic subjectivism. This subjectivism was an aspect of expressionist drama from its inception when Strindberg wrote his first plays--plays that revealed man from the inside instead of the outside. Through dreams, fantasies, nightmares, the expressionist dramatist depicts not the external world, but the externalization of the internal state of man. This subjectivism leads to two things: the abstraction of the stimulus perceived; and the intense emotional response to it, the "formless shriek" so characteristic of all expressionistic art. These subjective perceptions are of paramount importance to the pacifist. It is only through them that he is able to see the world, modern society, in the peculiar way that leads to its rejection and the search for a better world with which to replace it.

One of the first results of this subjective realization of the world by both the expressionist and the pacifist is the rejection of bourgeois values. In the drama, this is best manifested in the plays of Frank Wedekind and Carl Sternheim, the forerunners of expressionist drama in Germany. The dramas of Sternheim constitute direct attacks on the German bourgeoisie, which he castigates with uncommon vigor and a masterfully satirical style. His language expressed, frequently with excessive extravagance, the indignation of the individual over his isolation from his world, his confusion and alienation, and the emotional distress caused by his conflict with his environment.

Closely related to this alienation, and a major cause of it, was the rigidly organized life to which the German adolescent was subjected. This rigidity, revealed in Wedekind's Spring's Awakening (1891), was one of the direct causes of the violent outburst of emotion in expressionist drama. The German school and family system was designed to regiment and control entirely the development of the young, with the result that the young did not see themselves as a part of society. For this reason they frequently resorted to violent daydreams and fantasies which not only reinforced the subjectivism of Expressionism, but became the material of which much of it was constructed.

These rebellious fantasies influenced directly one of the first and most persistent of expressionist themes: the conflict of the generations, usually expressed as a conflict between the father and the son. This conflict seems to have been primarily a German characteristic and is not often apparent in the literature of other countries. Its roots in the realities of German life account for its

dominant position in German expressionistic drama. It was manifested in two main ways: the rejection of the younger by the older generation because they would not or could not conform; and the resultant rejection of the values of the older generation by the young.

The father-son conflict did not become an aspect of pacifist thought until the family conflict became a metaphor for a broader conflict: that of the younger not simply against the older generation, but against the whole social structure for which the older generation stood--the modern bourgeois state with its alliance of militarism, church, industry, and economic systems. When this happened, the rebellion of the young against the values of the past was elevated to the level of spiritual regeneration, and at this point pacifism became the logical consequence of the rebellion. A whole new complex of goals and concepts led to the adoption of new material into German expressionistic drama.

The notion of spiritual regeneration, so important to the pacifist, is also at the center of expressionistic drama. The fact that it originated as a Christian idea had an influence on the form of expressionist drama. The presentation of spiritual regeneration, as in the Strindbergian Ich-drama, comes basically from the Christian Passion and morality play. An example of this is the Stationsdrama, which, in imitation of the stations of the cross, represents the suffering and martyrdom of modern man, a technique used by expressionist dramatists since its introduction by Strindberg in The Road to Damascus (1898). Both The Transfiguration and Masses and Man by Toller, discussed below, are plays of this type.

But the form of the drama is not the only thing that tied Expressionism to the pacifist ideals of Christ. The misunderstood artist compared himself to Christ; and from this comparison rose the desire to provoke his enemy, the bourgeoisie, and to be crucified by him. However, this desire is not one of egotistical self-martyrdom. The expressionist, like the pacifist, is trying to accomplish something through his sacrifice. "The regenerate expressionist, whether converted to Christ or to activism, tries to become 'truly common': i.e. he tries to wipe out in himself whatever separates him from his fellow man."¹ It is in the suffering of martyrdom that he does this, that he ultimately relates to his fellow man.

If suffering was the way of relating to his fellow man, it was still not the goal of either the expressionist or the pacifist. For the pacifist it was the means by which he could achieve his goal. Through his suffering he would serve as an example to his fellow man and indicate his willingness to make a sacrifice for those who, he perceived, were also his fellow-sufferers. The goal of the pacifist and the expressionist was to establish a "culture community" which did not exist in any of man's existing institutions.

The effort manifested itself in Messianic Expressionism, the phase which characterized the movement especially near the end of the First World War and which even today is still equated with Expressionism as a whole. Messianic Expressionism transferred the visionary quality of Expressionism to the social and political sphere. The visualization of subconscious or existential states became the vision of social renewal.²

Thus the purpose of the artist is the same as that of the activist pacifist. The expressionistic writer, according to Toller, "must be a human being who feels responsible." He is therefore both a religious and political writer whose responsibility is to promote his views of ethical idealism.³ He performs in his art the same functions that the pacifist performs in his political action. His is a spiritual rather than a material

revolution. For this reason the expressionist, like the pacifist, is sharply distinguished from the Marxist. To both the pacifist and the expressionist, Marxism, with all its doctrinaire theory and violent procedure, was a mirror image of the military state. This perception will be reflected clearly in the plays of Ernst Toller.

The final ingredient which brought pacifist drama to fruition in German Expressionism was the First World War. Pacifist drama flowered fully in Germany and not in the victorious nations precisely because of Germany's disastrous defeat. The early part of the war saw almost complete acceptance by the German people of the policies of their leaders. This included the support of many who were later to become ardent pacifists. But early successes were turned to defeat after 1916, and as many Germans saw the foreshadowing of disaster, opposition to the war began to grow. The Russian Revolution of 1917 indicated a way out of the war through the overthrow of the established order. In 1918 the military regime of Germany collapsed and there followed shortly thereafter the revolutions of 1918 and 1919.

It was during these last fateful years of the war that anti-war and pacifist drama began to be written, read, and discussed, although not always produced, in Germany. The output of pacifist plays reached its peak during the revolution of 1918-1919. The play considered to be the first expression of anti-war revolutionary feeling was Die Troerinnen (published 1915), Franz Werfel's adaptation of Euripides' Trojan Women. Werfel's choice of Euripides' play to embody his own anti-war feeling reflects the affinity of the expressionist dramatists for Euripides' humanitarian spirit and emotionally intense lyricism. Werfel saw great similarities between his own age and that of Euripides, particularly in the subjugation of the individual to a rising militarism spurred on by the war. Euripides' portrayal of the suffering of man through war was taken as a symbol of the "unchanging essence of man," which the expressionist dramatist wanted to embody in his drama. The ethical content and mythological form of Euripides' play accomplished many of the same things the expressionist wanted to achieve in his drama. Werfel's use of this material establishes a continuity between the Greek drama of peace and the first comparable pacifist drama of modern times.

One of the first examples of a playwright who himself underwent a pacifist spiritual revolution and transformed his experience into drama was Fritz von Unruh. Unruh was an officer in the army and had written a couple of nationalistic plays. But in 1914 he wrote a long dramatic poem, Vor der Entscheidung, which indicated that he had become a pacifist. Despite his position as the first pacifist dramatist with a substantial body of pacifist plays, Unruh has failed to achieve international renown and his plays are not available in English translation.

Ernst Toller is perhaps the foremost pacifist playwright of international importance to emerge from Germany in the twentieth century. Although other dramatists may surpass him in their perceptions of the modern world and their techniques of projecting their vision, no other who has become well known outside of Germany has surpassed him in the singleminded pursuit of the pacifist theme. Most of his dramatic output deals directly with the problem of peace and war which he approaches from the point of view of a confirmed pacifist of the socialist political persuasion. Participating as an agitator and propagandist in the revolution that gripped Germany at the end of the First World War, he suffered frequent and extended imprisonment. His earliest plays were written in prison.

Transfiguration, his first play, is a lyrically intense metaphorical and autobiographical account of his own conversion to the pacifist point of

view. It foreshadows all of his subsequent pacifist plays in the combination of socialist political doctrine with Christian imagery and liturgical structure, making dramatic use of the stations of the cross. Although it is not completely expressionistic, the techniques of Expressionism are used to gain impassioned intensity in scenes which alternate in stark contrast with realistic ones. It is in the expressionistic scenes that Toller probes the depths of a soul tortured by the realities of war and achieves the subjective truths of peace and universal brotherhood that the pacifist embraces. It is on this level of understanding that Toller portrays the transfiguration of his pacifist hero as he moves from materialistic reality of the violent middle class state to the spiritual pacifist state of all humanity.

Toller perceives violence as the basic ingredient of the modern state, and concludes that the use of violence to overthrow the state will only lead to another violent regime. He believes that only nonviolent revolution can achieve the pacifist's ultimate goal, and that this revolution must be led by spiritually strong leaders. Transfiguration is the account of how one such person confronted himself, his own values, and the values of the state. The call of suffering humanity won out over nationalism, patriotism, established religious forms, and the whole complex of modern capitalistic industrialism. The suffering of the pacifist hero led to an understanding of the suffering of humanity and a realization that the use of violence can only breed violence.

Toller's use of expressionistic scenery, dialog, and lyricism allowed him to give full play to the emotional intensity of his appeal. His use of nameless characters allowed him to achieve a universal quality in his drama while it depicted the dehumanizing aspects of modern industrial society. His lyricism reminds us of the emotional intensity of Euripides, but his scenes of the sufferings of war go far beyond anything previously attempted. Important as these scenes are to the message of Transfiguration, however, they do not embody the main thrust of the pacifist propaganda of the play. They show the horror and futility of war, but these are merely the catalytic agents which set the pacifist hero on the path of spiritual regeneration. It is this regeneration and the realization that violence has become the end of the modern bourgeois state that makes this drama the first pacifist drama of international import since the plays of Euripides. And although this play may not achieve Euripides' acknowledged lyric perfection, it does achieve a concerted vision of the violence and complacency of the modern world. Toller also goes far beyond Euripides in espousing a pacifist doctrine that could never have been formulated by the Greek playwright.

Toller's second play, Masses and Man (Mass Mensch, 1920), presents an even stronger plea for the doctrine of nonviolence than did Transfiguration; but at the same time it presents a far less naive view of the ease with which the masses can be persuaded to follow the non-violent doctrine. In this play, Toller develops the tragedy of a single pacifist revolutionary woman who is caught between the violence of an established state on the one hand and the violence of a Marxist revolution on the other. Toller achieves his dramatic tensions through a double conflict. The woman, Sonia, the only individually named character in the play, despises the state against which she is leading a revolution. She loves humanity, however, and recognizes that those who stand for the state are also human and must not be murdered by the masses if the revolution is to succeed. Toller symbolizes this love-conflict relationship by making the woman's husband the symbol of the complacent, violent bourgeois class.

On the other side of the conflict is a character called The Nameless one. This figure symbolizes all the violence pent up in the masses through years of exploitation and repression. He calls upon the masses to engage in a bloody and violent revolution. The tragedy of the woman develops as she attempts to adjust the two conflicting forces through a nonviolent political and spiritual revolution which will lead to reconciliation. Failing to do this, she refuses escape at the expense of her pacifist principles and dies a martyr to her cause.

Masses and Man, because of its tragic development, manages to realize the pacifist theme more powerfully than does Transfiguration. It dramatically demonstrates, through its double conflict, the immensity of the task taken on by the individual pacifist. Sonia, The Woman demonstrates that the pacifist must be willing to make the ultimate sacrifice in pursuit of the nonviolent revolution. In the speeches of The Woman, Toller puts forth the basic pacifist doctrine of the twentieth century: the modern industrial state is responsible for the violence and war in the world; all aspects of that society share the guilt for that violence; the individual must undergo a personal revolution before a general pacifist revolution can be achieved; and that revolution, to be successful, must use nonviolent means.

In the Husband he depicts the complacency and violence of the modern state, while in the Nameless one he asserts the pacifist position that violent revolutions can only lead to violent regimes. The Masses, if they give way to violent means, become as bad as their oppressors. Toller believes that each man must retain his individuality in the Masses; each person must, through spiritual regeneration, learn how to take up the nonviolent struggle for humanity no matter what the personal cost.

¹Walter H. Sokel, The Writer in Extremis: Expressionism in Twentieth Century German Literature (Stanford: Stanford University Press, 1959), p. 157.

²Ibid., p. 162.

³Ibid., p. 146.

The vitality and potency of Quakerism is borne in the lives of Friends but also in words which sustain and shape those lives. I want to explore a cluster of such words that have been central since its beginning in order to grasp what is essential to the Quaker way of being. "Seed" and "light" are admittedly crucial metaphors but I want to show that they take on their characteristically Quaker meanings in the context of "waiting in silence." This is both something we do and also the way in which we understand what that is--both act and word. In fact, it is an excellent example of how a word is a form of life--something that expresses and shapes an aspect of our lives. Moreover, I want to show how Friends encounter God within these forms of life; our religious words are not only freighted with the spiritual substance of our lives, they are bearers of divine reality. Within such words we not only encounter ourselves and are transformed, we encounter ultimate reality which transforms us.

If these words are forms of life, and not merely signs, ideas, or rhetorical embellishments, separable from and unessential to the shape of our lives, then we need to catch their meaning as they are being enacted in actual living. To do this we will need to tell some stories. We are seeking, therefore, to get at the nature of Quakerism by exploring certain religious expressions as they come to life in narrative.

One cold morning in Nottinghamshire while sitting in front of a fire, George Fox, at the very beginning of his career in 1648, was overwhelmed with a profound doubt about the existence of God in the face of modern science. As he was sitting by the fire, he says, a great cloud came over him and he felt a voice rise within that tempted him to believe that "'All things come by nature'; and the elements and stars came over me so that I was in a manner quite clouded with it" (p.25¹). The way he dealt with this was characteristic of his handling of either ideas or situations and has shaped the Society of Friends throughout its history. While so commonplace for being so central among Quakers, we should, nevertheless, not miss the extraordinariness, indeed the unprecedentedness within religious history, of his response. Not appealing to some authority, such as Bible, ecclesiastical figure, or religious thinker; not arguing on the basis of reason; not setting out to study the issue or to explore it in conversation; neither disregarding it nor succumbing to it--Fox sat still and silent. He puts it in this way:

But inasmuch as I sat, still and silent, the people of the house perceived nothing. And as I sat still under it and let it alone, a living hope arose in me, and a true voice, which said, 'There is a living God who made all things.' And immediately the cloud and temptation vanished away, and life rose over it all, and my heart was glad, and I praised the living God" (p. 25).

While there are some peculiar things here, such as speaking of the stars and elements coming over him, and moreso in hearing voices declaring and responding within himself--although I suspect we "hear" more "voices" within than we would admit--the strangest thing is this action of inaction, this waiting in silence.

A novel approach to doubt, to be sure: Fox allows an answer to rise from the depths rather than dealing with it through any powers under his control, such as intellect or will. As he sat with the challenge and "let it

alone," refusing to cope with it but allowing it to be, he found a hope rising and a voice articulating his theological commitment. It is to experience rather than to external authority or autonomous reason that he turns, but experience of a particular kind: it is an encounter with the transcendent depths within. Waiting in silence is an expectant inaction that is a hope for what one does not yet know how to name nor how to think about and work for. To sit under the weight of such a doubt, which threatened the core of his vocational and personal identity just beginning to form, and to wait for the silence to become articulate requires a significant degree of trust in the helpfulness of those depths. In the face of doubt Fox is exhibiting a hope and faith, yet not directed to any object, but rather an openness at a deep level to what will emerge in our being.

It is fascinating to realize that only a few decades earlier on the continent another young man had been sitting in front of another fire thinking about doubt. This man was not, however, overcome by doubt but was very deliberately working out a method of thinking that employed it. He was of course Descartes. Systematically he set out to doubt everything in order to arrive at a point of absolute certainty. What he arrived at was "Cogito ergo sum"--I think therefore I am. The certainty was of his own existence and from that he went on to prove, at least so he thought, the existence of God and of the perceptible world. It is interesting that, while he meant to doubt everything, he did not in fact doubt God's existence, even though he tried to prove it, whereas Fox had no intention of doubting, it simply came upon him, and he did in fact doubt God's existence. The methods they developed, formative of modern philosophy and of Quakerism, are direct antitheses. Descartes wants a rational certitude and seeks for it through the act of doubting, believing it will bring him to that which is indubitable and certain. Fox wants an existential certitude and seeks it, not in doubting the existence of something, but in opening to it, embracing it within the context of his own depths. The judgmental act versus the accepting act: in the face of the first, the world of our ordinary experience withers; in the face of the second, a deeper meaning emerges from beyond our ken and control. It is as though Descartes clung to the Cogito, the "I think," wanting to erect a life of thought upon this rational act, whereas Fox adhered to the sum, finding in his own "I am," his own being, as it speaks out of the depths, a meaning for his life.

It is perhaps a failing in our eyes that Fox was so successful, that he eradicated all doubt from his life and presents himself as always right and good, even in his morally questionable handling of James Nayler. If not a failing in Fox, it is, nevertheless, a difficulty for many today that he is unable to speak to this aspect of our condition--that doubt and faith, cognitive uncertainty and existential commitment, are intertwined for us, that being religious involves living intimately in touch with the unknown. There are the beginnings in Fox of coping with doubt which can help us, but we do not find ourselves able or willing summarily and definitively to dispose of it. There is a strength there in the midst of the pain of unknowing that we need.

We have known much about doubt in our day. The three hundred year search for Cartesian certainty has led us to the despair and alienation of the twentieth century. We have seen the objects of belief, whether God or absolute values, dissolve under the acid of Cartesian doubt, and have found some thinkers picking up the notion of waiting--waiting for Godot, waiting for what will come after the twilight of the gods. Tillich talks about the anxiety of meaninglessness and suggests there comes in the midst of the loss of the objects of belief and of our spiritual center a sense of meaning.

Camus says, although Sisyphus is enmeshed in the absurdity in being, that we should, nevertheless, imagine him happy. Neither speaks of waiting, yet what they speak of does not come as a result of any action on our part nor by a theistic God but in an attentiveness. Eliot, however, does name it as waiting:

I said to my soul, be still, and wait without hope
For hope would be hope of the wrong thing; wait without love
For love would be love of the wrong thing; there is yet faith
But the faith and the love and the hope are all in the waiting.
Wait without thought, for you are not ready for thought:
So the darkness shall be the light, and the stillness the dancing.

(T.S. Eliot, "East Coker," sec. III)

In the face of profound doubt and sense of nothingness of modernity, Eliot is recommending what Fox developed as his method for coping with every sort of problem. It is not only to an intellectual problem, but to every situation--a personal attack, an injustice, a political event, a decision to be made, the restraints of imprisonment, social needs--that he responds with this initial waiting. It is perhaps ironic that Quakers who are best known around the world for performing certain deeds--feeding the starving in post-war Europe, carrying medical supplies to North Vietnam, participating in the underground railroad in nineteenth century America or twentieth century Nazi controlled France, working for sexual and social equality from its beginnings--should arrive at these actions by the initial inaction of waiting.

In order to understand this better and to show the centrally formative effect of religious language upon it, we turn to another story, little known but extraordinary, of Thomas Lurting who became a Quaker in the 1650's while serving as an officer on a British man-of-war. While his conviction was dramatic, as we shall see, what is especially interesting is that it occurred out of the most minimal amount of knowledge about Quakers imaginable and he found his own way towards a Quakerly manner of responding to others and eventually to a rejection of all fighting with no knowledge that this was characteristic of Friends. I want to suggest that under such circumstances we can see the formative power of "waiting in silence" as both word and deed, and thereby gain a better understanding of the nature of Quakerism.

In 1653 Thomas Lurting, then Boatswain of the British frigate, Bristol, narrowly escaped death four times while participating courageously in an engagement in the Canary Islands with Spanish ships in which all sixteen Galeons, heavily laden with silver and men, were sunk. Shortly after this battle their ship took on several British soldiers for a brief time. Among them, in Lurting's own words, was a man "who had been at a Meeting in Scotland" of "the people called Quakers" (p. 212²). Before being placed on shore this soldier "had some converse" with two sailors. Six months later these two began to exhibit characteristics peculiar to Quakers: they refused to take their hats off to the Captain; they refused to attend the ship's church service; they met often in silence.

In the face of this insubordination the Captain told the Boatswain to beat them back to order. Lurting set about it with a will but found their silence and the remembrance of his recent four deliverances unnerving. For six months he struggled within himself and finally went and sat in silence with the Friends, now grown to six. The Captain was furious but did not punish him. Shortly thereafter, a sickness swept across the ship killing some forty people. The Quakers showed themselves diligent in caring for all on board. Temporarily, Lurting regained the respect of the Captain. But he was to enrage him once again when he realized he must never again fight.

It was in the midst of getting ready to bombard a coastal fort

that it came to him he should not kill. And so he stopped in the midst of the preparations. Later that evening he shared what had happened with his now ten Friends. The next time they faced a battle situation, they all met in silent worship on deck within view of the Captain. Furious the Captain drew his sword and Lurting approached to within a few paces confronting him out of the inner stillness. The Captain hesitated and then withdrew.

This is truly an extraordinary account of a religious conversion, but what I find most incredible is how little Lurting knew about Quakerism with yet such momentous effects. Lurting did not know what the soldier had told the two sailors; he was not even a Friend. But we can assume he told them that Quakers wait in silence since the sailors much later begin to meet in silence. A word is communicated; for six months it worked on them until it issued in their waiting in silence. Lurting, after six months more, is overwhelmed by the quality of being of those waiting in silence and joins them. Not only does this conversion alter his understanding of God and his religious practice, it changes his entire demeanor; he meets the threat of violence with few words and caring for the other, with a stillness fostered in silence. He says of this himself: "I was very quiet and still in my Mind; for I found, therein was my Strength" (p. 218). Finally, out of the silent waiting emerges a testimony against all fighting.

The words of the soldier engendered an action and a whole way of being; they evoked a form of life lived in the presence of God. It is out of this matrix of meaning that the metaphors of seed and light have come. To see their emerging within this context we turn back to the early life of Fox to find the first appearance of waiting in silence, for it is here that we shall find the origins of the Quaker use of these metaphors.

In 1647, the year before his experience of doubt, we find the first injunction to wait in silence. Fox presents this as occurring just after that turning point of his youthful, anguished search:

when all my hopes in them [all ministers] and in all men were gone, so that I had nothing outwardly to help me, nor could tell what to do, then, Oh then, I heard a voice which said, 'There is one, even Christ Jesus, that can speak to the condition', and when I heard it my heart did leap for joy (p. 11).

Throughout his youth he had sought out ministers and religious thinkers near and far in order to find answers to the religious questions that were continually brimming over. This time of search was much filled with anguish and despair, although there were moments of release and joy. He spent much time in solitary places inquiring of God and reading the Bible. He had already understood in the Bible that "the Lord would teach his people himself" (p. 8; cf. p. 7); the power of this realization that only divine resources within could speak to his condition was not in the idea, which he already had from scriptures, but in the depth of the experience. At the moment of despair, as with doubt, he found something arising from within himself that could respond to his situation. He became committed to what he had already understood: "For though I read the Scriptures that spoke of Christ and of God, yet I knew him not but by revelation. . . ." By revelation he means he came to this through direct experience of God within, as he says: "And this I knew experimentally" (p. 11).

While he speaks once earlier of his solitariness as a waiting upon the Lord (p. 4), he urges waiting as a religious way for the first time just after this experience: "Therefore, all wait patiently upon the Lord, whatsoever condition you be in. . . ." (p. 12). It is within this context after his "conversion" that he begins to speak of light and seed (with one earlier

exception, a reference to his father as having had "a Seed of God in him" [p. 1]). Prior to this experience, he speaks of his search as a looking for wisdom (pp. 4 & 10; cf. p. 1) and describes his experiences of God as being taught (p. 1) and commanded by God (p. 3), as a consideration arising or an opening occurring (p.7), as being moved (p. 9), being inclined (p. 10), or being gently led by God (p. 11). But it is only after this experience that he begins to use these metaphors of seed and light, and to advocate waiting in silence.

There is a continuity between "before" and "after"; what is different is that he discovers that what he has in fact been doing can become the "method" to experience divine reality speaking to one's condition both for himself and for others. And he realizes this way of waiting in silence can be powerfully borne by the metaphors seed and light. Immediately after enjoining waiting, Fox speaks of "the unchangeable truth in the inward parts, the light of Jesus Christ" and of "my inward mind being joined to his good Seed" (p. 13). If we will look closely at how he uses these two metaphors, we can see how they arise out of waiting in silence and are able to engender this experience of the inward teacher.

There is a gentle and gradualistic quality in Fox's use of both metaphors--an opening of the light and a springing forth of new life from the seed (pp. 11 & 13). They embody what Fox tells us in the initial paragraph of his JOURNAL he is intending to do, to say "how the work of the Lord was begun and gradually carried on in me" (p. 1). Waiting in silence allows the gradual illumination of light and growing of the seed. There is a peacefulness in these, yet there is as well a vigor and even a violence. The light not only illumines the infinite love and goodness of God (p. 11), it "let me see myself as I was without him" (pp. 11-12), Fox says, and it made possible that "all appeared that is out of the Light, darkness, death, temptations, the unrighteousness, the ungodly; all was manifest and seen in the Light" (p. 14). Following this he says: "I saw how he sat as a refiner's fire" (p. 14). The pain of self-discovery and knowledge of the evil of the world and the cleansing force of God's refining fire is exceeded by the violence of the seed which "bruised the head of this Serpent the destroyer" (p. 13). Indeed, the love of God present in seed and light can bring about a reversal, destroying and creating: "Thou, Lord, makest a fruitful field a barren wilderness, and a barren wilderness a fruitful field. . . ." (p. 10). There is then in these metaphors as used by Fox a coincidence of opposites--the gentle and gradually emergent is also overwhelmingly powerful and destroying.

As Fox indicates several pages later, the fruitful field being made barren is "that which is pleasant to the outward eye and fleshly mind" (p. 13). He employs a typical Christian opposition between spirit and flesh, but, like St. Paul, he does not equate flesh with the physical world. Rather flesh is the self which cannot let go of its ego-control in order to be responsive to the transcendent depths that would lead us beyond the narrow confines of our self-serving, outward-turned desires. Immediately after speaking of "flesh (that could not give up to the will of God)" (p. 14), he goes on, like St. Paul, to affirm "the redemption of the body and of the whole creation" (p. 15). The natural world in fact figures prominently in his experience from early on. On the second page of the JOURNAL, he speaks of a "unity with creation," and curiously of God's covenant with all creatures, not just certain humans, which he has come up into (p.2). Later Fox speaks of this unity in a mystical ascent, as he says, up "through the flaming sword into the paradise of God [where] All things were new, and all the creation gave another smell. . . ." (p.27). Light and seed as natural images are confirmatory

of our being in this world.

The darkness the light overcomes, as when he speaks of "an ocean of darkness and death" being overwhelmed by "an infinite ocean of light and love" (p. 19), is the same as the flesh--life lived on the surface adhering to its own ego possessions. There is, however, presumably a different kind of darkness implied in the use of the seed, for it grows in the darkness of the soil. Fox does not, however, draw out such an implication. Nevertheless, the light metaphor is not rational cognition, as it is for Thomas Aquinas, who uses it to speak of the intellectual vision of God, but involves, if not the darkness, at least unknowing, non-rational feelings. In a remarkable passage that shows how intertwined are light, seed, and waiting, Fox says "by the light you will come to see through and feel over winter storms" (p. 284). Through this light feelings come; moreover, the light is something that can be felt--there are those who have "been convinced and have felt the light" (p. 283). This mixing of the senses shows that light for Fox is different from the clear light of grace-perfected reason of St. Thomas. It is not rational clarity simply seen with the spiritual eye, but is a feeling-ful experience in which having felt the light, one may later "feel winter storms, tempests, and hail, and be frozen, in frost and cold and a wilderness and temptations." In this obscuring of the felt light by feelings of spiritual winter, he recommends waiting in silence in which the light and summer will again gradually emerge:

Be patient and still in the power and still in the light that doth convince you, to keep your minds to God; in that be quiet, that you may come to the summer, that your flight be not in the winter. For if you sit still in the patience which overcomes in the power of God, there will be no flying. For the husbandman, after he hath sown his seed, he is patient (pp. 283-284).

The life nurtured by these metaphors is non-authoritarian. There is no law, principle, command, or goal that is the basis of Fox's ethics. Rather there is that in waiting in silence which emerges from the depths within. While such a leading of light or seed comes from the universal God, it has a particular appropriateness to the concrete situation. A leading always occurs in a specific context as an inclining towards a particular action in this time and place. It is not a specific application of a general principle. Nor is it the product of thought. There is the implication that every situation transcends our ability to understand and to control it. The leading emerges out of our unconscious depths through which we are relating to the ingredients in the given situation. What arises is also appropriate to the measure of spiritual maturity maintained by the individual (pp. 175 & 184). Seed and light, born out of and carrying the message of waiting in silence, rather than denying our humanity, confirm it and fulfill it. As a particular leading of light and seed emerges out of the darkness of our being, it exists in a divinely established fittingness that includes feelings not denied but rising from the depths, the measure of our individual humanity, and our relations beneath consciousness to the unknown complexity of the context.

Waiting in silence as word and act is a vehicle of virtue, in the etymological sense of power and excellence. In Lurting's life, word has led to act and act has led to the transformation of behavior and belief. In Fox's life word has named the already existent act and provided a form of life that bears both self-knowledge and divine awareness, and becomes, as we have seen with seed and light, the metaphoric matrix of Quakerism.

¹All references to George Fox are from THE JOURNAL OF GEORGE FOX, revised edition by John L. Nickalls (London: Religious Society of Friends, 1975).

²Thomas Lurting, "The Fighting Sailor Turn'd Peaceable Christian" (London: J. Sowle, 1710); reprinted as appendix to Charles Vipont [Elfrida Vipont Foulds] BLOW THE MAN DOWN (Oxford: Oxford University Press, 1947).



CAROL STONEBURNER: COMINGS AND GOINGS IN EDUCATION FOR
WOMEN ON THE EAST SHORE OF CAYUGA LAKE, N.Y.

Scattered along New York state 90 as it parallels the east shore of Cayuga Lake, and along the ridge road, route 34-B, five miles east of the Lake, you will find hints and clues that once this area was a thriving Quaker settlement. One Friends Meeting House still stands and is used for worship by members of the Society of Friends in Popular Ridge, but by and large the intense influence of the Quakers in that area is to be found in historical reference, in New York State historical markers, Friends cemeteries, buildings made from redesigned Friends meeting houses and Quaker names dotting the RFD mail boxes along the roads. The impact of the continued migration west that this country experienced accompanied by the much more destructive force of the schisms within Quakerism in the 19th and early 20th century changed the tenor of the communities in that section of New York State, but not before the Quaker concern for and contribution to education had been felt.

There are two reasons that we have chosen to look at this small area way off in New York State. First, Mary Mendenhall Hobbs, one of the most important shapers of Quaker education for women in North Carolina, was educated along this lake. Also, Carol Stoneburner was born near this area and from her maternal ancestry in this part of Cayuga County, she has heard stories all of her life. In other words, the first reasons are family, Guilford College family reasons.

But the more important reason is that this area can be seen as an example of the way that Friends' concern for education develops in a community. Such an example shows the variety of forms that this concern takes. It demonstrates the effect of Quaker networks, so that what happens at one fairly remote distance will, in fact, influence and shape the educational process of Quakers and non-Quakers at quite different locations. In other words, this area along the east shore of Cayuga Lake is to be seen as a case study of the importance of education by Quakers, particularly the education of girls and young women.

We shall look at the way educational space was formulated, the way it grew and changed and we shall do this by looking at the lives of four women. These women, Emily Howland (1827-1929), Ruth Craig (born about 1902-), both of New York state; Mary Mendenhall Hobbs (1852-1930) of North Carolina; and M. Carey Thomas (1857-1935) of Philadelphia, Pennsylvania were all shapers of educational space for young women.

Emily Howland, born in Sherwood, New York, in 1827, was the granddaughter of Benjamin and Mary Howland, two of the earliest Quaker settlers in Cayuga County. By the time she was born, the Friends meetings in the area had taken the queries about the education of their children seriously, and there were numerous small schools for Quaker children held in various homes in the area. One was led by David Thomas, a naturalist and very early geologist. Another was held in the country home of Asa and Ruth Potter and was later moved to Aurora. This one became a select school for girls and two of the students who attended this school were daughters of Judge Miller of Auburn. One of these daughters, Frances Adelaide, was the future wife of Secretary of State William Seward. This may well have been the school that Anna Folger Coffin, mother of Lucretia Coffin Mott and Martha Coffin Wright, taught in--starting in 1827. That was the period along the lake when there was considerable migration from Nantucket Islands, and Anna Coffin may well have come to

be near family or friends from Nantucket during her widowhood. This school is also most probably the school that Emily Howland attended where the English Quaker, Susanna Marriott, was teacher.

Susanna Marriott was an abolitionist, as were Emily Howland's parents. There was thus included in both her formal and her informal education an exposure to the issues of slavery in this country. To quote from Judith Colucci Breault's biography of Emily Howland:

In all these ways, Marriott was trying to teach Emily to recognize "the voice of God speaking to the soul of man," to bear witness for what she felt was right. Throughout this period the picture remains that of a solitary child immersed in concerns beyond her years. Emily herself tells us: In the dawn of my reading days the Anti-Slavery Standard entered our house. It has colored all the texture of thought and principle and swayed the course of my life more than any other influence; it has been "the University" for me. Surely no paper can be to me what this has been! the love of my youth, the inspiration and the culture of mature years, worthy of immortal classic fame.

Another glimpse of this important teacher comes from Emily Howland's Historical Sketch of Friends in Cayuga County.

The coming of this rare teacher and remarkable woman was an event in the history of this part of the county, from which few persons now living here do not derive benefit, either directly or indirectly. Indeed the importance of the event extended to a wide circle beyond the county; one might say it marked an era in Western New York... The salient trait of her character was strength; but she was much besides; she was large-hearted, philanthropic, just, loving, though often stern. She gave the rare opportunities her school afforded for higher education, to many who could not have otherwise enjoyed them providing both board and tuition for such assistance as they could render in the household, "which" as one of her beneficiaries remarks, "was not more than I needed for exercise"...She espoused the anti-slavery cause at its beginning with ardor, and was a reader of the Liberator for years. By most careful abstinence, she bore her testimony against the products of slave labor. She once told the writer she was implicated in the wrong only in the use of paper; this was unavoidable, and being made of cotton which had done one work, cost no increase in unrequited toil.

Several of the traits to be found in Susanna Marriott become critical in the design for education that is later pursued by Emily Howland.

Her next formal education was in the school of Friend Wamser, in Poplar Ridge. The classroom was on the second story of the house, which is now, incidentally, owned by Carol Stoneburner's parents. It was

while she was at the school that Emily Howland first expressed her interest in feminist issues. When there was considerable debate in the area about the extension of slavery into Texas, Emily Howland and three of her friends attempted to enter the discussion. She wrote to the gentlemen of the district this message:

Although some think the ladies of the vicinity evince too much enthusiasm in the politics of the day, yet we cannot understand why we are to be debarred the privilege of participating in that which we feel to be of vital importance and which affects our happiness and welfare as much as yours; for certainly we as warmly wish the continuation of our country's glory, and that the lustre of its fame may not be dimmed, as any of your warmest partisans.

Some time after this, Emily Howland was sent to the school of Mary Grew in Philadelphia. Mary Grew was a noted abolitionist and feminist. This part of Emily Howland's education was very crucial in both its formal and informal sense. Here her expectations about her abilities as a woman were heightened. Here, also, she met a group of strong, independent women who were to serve as a support group and important friends for the rest of her life. One of the popular activities for women in this group was to attend lectures on anatomy and health at the Pennsylvania Medical College for Women. Lucretia Mott was a major figure in the establishment of this series and the women doctors and medical educators of whom we shall hear more in Margaret Young's paper were important models for Emily Howland and her friends. Periodic trips to visit with all of these women and many letters of correspondence kept the ties strong between Sherwood, New York and Philadelphia.

Here then was a young Quaker woman, exposed to the issues of the world around her, encouraged by a feminist support group, inspired by Quaker women ministers in her own family and by two notable women teachers in her own experience. She came from a family of considerable wealth and the question clearly was - what should she do? One wants to say that she did many things and that we shall explore these. Her letters and diaries also show that some doubt about this question lingers throughout her life.

One thing she did not do was to marry and become absorbed in family life. She did however live at home in Sherwood much of her adult life and cared for her parents until their deaths. Emily Howland wanted to immerse herself in the issues of the day - the issues that had been her daily fare all of her life. The way to do this was through education. It was not only a very important concern within the Society of Friends, it was increasingly an important way for women to expand the area of their influence. It was through her contacts in Philadelphia that she learned that Mytilla Miner, well known teacher of free black girls in Washington, D.C. was ill and needed a replacement for herself as teacher and principal. In keeping with all of the radical influences in her life but in direct conflict with all of the more conservative aspects of life in rural New York among strict Quakers, the Hicksite Friends of her family, Emily Howland volunteered to do her part. In a letter she writes to a friend from India many years after the fact, she attempts to explain her actions.

Miss Miner accepted my proposal to take her school, and a year after my visit to Philadelphia, without the approval of any of my friends, I left home for

the untried work. My words give no idea of what this step cost me, even at this distance from it. I realize the difficulties so profoundly, that I cannot understand how I had the strength to do it. It was as though I was impelled, and could not do otherwise. My spiritual vision being clear in regard to my own need, and in regard to the work to which I was sent, I was able to lay aside all hindrances from without and within, and go forward.

It was with some misgiving that I saw the little school-room well filled with those who were to be my future charges. I had no experience in teaching, and my ability to discipline a school was a serious question.

I saw before me not poor bondmen, but wide-awake young girls, who knew little of slavery in their own lives, many of them with a skin as fair as their teacher, knowing far more of the ways of the world than she did. According to the prejudice of people, that African taint in the blood could never be washed out by the Anglo-Saxon, so these white children were compelled to go to a colored school.

I frankly told them why I offered myself as their teacher, and of my ignorance of what I had undertaken to do, and asked them to cooperate with me in the work in which they ought to be more interested than I; then we should be sure to be mutually useful, and get the benefit which was our purpose in coming together. Pupils usually test the power of a teacher before yielding obedience.

Probably this frankness on my part saved me from the usual trial. Years afterward one of these girls told me that they discussed the matter and decided to spare me the testing process, and be a law to themselves.

Ill health on the part of her mother called Emily Howland back from this venture in the second year. She was at Tanglewood, the family home, for a period of time and then during the Civil War she went to Virginia to assist in the work with the newly freed slaves. A drawing made at Camp Dodd, Va. shows something of the conditions under which she worked. It does not, however, show the mud which apparently was very bothersome. She established a school for children, but ended up teaching adults as well in the evenings. She used all of her contacts in Washington to get supplies for the persons in the camp. Apparently she was somewhat patronizing in her approach to the free slaves but no one seemed to fault her on the amount of work she did. She wrote many letters to Quakers, abolitionists and friends begging that clothes and other supplies be sent and then she distributed these. When it became clear that there was not going to be land made available to the former slaves, she persuaded her father to buy 400 acres of land in Virginia. She assisted the process of getting a group of persons settled on this land. Gradually the land was sold to them and a

settlement was established there.

From this time forth, a major interest in Emily Howland's life was the education of Negroes in the south. She gave very generously of her considerable wealth. She was a trustee of 6 different schools, and she had a particular interest in Tuskegee Institute. In 1916 Emily Howland made one of several trips throughout the south to see these schools. A picture from this time shows some of the respect which was shown to her for this work.

However, Emily Howland returned to New York State to live. She took over the running of the house after her mother's death and was a close companion to her father until his death. It was during this period that she really took over the work of being a philanthropist.

In 1871 the Quakers of Cayuga County area had decided to start a select school in Sherwood. Hepsibah Hussey, a well known teacher from Nantucket was hired to teach and administer the school. It was an active school when Emily Howland settled back into life in Sherwood. From then until the end of her life, she became the financial backbone of this school. She gave the money for a major addition to the school and it was customary for the teachers at the school to have room and board in her home. Her home was also the visiting place of many suffragists, Susan B. Anthony being a very frequent guest. Emily Howland gave very generously to the cause of women's rights and to the Temperance movement as well as to the education ventures already mentioned. She is said to have been influential in persuading another Quaker, Ezra Cornell, that Cornell college should be co-educational. And she gave many young women interest-free loans for college.

In 1927, at the age of 99, she was awarded an honorary doctorate from the New York University for her work in education. Just before her death she saw to it that the Sherwood Select School would be made into a much needed public high school. In 1927 when this same school was rebuilt as an elementary school, it was named for her and a picture of her graces the main hall of the school.

Let us turn now to another view of Quakerism and the education of women along Cayuga Lake. In Union Springs, a George Howland of New Bedford, Massachusetts decided to open a collegiate institute for young women. George Howland, a distant cousin of Emily Howland, had made his considerable fortune in whaling. Those of you familiar with Guilford College will remember that when New Garden Boarding School, the fore-runner of Guilford College was being started, it was a gift of \$1,000.00 from the successful return of one of George Howland's whaling ships which allowed for the start of the construction of the school. There were also other connections between North Carolina and New York State friends over this new boarding school in North Carolina. New York Yearly Meeting had sent cots and bedding to help out the school, and at an earlier date, this group of New Yorkers had sent money to North Carolina Friends to help in the reestablishment of some freed slaves. Thus, it is not too surprising that when Nereus Mendenhall of Guilford County, North Carolina sought an appropriate school for his daughter, Mary, that Howland Institute on Cayuga Lake should be just the place. Many Friends from North Carolina had migrated from Nantucket Island before and during the Revolutionary War and so there was also a bond of families being re-united by this expedition northward.

Upon her graduation from Howland Institute, Mary Mendenhall returned to North Carolina. She married Lyndon Hobbs the first president of Guilford in 1888 when it became the first co-educational college in the south. It was during this time that her interest in the education of North

Carolina girls reminded her of an important incident in her life at Howland.

The next step along this line came when I was a pupil at Howland School at Union Springs, New York. There things were conducted for the education of women as human beings and not simply as females, and our ideas were stimulated to make the most of ourselves in every way.

In English literature we had a most remarkable teacher, Miss Caroline Comstock. She was an intense personality and was always trying to develop the personality of her pupils and draw out strong characteristics. Once she gave each of us this subject to write an essay upon: "If I should give each of you ten thousand dollars, tell me what you would do with it." She knew there were girls in the class who would, in all human possibility, have many more thousands at their command, and she wished them to understand values and possibilities.

There was Elizabeth King, daughter of Frances King of Baltimore, and Carey Thomas, later President of Bryn Mawr College, and several girls of more wealth. I was the only girl in the class who was obliged to economize, who never had and was never likely to have money to spend as I wished, and so I thought earnestly what use I would make of such a vast sum as that. I decided I would build a school here in North Carolina where girls whose fathers were less able and far less willing to educate their daughters than my own dear father was, might have as good an opportunity as I was then having in that lovely school on Cayuga Lake. I put my soul into that consideration.

That is exactly the kind of project that Mary Mendenhall did put her soul into for the rest of her life. She was convinced that there were young women who should be at Guilford but whose parents either placed too little emphasis on their education or that they could not afford to pay their expenses at the college. Mary Mendenhall took this concern to the Women's and the Men's yearly meetings and a fund was started to create a cottage where these young women might stay. By doing the work for their maintenance cooperatively, they were able to cut their educational costs considerably. Gradually the need for this grew and Mary Mendenhall Hobbs dreamed of the building which would more permanently serve this need. After many years, in 1907, New Garden Hall was dedicated.

Mary Mendenhall Hobbs was also concerned about the education of other North Carolina girls and she was an advocate and avid speaker and letter writer in the project to insure that the Normal School in Greensboro, was made into a college for young women. Thus, North Carolina's Woman's College, now the University of North Carolina at Greensboro, was aided by her efforts. For this work in women's education she was granted an Honorary Doctorate from that institution in 1921. Late in Mary Mendenhall Hobb's life, New Garden Hall was named for her and Hobbs Dormitory still offers cooperative living for Guilford women students.

An equally important part of the education of women in Mary Hobbs Hall is the philosophy of the woman whose vision was turned into brick and mortar. She wrote to one of her proteges who was being trained for the education of women at Guilford:

I think the way to do is to have some idea of making something of yourself as an individual human being. I do not believe one ought to marry as an end--that is, to make up your mind that "I must have a husband whether or no." Go and do your work. Make yourself a valued member of society--be able to take care of yourself--and then, if someone whom you respect and love comes into your life, you will be ready to do your part in making a lovely home as an equal partner in the firm....Women need to be in a position to command a place of respect and equal authority in the home....We need better educated, better trained women with a broader outlook on life for the future home-makers in this country, and that is why New Garden is built--to help toward that.

Another young woman who was attracted to Howland School was M. Carey Thomas of Philadelphia. She was particularly pleased that this was "no namby-pamby" cherishing of young ladies. Her father had not been convinced that this level of education was necessary for his daughter but with her fervent efforts and her mother's helpful influence, he was finally persuaded to allow Carey to attend Howland. At Howland, she was an exceptionally able student and as she was about to graduate, Miss Slocum, the teacher of philosophy and political science, called her in. "She had watched Minnie carefully and discovered that she could go to the roots of things and understand them. In a word, Minnie was the only girl she had seen with the "power of mind" to advance women's positions in the world." "What we want in the cause of women are not doctors and lawyers (there are plenty of those). We want scholars. You have, I think, as fair a start as any boy of seventeen in the country and now I want you to be a great scholar. I don't think you will be content to merely receive and not originate....I want great things of you."

Minnie, or Carey as she called herself later, then persuaded her family to let her go to Cornell University, open to women only in 1878. At Cornell she continued to be a brilliant student, and at one point was instrumental in opening a literary group on Swinburne to a younger woman student, Florence Kelley (a Quaker and later an important social reformer).

After graduating from Cornell, Carey Thomas chose to go to graduate school in Europe, as there was at that time no American University which would grant women a doctorate. Upon completion of that she became involved in the creation of Bryn Mawr College, through the assistance of her father who was active in the beginnings of that Quaker College for young women. She would have been willing to be the college's first president but she was instead its first dean. Some few years later she became president and continued in the deanship for several years. Most of the young women at Bryn Mawr came from wealthy homes. Clearly the emphasis on excellence of standards for women was a very strong part of M. Carey Thomas' thrust in education. She wanted no special courses for women and she was not an advocate of protective legislation for women any more than she was for a watered-down curriculum. In fact, her determination to maintain rigid standards of curricular excellence, based on the educational

standards of the men's colleges in the Northeast and European models of her own education, meant that her administration at Bryn Mawr was lacking in creative alternatives and flexibility. She did however demonstrate that women had equal ability in learning, in teaching, in scholarship and in administration. Unlike Mary Mendenhall Hobbs and Emily Howland, M. Carey Thomas was not particularly concerned for young women from less wealth or from different racial or ethnic groups. A summer institute for such women was established at Bryn Mawr during her administration, however. There was also an experimental school employing the progressive tenets of John Dewey, but the emphasis for the college was on the establishment of a graduate program for scholarly excellence. M. Carey Thomas was continually active in the cause of Women's Rights, and the Deanery (her home) was frequently a visiting place of suffragists. She also was talented in finding ways to finance the construction of major buildings at Bryn Mawr, priding herself on raising over a million dollars for the construction of educational space for women. The library at Bryn Mawr is named in her honor. She also served as trustee at Cornell and Johns Hopkins Universities.

One more glimpse at Quakers and education for women along Cayuga Lake: We have seen examples of Quaker schools in homes, in local communities, in select schools, in colleges; co-educational and for women; public and private. Let us now look at Oakwood, a boarding school sponsored by a yearly meeting. Late in the eighteenth century, Nine Partners Quaker Boarding School was established in Dutchess County, New York. One of the Quaker women of note to attend that school was Lucretia Mott. In 1858, Nine Partners School was moved to Union Springs, New York, and established as a boarding school of the New York Yearly Meeting, the name being changed to Oakwood Seminary. The fine building used by Oakwood for many years finally burned, and the school was moved back to Dutchess County. Located at Poughkeepsie, it was renamed Oakwood Boarding School.

One of the women students who attended Oakwood while it was at Union Springs was Ruth Craig. Very soon after the school was moved to Poughkeepsie, she was hired as librarian and a member of the faculty. She became the assistant principal of the school and remained in this position for many years, influencing many young men and women. It seems important to note that all of the Quaker schools have had strong women faculty members. Frequently they have been assistant principals rather than principals or heads, and yet they have been very largely responsible for the creation of the actual living and educational climate within the school or college. Such a person was Ruth Craig and one of the ways that Oakwood found to pay tribute to her was to name a dormitory for women students in her honor.

We have seen four buildings, four spaces created for education, named after the women who dreamed the dreams and shaped the events which brought them about. We have seen the importance of their work for education - for every age, for persons of different races, and classes. We have seen that the network of contacts and support helped to build this enterprise. We have, in particular, seen that the education of and for young women was crucial in the lives of these Quaker women and within Quakerism. In closing let us hear what M. Carey Thomas wrote about the education of women in a monograph on this subject in 1898.

There are many questions connected with the college education of American women which possess great interest for the student of social science.

In the year 1897-98 there were studying in the under-

graduate and graduate departments of coeducational colleges and universities 17,338 women, and in the undergraduate and graduate departments of independent and affiliated women's colleges, division A, 4,959 women forming thus 27.4 per cent of the total number of graduate and undergraduate students. The 22 colleges belonging to the Association of collegiate alumnae, which are, on the whole, the most important colleges in the United States admitting women, have conferred the bachelor's degree on 12,804 women. If we add to these the graduates of the Women's college of Brown University, 102 in number, and the graduates of the 14 additional coeducational colleges included in my list of the 58 most important colleges in the United States, we obtain, including those graduating in June, 1899, a total of 14,824 women holding the bachelor's degree. There is thus formed, even leaving out of account the graduates of the minor colleges, a larger body of educated women than is to be found in any other country in the world. These graduates have received the most strenuous college training obtainable by women in the United States, which does not differ materially from the best college training obtainable by American men (indeed, women graduates of coeducational colleges have received precisely the same training as men), and may fairly be compared with the women who have received college and university training abroad. In other countries women university graduates, or even women who have studied at universities, are very few; in America, on the other hand, the higher education of women has assumed the proportions of a national movement still in progress. We may perhaps be able to guide in some degree its future development, but it has passed the experimental stage and can no longer be opposed with any hope of success. Its results are to be reckoned with as facts.

The progress of women's education, as we have traced it briefly from its beginning in the coeducational college of Oberlin in 1833, and the independent woman's college of Vassar in 1865, has been a progress in accordance with the best academic traditions of men's education. In 1870 we could not have predicted the course to be taken by the higher education of women; the separate colleges for women might have developed into something wholly different from what we had been familiar with so long in the separate colleges for men. A female course in coeducational colleges in which music and art were substituted for mathematics and Greek might have met the needs of women students. After thirty years of experience, however, we are prepared to say that whatever changes may be made in future in the college curriculum will be made for men and women alike. After all, women themselves must be permitted to be the judges of what kind of intellectual discipline they find

most truly serviceable. They seem to have made up their minds, and hereafter may be trusted to see to it that an inferior education shall not be offered to them in women's colleges, or elsewhere, under the name of a modified curriculum.

Quaker Women's educational efforts had been significant in persuading the American educational system of that premise which was practiced all along in Friends Schools - treating people like equal human beings.



C O N T R I B U T O R S

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GUILFORD REVIEW



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EDITOR'S NOTE

This issue of The Guilford Review brings together two groups of Guilford faculty who otherwise might not meet: retired professors and those joining the faculty this year. As usual, a variety of disciplines and perspectives are represented, in formats ranging from formal papers to informal talks, autobiography, and poetry. An expanded Contributors page gives details of the rich and varied achievements of Guilford teachers old and new. It is our hope that this glimpse into the activities and interests of our colleagues will bring us closer together, and foster an awareness of ourselves as an organic body drawing strength from the accomplishments of our past members and the vigor of our new members.

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Copies may be ordered from the same address at \$2.50 per copy, \$5 for a year's subscription. The following back issues are available for \$1.50 each: #2 "Woman and Mythology"; #3 "Myth in Multiple Perspective"; #4 Poetry and Fiction; #5 "Creative Process"; #6 "Women in Change"; #7 "Women on the Social Scene"; #8 "Development of Sex Roles"; #9 "Science and the Imagination"; #10 "Conflict Resolution," and #11 "Quaker Issues."

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W I L L I A M R. R O G E R S : FROM CACOPHONY TO COHERENCE
(Excerpts from an address to the Greensboro Consortium)

I selected a topic for my remarks this evening--"Cacophony and Coherence: the Movement from Pseudo-Autonomy to Mutual Interdependence in Individual and Institutional Life." (It took me half of the time preparing my speech to think of the title.) I'd like to talk about some interesting points of coincidence between that particular pilgrimage of young people during adolescence and early adulthood and the development of institutional cooperation. In both cases, with students and colleges, this is a pilgrimage we may be working with, puzzled about, excited about, depressed about, but on balance dedicated to being "present" to. It's often a pilgrimage through a period that I want to identify as a time of pseudo-autonomy, into a period of maturity and mutual inter-dependence that is important for us to understand as educators whether we see people in the classroom, or whether we raise money, or whether we try to structure programs. The pattern of that pilgrimage out of pseudo-autonomy is often a movement from the cacophony of identity confusion in adolescence, similar to the diffusions which fragment institutional life. I want to give simultaneous attention to the development of students for whom the primary purposes of our life together are organized, and to the institutions that we represent.

Cacophony is a musical term relating to that disorganized, unharmonious chaotic kind of sound which seems undirected, at odds from one voice to another, from one instrument to another, from one phrase to another; which seems to represent the self-centered and perhaps bizarre claims of each sound--attentive only to its own identity to the exclusion of any other in its surrounding. I think particularly of some pieces I have heard of John Cage. It was a curious thing that in the midst of that chaos, that cacophony, my ear wanted to try to identify one stream that I could follow. I learned that when we hear chaos, when we see chaos, when we experience chaos, there is within us a strong drive to understand some order within it. And when we see players or musicians trying to make music there is an impulse to try to seek that line, that harmony, that melodic phrase that will somehow help us identify something that has beauty--that has order. There seems to be a principle toward order, a drive toward order, a drive toward integration. (I also think sometimes there is an opposite drive--that is, that sometimes when things get too ordered, people seek some release from that by trying some way of legitimating impish disarray. I suppose we've experienced that too.)

Now how does that kind of movement from cacophony toward coherence or order reflect itself in the lives of students? I just want to share a few thoughts with you about that and I'll be glad if you have some time to discuss these things because I'm sure you have many insights about this too. Pseudo-autonomy comes in the wake of periods in childhood when people experience themselves primarily as dependent--dependent upon parents, dependent upon the school system, dependent on rules and regulations, dependent on teachers they may or may not like, dependent upon a political system and an economic system which they don't understand and even less control. There is then a movement out of the childhood forms of dependency into a kind of

self-reliance, a kind of independence. I call it a "kind" of independence because I think of it psychologically as primarily a counter-dependency; that is, it is really driven by the desire to prove that one is no longer dependent. There is an over-exaggeration of insistence that "these are my choices, this is the way I want to dress, that is where I want to go, this is how I want to live my life, this is who I want to go out with, this is what I have decided about sex, this is what I'm going to do about my future, my vocation and all of the rest." That claim about autonomy, particularly in mid-adolescence, seems to be a claim that is driven not so much by a real freedom to make choices and stand independently on one's own judgment, but driven by the counter-negativity of trying to demonstrate release from something that has felt inhibiting of independence in the past.

I am interested in that process because it seems to me that the tell-tale signs of the fact that it is not real independence come when you look at the kinds of choices people make. It is extremely hard for them to resist dressing like their friends, listening to the kind of music their friends listen to, repeating the kinds of behaviors, the kinds of opinions, the kinds of political judgments, the kinds of choices as consumers or even as thinkers that surround them. Indeed part of the business of higher education is helping to wean people from that subtle level of dependence which is concealed by the claim to this kind of pseudo-autonomy.

How does this come about? What kinds of processes can we see involved in the movement out of pseudo-autonomy? There are several things I want to point to. One is that in some ways people need to begin to move beyond forms of denial and self-deception, move particularly beyond those forms of denial by which the pretense of autonomy is maintained. Also there seems to be a need for testing of limits to see "how far I can go, what kind of choices I can make, see how far I can press a relationship before I feel that I've violated somebody or find myself to be betrayed and undermined by other people's hopes and expectations." There is a pushing of the limits of capability, of strength, of an ideal.

Also it seems that there has to be some increase in the possibility of "taking the role of another"; that is, seeing how other people perceive their life from the inside, understanding what it feels like to another person to be treated a particular way--to be "argued with the way I'm arguing with them, to be shown up the way I'm showing them up, to be put down the way I'm putting them down." That capability for empathetic participation in the perceptual world of the other person is slow to come about.

It seems there needs to be an awareness that some achievements are really impossible without cooperation: that some projects cannot be undertaken by oneself; that a multitude of resources, insights, skills are necessary for achieving some of the tasks one wants to undertake. This may emerge partly in school, partly through sports experiences, partly through wilderness experiences. You can't cross a chasm, you can't rappel, you can't easily control a canoe by yourself when it's loaded in a windstorm in the middle of a lake--you need help.

Another thing that seems to have to happen is that there develop some altered view of authority. There needs to be movement from either resistance or capitulation to authority, to a willingness to confer authority based on acknowledgement of the integrity of another person's experience, of the wisdom of their perceptions, of the persuasiveness of their arguments, and of the depth of the knowledge which sustains their judgments. That kind of shift in a view of authority is part of what we nurture in a liberal

education. We hope to free people from accepting arguments because I, the teacher, say so; or because Socrates argued that way; or because Darwin said so. We cherish the authority of that cognitive mode in which we can marshal evidence, we can understand lines of reasoning, we can meet the rules of evidence, we can determine when something follows inductively from something else.

Another thing that seems to have to happen is the development of role models--and some sense of worthy identification. Our task as teachers is in part the task of being self-conscious about the effects of who we are and how we live, of what we value in life and how we maintain integrity to the values that we claim to hold. Role modeling is, I would say, preciously rare in a society which is made up more of anti-heroes than heroes, more of non-models than role-models.

Finally, I would say that movement from pseudo-autonomy toward maturity involves envisioning some possibility of a whole, imagining a totality, imagining, if you will, a spiritual ground which holds together not just my life, but all of history and time--the human community and what lies beyond the human community. Until one comes to see one's own life in a system of a world coherence, or a system of spirited, or spiritual presence, until one develops that sense of something that sustains all of us together as creatures with some common unity of creation and destiny, it is difficult to trust that there is anything more than one's own life to be protected or defended. I am not suggesting that this awareness always has to be articulated in religious terms. Rather it needs to be felt as some coherence of meaning which extends beyond the life of the self and makes our activity in history and amongst the community of persons surrounding us a part of the whole and not just some kind of egocentric trip.

Now these same characteristics of movement for an adolescent emerging from the pseudo-autonomous of counter-dependent position also may be seen as essential to institutions if we are to move beyond adolescence and self-protection. I think we too need to move beyond those forms of denial and self-deception by which we might presume that we can make it on our own. "We'll raise our own money, we'll get our own faculty, we'll have our own Board, we'll decide our own curriculum, we'll teach our own students and we'll pass them on to become our alumni/ae, from whom we'll raise further money, and get more students and have a self-perpetuating kind of system." It does not take very long to realize that that is a self-deception. We are members not only of a Greater Greensboro Consortium, but also of a community of scholars. We are members of academic disciplines whose history and whose colleagues we need to understand and whose criticism we need to heed. We are members of a state and of a nation which has regulatory judgments about what we do--which sometimes we deeply resent, but which on balance may protect us from fraud and incompetence, and from those who would make a phony pretense of education. I am suggesting too that we need to stand side-by-side with each other seeing how our academic programs even in this consortium depend to some extent on the quality of collegueship and on the curriculum developments of one another.

We try to test our limits also--our limits of funding, our limits of majors, our limits of diversity in the student body, our limits of course offerings--we push as far as we can and inevitably we come to the awareness we cannot do all the things we wish we could, or at least we can't do them well. We need to make some humbling decisions about limiting our efforts--about limiting our unrealistic striving and moving towards forms

of cooperation that will enable us to go further together than we can individually.

We need also to take the role of another--we at Guilford need to see what it feels like to be working in Bennett or Greensboro College, and vice versa. That there are unique problems and unique opportunities in all our institutions, unique values and goals in our educational program, unique fears and apprehensions, unique strengths and affirmations. Occasions like this enable us, to some extent, to take the time to listen, to attend to the internal world of one another, both as institutions and as teaching colleagues across schools.

It is also important that our views of authority change. Our cooperation with one another is not because Bill Lanier or somebody else has told us to do that, but it is because at certain points we are persuaded that we can do things more effectively, more responsibly and perhaps more cost-efficiently by cooperating than by not cooperating. To the extent that we're persuaded of that, then we can move without fear of being swallowed up, or overrun, or intimidated.

The idea of role models is a little difficult. I do not know of any really good role models of a consortium--I wish I did. Maybe we can make one. I've lived and worked in at least four different educational consortia. Always they seem to have difficulties finding the best way to evolve effective programs across fields where people jealously guard their own boundaries, their own aspirations, their own self-definitions. I do not think it is any easier for us here. But I do think that we have a climate where we can be open about what those boundaries are, about the things we are afraid of losing, about the things we are in hope of gaining; and that we may at least have a quality of honesty to our discussion. I also believe we have the capability of effective planning and of not deceiving ourselves in some grandiose schemes that may not work.

I also think we share in common an "imagining of a whole"--that we see our work, for the most part, not simply as my teaching, or my program, or my majors, or my college. But we see our work as work inspired by a vision of those qualities of intellect, of aesthetic sensibility, of physical development, or moral and personal integrity which mark a person who has looked deeply at issues and has been able to make judgments based on clear reflection and understanding. I also think we share something of a profound trust, a spiritual perceptiveness, an awesome awareness of a presence which deeply enriches our lives and transforms our endeavors even when we are least worthy of it.

Having said these things, let me be a little more clear about where I see us coming out on the side of coherence. I hope we are moved toward a sense of trustworthiness and openness toward one another, a sense of willingness to change when change seems to be built on persuasive arguments. Maturity involves movement towards tolerance of ambiguity, toward the recognition that we will never have it all cleanly the way we want it, but that we can at least grow when we are willing to put ourselves at risk, even risking the possibility that we may be changed in this process. So often cooperative efforts, whether they be in love relationships or parent and child or across disciplines or schools, seem to flounder on that creeping pseudo-autonomy again--that our position is the one that everyone else will eventually come around to--without a real willingness to be open to this encounter. Cooperation depends on trusting the integrity of other people as having us as much at heart as they have themselves at heart.

I feel there has been movement in this direction by the consortium and there needs to be more movement. I think there are some substantial achievements that the consortium has made. We have developed substantial systems of cross-registration and movement among not only the three schools represented here, but the six schools in the area. We have made movement in the joint management of bookstores. We have made some movement in summer school programming, though we may need to strengthen it further and to find ways to have it be a real community of learning, not just a cafeteria of courses. We've developed management information systems, and institutional research with accurate data on teaching load and cost analyses. We have had interesting and effective artists-in-residence. And we have had real cooperation at a number of points in curriculum planning by departments.

But we have a number of problems--we have a number of questions that are unanswered. And it is to those questions that I hope we can move both in our specific planning efforts and in our more informal conversations. Perhaps the two biggest questions are: 1) the issue of evaluating the quality and effectiveness of the various academic programs on which we have cooperated to see if these can be tightened further to our mutual benefit, changed, supplemented or dropped. And 2) what should be the pattern of future funding of the consortium when according to all anticipations in five years the Title III monies will not be available any more. Indeed the very existence of Title III money seems to be on the line right now in Congress. Also we need to look further for possible cooperation among our schools in areas like job placement, joint purchasing, joint printing, perhaps joint professorships, library management and movement toward new systems that are required now as the Library of Congress cataloging changes come about next year.

These are some of the hopes that I have, things that we can work on as we move toward what I hope will be much more coherence than cacophony. I trust we will have more of a sense of integration; and that we will move toward the maturity of awareness in which we relinquish those forms of pseudo-independence and enjoy mature forms of interdependence.

C H A R I T Y J A M E S

I N R O M E

In the middle of me there's
a dark mist.
It looks rather like the negative
of a picture taken out of focus
but being a mist it breathes and billows
gently now softer now darker.
Having no fixed boundary it negotiates like tendrils
in sunlit water
with the patterning light.

When I close my inner eyes
so as to see it better I can be enveiled.
Sometimes
I lose the blindness it needs and I wonder
has it left me and I used to be frightened of being abandoned to the
desert of my daily acts.
But now I think it is indwelling.
I wonder what mighty mountain it protects
but do not care to know.

In the darkness of my own spirit I was
awash with tears and there were times
when all I could do was trudge in a felt direction of anguish.
And then came times of gaiety and grace roseate perfumed--
and terminable when the light was shut off.
I was more beautiful then more pure and more constrained and I
hankered after the light and more light praying with candles.
I remarked the flame's prick but did not see how it deferred
to the least shiver in the gentled shadow.

I think I believe that the darkness is the light burden,
the yoke that is easy.
It is more ultimate than the light for noone had to say
Let There Be Dark.
It was.

It is of course quite impossible to understand how it is that the
darkness has made a home in an untidy soul morose and strenuous
and not veiled.
Nevertheless each time I close these eyes and gaze
I am standing marginal in the cloister of the dark forecourts of
silence, rapt into the weaving of a world's love,
wrapped in a mystery of
being.

COOL CLIMATE

for a long time
I used to drive my pony
and trap
up the tall streets of Edinburgh
city of Northern altitudes
city of a remarkably severe almighty
god. anywhere in the city you could
have heard the slither and rasping of the metalled
wheels on the cobbles the ringing of shod hooves
and the gentle Hrmph of the pony
as we passed between the high hard
self-assured houses along the
narrow streets.
sometimes the streets were alleys
steeply raked
to accommodate the unyielding
hills beneath the feet.
then I'd get out and walk
companion to the quiet horse
glad of the velvet nose
thrusting under my arm against my breast
in a gesture of gallantry and wit
glad to turn and pat
the flat broad bony resolute
forehead and meet the sidelong eye.
I knew my partner in those hours
on the grey empty introspective streets
of the Northern city
knew I would come to no harm
though the times were of iron.

HAY - MAKING

Once upon a childhood day
I went hay-making.
Up up the strong men lifted me
till I was top of the haycock
and the joy was beyond that blue
limitless out of time
uncluttered
a premonition of what is
an epiphany
the hay rough against bare legs
the others laughing up at me from far below
the sky my limit
no
not even the sky.

Last night I had a presentiment of joy.

T R I P S

You are the explorers
you travel into far spaces
beyond the place where before the moon was.
I know you always
by your distance-spanning gazes
blank, purposeful
and diffuse.

I hesitate to say this to you
but when I notice
a certain fixity in your pupils
as if they were still held motionless seeking
beyond where they were meant to see
I wonder if some of you have flown
before you could run before you could even walk
even with me
through a quiet city
and see
what even I can see of the beauty
of dailiness
the substantial tangible character of
time is.

I suspect that this is more or less
what the lingerers at the quayside
who would not care
or dare to move out into the cold evening
beyond the lights of the harbour
had to say to
Christopher Columbus.

How may a man live that shall carry Christ Jesus
across the praisedark oceans
of his universe?

EDWARD F. BURROWS : "YOU SHALL LOVE YOUR NEIGHBOR
AS YOURSELF."

How does one get started in a direction in life? I really am not sure. Growing up on a 350-acre cotton farm in the middle of South Carolina, I was aware quite early that there were both black persons and white persons. I'm reasonably sure that a black woman assisted in delivering me; I had a black nurse, Anna, who took care of me for about two years. My playmates and peers were numerous white cousins and black children of farm tenants. Our closest neighbors were several black families who included a number of boys close to my age.

Was I stimulated to think by the obvious differences between the relative comfort of my own home and the very minimal comfort in the crowded homes of my black playmates: no electricity, no running water, sometimes no kitchen or cook stove? Was I conscious of the implications of my mother teaching our cooks, one after the other, to read and keep accounts? I distinctly recall Bert, a thin, black woman of indefinite age, painfully struggling through a first-grade reader, or a page of addition and subtraction, in the afternoon after she had cooked breakfast and the midday meal for the household, usually numbering well over a dozen. As I grew older (ten or so), I frequently took my mother's place as teacher, as did some of my sisters, I think.

I'm sure that I spent more time with my black peers than with my white ones. I was always warmly welcomed into their homes and often shared their meals, especially the good cornbread made by Mabel Johnson, who was our nearest neighbor. When they were at my home, we usually stayed outside. They ate the food that had been prepared for the family, but they ate in the kitchen or back porch, while I ate in the family dining room. We played together, we did chores together--getting in wood, picking cotton, going to the pasture to fetch the cows for our individual families. From them I early learned many correct facts of life. As we got bigger, we cooled off together in the branch behind my home. When we went to separate schools, I wondered why, and have a vague recollection of asking my mother about it, but I didn't pursue the question. I do recall a feeling of injustice when I visited the "colored" school--a one-room building, furnished with backless benches and a poor blackboard. There one teacher tried to guide perhaps fifty youngsters of all ages through the mysteries of reading and writing. I, at least, had a teacher who had only four grades totalling perhaps thirty pupils. The term for the black students was usually only four months as they were needed in the fields, while mine was eight or nine months.

When I entered high school, being bussed 25-30 miles each way every day to the county seat, I suppose I was aware that none of my former close associates were continuing their education. Some had gone "North" (often meaning Winston-Salem) to get good jobs. Others continued to work on the farm for my father, or got jobs with local lumber companies. I eventually went off to college and almost all close contacts were lost. Carrie's boy (James Bradford), who had been about my closest companion earlier, got married and began to father a large family. I gave him one of my white shirts as a wedding present.

In college, Washington and Lee University, the level of my consciousness began to rise; I found a pamphlet, The Tenth Man, published

by the Commission on Interracial Cooperation, which detailed the discrimination against blacks in very mild terms. I realized that my being in college (although I was working to finance myself) was in large part due to an economic system that rested unequally on black labor. Yet my Mississippi roommate and I still managed to regale our "Yankee" friends with totally fictitious accounts of personal black servants who waited on us at home, sleeping outside our bedroom door to be available on call. (Years later, when I was trying to convince one of these friends of my sincerity in improving race relations in the South, he found that hard to accept because he remembered my earlier tales.)

When I was a senior in college (1938-1939), a course on "The Old South and Reconstruction" probably did much to clarify my focus. Exposed for the first time to a more complete account of the history of the South, I began deliberately to look for books on the racial patterns. Among those I read at that time was the (at that time) classic, American Negro Slavery by Ulrich B. Phillips (1929). In later years I was to become aware of its bias, but at that time I was deeply impressed with the graphic details of the "middle passage" and treatment of Negro slaves.

A year of graduate study at Duke gave me a chance to do some research on the education of slaves in the South before 1860. But the inadequacy of source material changed my focus to laws concerning the education of slaves; and time forced me to limit my study to Virginia, North Carolina, South Carolina and Georgia. The discovery of such men as John Chavis, a freed slave, who got a college education and successfully ran a private school for white children in Raleigh, N. C., and the increasingly repressive laws which eventually made it a crime to teach any black to read or write, shocked me.

Perhaps even more important, in searching through old files, records and newspapers, I found advertisements for runaway slaves, accounts of slave uprisings, personal accounts of both slaves and white slaveholders. I realized how romanticized the picture of the Old South that I had held was. I became more clearly aware of the reality of the situation that existed in the United States, and its implications. I knew that I wanted to do something in this field. Still, my consciousness had not yet reached an overt stage, and I continued to accept the pattern of relationships between black and white to which I had long become accustomed.

During 1939-1940, when I was teaching several classes in a consolidated school in Clarendon County, S. C., I had little contact with blacks. The school, in a rural community, was totally segregated. I did suggest to our principal that we might join forces with the Negro school about two miles away to plan a more effective visual aid program. He did not object, but our equipment was poor and theirs was non-existent, so no program ever came into being. I remember feeling distress when, as a carload of teachers from our school travelled to the state capitol to join a presentation to the legislature of a request for a larger state supplement for school teachers, one of the senior teachers, the wife of a local minister, stated quite firmly that she would rather not have a raise if getting it meant that the black teachers would also get more pay. But I think I kept my mouth shut.

Finally after I had been drafted and had been sent as a C.O. to the Civilian Public Service Camp near Marion, North Carolina, I began to feel that I must do something about my growing concern about racial relations. There, for the first time, I became associated with Quakers.

Helen Binford, the wife of the camp director, especially impressed me with her warmth, openness and vigor. I began to discuss the subject of race and relationships between people with others, many of whom came from the East and Midwest. I accompanied a group of fellow campers to a meeting of the NAACP chapter in Asheville, N. C., and felt uncertain and uncomfortable because I was unsure how I should react to those present. We were graciously welcomed, but I stuck close to my friends and kept very quiet.

In April, 1942, I was transferred, at my request, to a smaller camp in Crestview, Florida. There we worked with the local Public Health Department to put in water pumps and to build sanitary toilets as an aid to preventing hookworm in a county where over 85% of the school-age children had been found infected. The work was hard but satisfying. The morale and spirit of camaraderie in the unit was quite good. I was probably in the best physical condition and health that I had ever been, certainly since I had had scarlet fever. But I found myself seriously wrestling with two major interrelated questions: what was my responsibility in the area of black-white relations, and what implications did this have for my response to conscription?

These two questions became dominant in my thinking. I corresponded with friends and some prominent pacifists sharing my views and concerns. In September, 1942, I accompanied a close friend to a national Fellowship of Reconciliation conference near Nashville, Tenn. We traveled by bus to Marion, Ala., where we joined Fran and Cecil Thomas, teachers in a black A.M.E. secondary school there, to drive on to Nashville in their van, along with a couple of their black students.

This interracial experience was truly new for me. As we traveled together, sitting and lying on the floor in the back of the van, singing, talking about our families and homes, ideas and goals, I became more and more at ease with the situation and less comfortable with my previous complacency. The conference gave further impetus to this growth. When I went to breakfast the first morning I found myself for the first time in my life sharing a meal at a table with black persons as equals. I felt very self-conscious. I was quite nervous. My stomach was uneasy. My immediate reaction was that my feelings were a natural reaction to an unnatural situation. As I look back, I realize that the situation was not unnatural but rather that I was nervous about what I was doing. However, by the end of the conference, I was over that feeling. Renewing acquaintance with Bill Schule, who had been my dorm counselor during my first year at Washington and Lee, associating freely with blacks in the various activities of the conference, rubbing elbows with a number of outstanding pacifist leaders such as A. J. Muste, my concerns became more clearly focused and more sharply pressing.

From October to December, I experienced a tremendous turmoil. In mid October I wrote in my occasional journal: "The dream that slowly seems to be evolving is the participation in a rural, interracial community in my own home community in Sumter County, S. C." For two pages, I went on noting the pros and cons and outlining the basic features of such a community. A month later I recorded the feeling that the "mists are continuing to dissolve" and I had a clear leading that I should leave camp, go home and devote my life to improving relations between the races there. Along with this, I felt a strong spiritual elation and certainty that I was experiencing "the presence of God." But the doubt and uncertainty returned and I continued to struggle with the question of what was right for me.

I got a leave (a week or ten days) for Christmas and returned to my home in South Carolina. I had intended to spend a good bit of time discussing my concerns with my parents, but the unexpected death of my father's oldest brother made any such discussions impossible. Finally on the night before I was to return to camp, I tried to open myself to my parents, a procedure painful to all of us. Their obvious distress, especially the reaction of my father that I was destroying myself and the family, helped me decide to return to camp to try to think through the dual question once again. An intense period of weeks followed. On February 2, I left camp to return to Sumter determined to practice what I had come to believe about the sacredness of all human life.

When I returned to the farm, I tried to live what I had come to believe. I worked beside the Negro tenants doing whatever they did, although usually not as well. I plowed the fields (luckily the mule I followed knew more about it than I did at first) and filled in as my ability permitted me. James Bradford, my childhood companion, now ran a parttime barbershop. I went there to get my hair cut. I visited Negro homes, usually the homes of Negroes who lived on our farm and whom I had known all my life. But now there was a subtle difference in our relationship and they seemed to accept it without question. I made contact with Morris College, a struggling, denominational Negro institution on the edge of town, and eventually gave them my modest library, mostly books I had bought in college. My family seemed to accept my behavior and made no comment or objection.

As I review this slow development (I was 25 by this time), I wonder how much influence various individuals had on my growth--my black playmates; Anna, Bert; Aunt Essie, who early challenged me to think for myself and encouraged me to read about Abraham Lincoln, George Washington Carver, and native Americans; my mother, who got up from a Thanksgiving dinner to make turkey-biscuit sandwiches for some black children who came regularly to get milk supplied them; others now unrecalled. In any case, I do remember a number of specific experiences that I am sure affected my learning in the areas of human relationships.

When I arrived home in February, one of the jobs that eventually fell to me was that of replanting corn, a job I had never done before. Mrs. Rutha Bronson, a slender black woman, probably already in her 60's or 70's, and I would work side by side, each taking two rows through the newly planted corn fields, noting where no blades had come up. She showed me how with one chop of a hoe to make a hole, drop in a couple of kernels of corn, and then cover it with a foot as I went on.

Rutha had lived near my home when I was young but had moved "North" years before to be near her daughter in New York. She returned to South Carolina in the late 30's or early 40's and settled in a small, virtually one-room cottage on the "street" close to my home. She quickly turned this very unpretentious hut into a relatively comfortable, very clean, attractive home, surrounded by flowers with a good garden nearby. Her grown son and grandchildren lived a few miles away and kept her supplied with wood for her open fireplace where she did much of her cooking.

The hours spent with Rutha, first as we worked day after day, side by side in the cornfields, later as I sat beside her fireplace at night, were a revelation and a treasure. I do not recall any specific conversations, but I know that we talked about religion, life, war, black/white relations--anything that came to mind: I, a white male with an M.A. degree, not yet 25, with very limited experience of the world; Rutha, a mature black woman with a limited formal education but with long experience and much

wisdom. In her, I think that for the first time, I really accepted a black person as a true individual stripped of all stereotypes and earlier conditioning. To me, Rutha was a rare personality. Despite many hardships, she was free of bitterness and instead seemed to possess a depth of compassion and understanding. She reflected a clear sense of her being, a security and a responsiveness to my questionings that I found both stimulating and reassuring.

We shared our ideas and experiences without inhibition of age, race or sex. At least I did. I do not know what she really thought of me except that she seemed to accept me as a friend and equal. When I went to prison after a few weeks, I lost contact with her. When I was released two years later, she had moved. I went to see her once, but did not find her at home. I don't think that I ever saw her again, but I have never forgotten my debt to her during those few weeks when we shared so fully and I learned so much.

In prison, I was to experience further growth in this area. My closest friend, J. Edson Sower, from Ohio, who had also been in camp with me at Crestview, was free of all prejudice and encouraged my growth. A quick-learning, diligent worker, a merry, likeable person, a good athlete, he mingled easily with all elements within the prison and shared many of his friends with me. The prison doctor, Robert W. Biach, a Czech immigrant, was a beautiful model for me with his even-handed treatment of all persons. Several of my closer friends among the other inmates were Negroes or Latin Americans, especially Puerto Ricans. But I think I learned most of all from Lewis Gratton.

Lewis Gratton and I first met when we both worked in the prison hospital. A strong, friendly, light-colored Negro with a good attitude toward life, Lewis performed his duties cheerfully and was a favorite of everyone in the hospital--professional staff, inmate staff and patients. As I went about my duties as technician in the hospital lab, inmate assistant in the operating room, and inmate in charge of the treatment room, Gratton and I got more closely acquainted and became friends. I wrote letters for him as he was only semi-literate.

In the late summer of 1943, but while it was still quite warm, a near riot occurred in the prison. A guard, feeling that a black inmate had not scrubbed the dining hall carefully enough, ordered him to do it over. The inmate, who was from "up north," had already been labeled as a trouble maker. He was taking a shower, thinking that his duties for the day were over. He refused the order given him. Immediately a number of other blacks gathered around and, as was usually the case, in a very quick time, the tension spread throughout the prison. (I recall walking alone across the empty prison yard, probably on my way to the hospital to report to work, feeling apprehension--the clash between races, between authority and inmates, the uncertainty of what might take place.)

After a short time, order was restored and a number of black inmates were placed in the "hole" (solitary confinement and total isolation from the rest of the prison). Among those accused of stirring up trouble was Gratton. One of the guards asserted that he had made threatening statements. (Much later, it was pretty well agreed that he went up to a guard and suggested that the warden be called because the men would listen to him.)

Those of us who had worked with Gratton were dismayed and puzzled. We knew that he was scheduled to be released within a few days.

He would never jeopardize that. We could not imagine him being threatening, or even impolite. But all efforts to assist him from the doctor who headed the hospital down proved of no help. Gratton was tried along with the others and was sentenced to an additional six months in prison. This also meant that he lost the "good time" he had formerly earned. This postponed his release for almost a year.

Gratton's response to this was sullen withdrawal. When he was finally released from solitary confinement, he spurned the doctor's request that he return to the hospital to work, and was placed on the "hard work" punishment detail. He continued to be housed in the cell-block so was in effect still virtually isolated from former friends. When I occasionally saw him, he was civil, but withdrawn and not at all friendly.

After several months and several tries, Dr. Biach somehow got Gratton placed again on the hospital staff as janitor. At first he did his work efficiently but silently, avoiding all contact with the rest of us to the best of his ability. I do not remember how long this lasted. What I do recall is two incidents that revealed to me the beauty and sensitivity of this virtually illiterate yet powerful, intelligent black man.

Sometime in late July of 1944, we had an emergency operation after midnight. It was my responsibility to set up the operating room, then to scrub and act as assistant nurse during the operation. Following the operation, when the doctors and nurse had thrown their gowns and gloves in the linens already scattered around the operating-room floor, I opened the double doors to the hall to start cleaning up the mess, which was also my job. (It had to be done immediately for we had only one major operating room, and never knew when we would be faced with emergency surgery.) To my astonishment, sitting half asleep on a hard, wooden bench in the hall was Lewis Gratton—who had been refused permission to come inside to watch earlier operations—why I am not sure. All the inmate nurses were white.

When I asked "What in the world are you doing here, Gratton," his simple reply came: "You're here, little Burrows." Side by side we cleared away the linens, scrubbed the instruments and the floor, and set things right. When, nearly morning, we had finished and an officer was escorting us to our separate barracks to get a little sleep before being aroused for another day's work, Gratton noticed the sliver of a new moon which was just rising. He commented that both he and I would be somewhere else when the next new moon appeared. He was finally due for release in August, and I was awaiting final approval of a job to put my parole into effect.

But it didn't turn out quite that way. When my papers came through, I joyfully went down to sign them. But when I refused to carry a draft card, the officer in charge refused to let me sign the papers, and I lost my parole. I had to serve the remainder of my sentence (excluding good time), another year.

Gratton was released on schedule. We shared the excitement of his getting all final arrangements, getting dressed out, and so forth. On the morning of his release, after he had put on his "street" clothes, he was allowed to come to the top of the stairs leading from the administrative offices on the first floor to the hospital above. There, most of us who had grown to know and love him gathered for a farewell. I do not remember how we separated, but I suspect that we shook hands as would have been the general pattern of the day for two men saying goodbye, certainly

if one was white and the other black. As he descended the stair, he turned, looked up at me and spoke: "Little Burrows" (he always slurred my name a little) "if I could stay here and let you go in my place, I would." That, from a black man who had suffered so much so unjustly at the hands of white men in that place.

Another link in my understanding and appreciation of human beings and their relationships had been forged.



5/1/77

Many changes in legal, educational and employment areas have occurred in the past 15 years concerning the status of blacks in America's traditionally white-dominated society. As a result, today no discrimination may legally exist in employment or in educational and political systems, but laws do not necessarily change attitudes or more subtle types of discrimination.

Sadly, we have found that merely ensuring interaction between blacks and whites in our various institutions has not resulted in an unprejudiced society: interpersonal attraction for other races has not increased, informal groups continue to be racially segregated, and minority students' self-esteem has often decreased following integration. A friend of mine recently commented that last year her eight-year-old daughter was the only white child who attended a black schoolmate's birthday party even though the entire class was invited.

Legislated desegregation, affirmative action, and other programs which focus on "numerical equality" are only a first step in changing attitudes and behaviors. These programs provide necessary, but not sufficient, conditions in our struggle against racism. (The same issues must be addressed in our attempts to eliminate sexism.) Reaching the more desirable goal of "moral equality" requires more than achieving a certain racial quotient.

Certain conditions which must be met before biracial contact results in decreased prejudice were outlined by Gordon Allport 25 years ago:

Prejudice...may be reduced by equal status contact between majority and minority groups in the pursuit of common goals. The effect is greatly enhanced if this contact is sanctioned by institutional supports (i.e., by law, custom, or local atmosphere), and provided it is of a sort that leads to the perception of common interests and common humanity between members of the two groups. (Allport, 1954, p. 281.)

The key to equality is the patterns of interaction which develop once racially mixed classrooms are established. Our educational system provides fertile territory in which to fulfill Allport's requirements. Educators should realize their obligation as well as their opportunity to change discriminatory attitudes about and expectations of minorities. Teachers and schools can serve as institutional supports by providing active and visible programs such as minority student counseling, tutoring, and recruitment, and by employing minorities at all levels of the system.

One problem with our present educational system is that our classrooms are typically organized around a competitive structure fostering the view that "It's every person for her/himself." Equal status is not granted by presence in the same class or by attending the same college. In studies of racial attitudes, whites appear ready to accept eventual desegregation and complete legal equality of blacks, but whites are not yet willing to grant blacks equality in motivation, personality characteristics, or intelligence (Brigham & Weissbach, 1972).

The theory of status characteristics (Berger, Cohen, & Zelditch, 1972) predicts that in initial, task-oriented encounters in which there is no formal status structure, persons should react to others on the basis of

previously existing characteristics. Race is one highly visible status characteristic with whites traditionally accorded the higher status. It follows that in general whites are expected to perform tasks more competently than blacks. In biracial groups, white males have been found to be more active than black males in discussions and to exert more influence on the groups' final decisions. However, in groups comprised of black students, black males exert significantly more influence on the groups' final decisions (Adams, 1980; Cohen & Roper, 1972; Webber, 1974). Although black females are more likely than white females to assume positions of influence in biracial groups, black females' intellectual competence is not viewed any more positively than it is for their male counterpart (Frieze, 1980).

There is an expectation then for whites to demonstrate a superior academic performance in relation to blacks. If a black does perform poorly, such performance may reinforce the stereotypic view of lower intellectual ability of blacks. In addition, if a black performs well, her/his performance may be viewed as atypical and attributed to "an easy test" or to "luck." Both of these factors have no association with the personal characteristics of the person. Thus, outcomes which are congruent with an observer's expectations are assumed to be caused by stable characteristics of the person who is associated with the outcome; while outcomes incongruent with an observer's expectations are seen as being caused by unstable factors often unrelated to personal characteristics. Following this reasoning, for a student who is considered intellectually superior, high performance is assumed to result from the student's ability while low performance is assumed to result from a very difficult test or a bad teacher. Research on achievement in the classroom has found that these causal attributions are made by teachers. Even worse is the fact that students incorporate these expectations for their own and for their classmates' inferior or superior performance. A direct consequence is continued prejudice by whites who justify their attitude by focusing on blacks' inferior performance on ("white") tests and the continued lowered self-esteem of blacks, at least in reference to white standards. In summary, the theory of status characteristics predicts that black and white students and teachers assume in initial encounters that whites will perform in a superior manner in relation to blacks, and attribution theory describes how this assumption is allowed to continue, even in the face of contradictory evidence.

We need to break this vicious cycle which anticipates poor intellectual performance from certain students on the basis of an irrelevant characteristic and which can create a self-fulfilling prophecy. Aronson and his associates (1979) have designed a task (the jigsaw group) which forces students to spend some part of their school day on learning material in a cooperative structure. Students are placed in six-person biracial groups. The learning task is divided into six paragraphs with each student receiving only one segment of the lesson (or piece of the puzzle). Since all of the material must be mastered, each student is required to teach her/his segment to the other five group members. The students within a group thus take turns being the "expert." The task fulfills our conditions of intimate contact (and even lively participation), shared goals (that of learning a lesson that they will later be tested on), and equal status (each child has a turn at leading the group). It is important to note that the participation and sharing of the group members is not altruistically-motivated (which could lead to

a paternalistic and discriminatory attitude), but is due to self-interest which leads to outcomes that benefit everyone in the group.

Aronson's task and others similar to it have resulted in increases in self-esteem and interpersonal attraction across races. In Aronson's study, minority students' academic performance also improved. Such tasks increase empathic role-taking since children must learn to communicate information and ask questions that others will understand. Students are then better at "trying one another's shoes on," which could facilitate improved understanding of the negative effects of discrimination. Pursuing common goals together rather than competing against one another can change one's attributional patterns so that the tendency to criticize others while making excuses for self is altered (Stephan, 1978).

The jigsaw group task offers educators a tool with which to begin changing discriminatory attitudes. I believe it could be modified for use with any age group or subject matter. Included in any modification, however, must be the conditions of active participation, shared goals, equal status, and institutional support. The expectations of both high and low status persons must be modified in order for the effect of status characteristics (i.e., sex, race, age) to be eliminated (Cohen & Roper, 1972). Programs which seek only to modify white prejudice without simultaneously increasing black self-expectations will not establish equal status interaction patterns.

Finally, it is important to note that race cannot be viewed solely as a subject variable that creates differences in behavior. A person does not behave just on the basis of her/his own race. The racial combination within a group makes a big difference in behavior. For example, whites have less influence on group decisions when paired with a black rather than a white partner (Adams, 1980).

What I have addressed is racial prejudice in groups where blacks are the minority, which has often been the case when institutions are initially integrated. No longer may institutions smugly refer to numerical equality to suggest that racial discrimination has been decreased or eliminated. Such numbers represent only the first step in the process of establishing equal status interaction patterns. A more active role is required by everyone since attitudinal and behavioral changes must occur before moral equality is achieved. The educational system provides a natural setting in which to initiate the use of racially-mixed, cooperative, task-oriented groups since students are together for long-term interaction which can be easily manipulated to produce positive results. The use of such cooperative tasks in elementary age groups should ease our transition to a more just and equal society.

* * * * *

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PELICAN PONDERINGS

*A wonderful bird is the pelican
His bill will hold more than his belican.
He can take in his beak
Food enough for a week,
But I'm damned if I see how the helican.
--Dixon Merritt*

Grave
Philosophical
Pelican
Perched on piles
Pouch pressed to crawl
He surveys the folly of man
Motionless, deep thoughts digesting
In his banal bird brain
While man scurries about
Making much ado
About nothing.

Lumbering
Ungainly
Pelican,
Turkey torso
More suited to Thanksgiving Feast
Than hummingbird flitting
From flower to flower
Dining on delectable nectar.
Pelican Fisherman
With fishbasket on
Huge lower jaw.

Soaring
Cavorting
Diving
Pelican
Great hang-glider wings
Locked rigid
Tilting precisely
As Pelican Lindbergh
Skims great tidal swells
Scarce five centimeters
Clear of water.

Leader
Follower
Disciplined
Pelican
Observing the rules
Of keeping in line,
Distances carefully calculated
Mile after mile
Of formation flying
Wing tips never touching
Graceful turn after graceful turn
As Pelican Fisherman
Scours the waves
For ichthyic inhabitants
Of the salty brine.

Dear God,
If bumbling
Bird-brained
Pelican
Can live enchanted
Dancing daintily
In salt air,
Might I,
Plodding earthling,
Aspire to soar
To realms beyond
The ken of flesh and bones
To share with Thee
The ecstasy
Of Transfiguration?

In the final novels of Henry James silence becomes an almost tangible substance that surrounds the characters. Silence predominates in the second halves of The Wings of the Dove and The Golden Bowl to such a degree that it acquires a metaphysical value in the scheme of each novel. Many of the convolutions of James' late style can be attributed to his attempt to isolate the silent moments that occur between the characters, so that both the reader and the characters can interpret the significance of the "blanks" in dialogue. With a minimum of speech, the characters in the world of James' imagination communicate at the deepest level by receiving and transmitting silent "impressions." Image and impression are given the power of the Symbol in its post-romantic sense, the power to transcend the limits of ordinary language and radiate a total complex of meaning that cannot be paraphrased. As the drama in each novel increases in the complexity of "relations," the silence between the characters becomes pervasive until the very air is filled to capacity with the unspoken. At this point the delicate tissue of silence is replete with possibility and speech becomes aggressive, as language has the power to destroy by brutally defining and reducing the total virtuality of any situation to a single version. Silent image and spoken word are presented in opposition: silence contains the multiplicity and relativity of experience while language, used in its restrictive, discursive aspect, can only articulate experience by offering a selected and limited portion of the total truth which exists at any one moment.

It is, of course, paradoxical and odd that a writer should use an elaborate verbal structure to depict silence. But James, as a man passionately involved with the nature of words, recognizes the implicit failure of language to express the fullness of experience. He creates a challenge for himself, and explicit difficulty to be vanquished: he attempts, particularly in his last two novels, to push language to new limits of expression. James is one of the first modern novelists because he tries to "render" the inner movement of "consciousness." To picture consciousness in operation involves James in a use of language that goes beyond the Victorian novelists' ability to describe psychology. James understands that consciousness exists before the content of the mind can be articulated; he uses all of the technical skill of the late style to describe the full complexity of consciousness before and as it emerges into the realm of verbalization. The stylistic difficulty is apparent: since James believes that awareness precedes verbalization, in order to catch the silent moment of perception in which awareness comes into being, the words must depict the moment without paraphrasing its content. By the end of his career, the privileged moment of perception has become central to James' metaphysic as well as to his style. The way in which James structures his last novels around these silent moments, so that the fullness of consciousness is revealed without direct discursive statement, constitutes the subject of this book. James' elaborate techniques in the late novels grow out of his attempts to surround the silence of consciousness with words; language is reorganized in order to "render" nonverbal

perceptions, and the principle of reorganization is one that James had discovered at the beginning of his career, the metaphor of painting as a structural model for literature.

When James wrote the Prefaces to the New York edition of his works in 1907, he undertook the project as an act of summation. In looking back over his work retrospectively, James is able to see that the aesthetic ideas which are fully realized in his late novels, were latently present from the beginning; he thus discovers a coherence in his books, an implicit system which grows from a confused beginning to final clarity. In writing the Prefaces he tries to underline this latent coherence for the reader: from the opening Preface to Roderick Hudson, in which James defines himself in general terms as the painter of life, to the final Preface to The Golden Bowl, where he tries to delineate the concept of "imaged prose," James trace out a very specific theory of the art of fiction. Throughout the Prefaces the primary metaphorical thread is the analogy of writing to painting, and in developing the implications of the analogy James creates a whole critical vocabulary for the novel, based on terms derived from the visual arts.

I believe that it is in The Wings of the Dove and The Golden Bowl that James managed the most complex transposition of visual principles into literature. He goes far beyond Proust in the subtlety and intricacy of his application of the analogy of writing to painting. Although the thought and structure of A la Recherche is permeated with the metaphor of painting, it is never developed into the precise system which James draws from the analogy. While Proust uses the idea of painting to supply a containing form for his novel, A la Recherche remains loosely composed, seemingly disorganized, as Proust himself pointed out. By contrast James develops a tight and complex pattern that is worked with mathematical regularity, and reflects the concept of literature imitating painting in every square inch of text. In order to approach James' final realization of the analogy, we will begin by looking at the Prefaces, not in linear sequence, but moving backward and forward within the collection, trying to relate the key passages to illuminate the central core of doctrine which James approaches from various angles in each Preface, but which remains a coherent though complex whole from whatever point approached. We will begin with the Prefaces to The Ambassadors and The Wings of the Dove, where James defines a major aspect of style in the late novels.

Throughout the dense prose of these Prefaces, James weaves the thread of an extended reference to the primary structural principle of his late novels: the alternation between "scene" and "picture." James insists that "these alternations propose themselves all recognizably" from the very beginning of The Ambassadors, and in his closing remarks in this Preface he claims, with qualified triumph, that these alternations of method make the Novel, with a capital, more dramatic than drama:

It wouldn't take much to make me further argue that from an equal play of such oppositions the book gathers an intensity that fairly adds to the dramatic--though the latter is supposed to be the sum of all intensities; or that has at any rate nothing to fear from juxtaposition with it. I consciously fail to shrink in fact from that extravagance--I risk it, rather, for the sake of the moral involved; which is not that the particular production before us exhausts the interesting questions it raises, but that the Novel remains still, under the right persuasion, the most independent, most elastic, most prodigious of literary forms.

The prodigious capacity of the Novel for independence and elasticity is evident throughout James' career as a novelist; independence because James was a conscious, almost methodical, experimenter with form, and elasticity, because these forms are stretched by James through the "great extension of consciousness," to include increasingly more complex matter. From the 1870s through the 1890s James often set himself the problem of adapting a traditional literary form or convention to his own ends, so that the "well-made" plays of Scribe and Sardou, or the primitive Gothic Tale, are stretched by the rigorous pressure of craftsmanship, into more complex literary structures such as The Spoils of Poynton and The Turn of the Screw.

The novels of the "major phase" grow out of three decades of experimentation, apprenticeship, criticism, and practice that represent a persistent effort to assimilate, almost systematically, all the possibilities of the craft of fiction. When James allows himself the luxury, in his late novels, of "letting myself go," he is going in the direction of his own unique and invented form which depends upon the controlled alternation of "scene" and "picture." The paragraph that ends the Preface to The Ambassadors builds up to a generalized statement about the power of the Novel as a literary genre, but the specific context for the words "independent" and "elastic" is the preceding discussion of "scene" and "picture." The elastic power of the Novel is given a precise reference; the Novel is elastic enough to incorporate the distinctly "other" arts of stage drama and painting into its structure, the arts from which the terms "scene" and "picture" are derived. As James characteristically finds his freedom in working under one of his self-imposed general laws (orderly composition, economy, symmetrical structure), so in this instance the artist's independence to make an original form for the novel, an independence which is conferred by the elasticity of the medium, is balanced by the "prodigious" difficulty to be overcome, in transferring aesthetic principles from stage drama, which depends upon visual representation, and from painting, which is visual representation, into the verbal medium of prose fiction.

Throughout the Prefaces and the Notebooks, James continually alludes to the intentional "difficulties" he creates for himself in order to master the technical problem with joyful virtuosity. The virtuoso aspect of James' prose is never separate, however, from his deeper aim of giving the reader the very "air of reality" itself. Most of James' intentional "difficulties" are a way of clarifying for himself, in the form of a specific equation to be solved, the pervasive difficulty inherent in his concept of the novel as a "representational" form. The persistent analogy which James uses to explain what he means by the word "representation" is the comparison of writing to painting. Thus in The Art of Fiction he states the analogy between the "sister arts" in assertive terms:

The only reason for the existence of a novel is that it does attempt to represent life. When it relinquishes this attempt, the same attempt we see on the canvas of a painter, it will have arrived at a very strange pass. It is not expected of the picture that it will make itself humble in order to be forgiven; and the analogy between the art of the painter and the art of the novelist is, so far as I am able to see, complete. Their inspiration is the same, their process (allowing for the different quality of the vehicle) is the same, their success is the same. They may learn from each other, they may explain and sustain each other.

In this passage, as in almost all of the subsequent passages in the Prefaces in which James uses the analogy, he keeps the comparison general: there is no evidence that he is thinking of stylistic affinities between specific writers and specific painters, there is not even a passing recognition of different styles or kinds of painting, but rather James seems to refer to painting in terms of its most comprehensive aesthetic attributes, the type of distinguishing attributes that Lessing points out in The Laocoon to differentiate between painting and writing. Although the concept of painting is generalized, James does not use the analogy simply to refer to the writer's ability to give vivid descriptions of people and places, so that when he calls the novelist the "painter of life," a term Thackeray might have used, he does not mean, in the loose Victorian sense, that the novel pictures the life of the times, but implies that the novelist, aware of the analogy between the arts, can transpose values and powers from one art into another. In the "sister arts" passage from The Art of Fiction, James specifically points to the aspect of technique; the writer and painter can "learn from each other," although the "vehicle" or medium is different for each the "process is the same" and this technical analogy is reinforced by a later reference to "his brother of the brush," who as an "executant" has the same freedom as the novelist for "experiments, efforts, discoveries, successes." James "insist[s] on the community of method of the artist who paints a picture and the artist who writes a novel" and goes on to draw a distinction between the "grammar of painting" which is exact and definite and the vague critical vocabulary for discussing novels. In The Art of Fiction James does not extend the technical analogy with precise examples, and only suggests that the novelist may "compete with his brother the painter in his attempt to render the look of things, the look that conveys their meaning, to catch the colour, the relief, the expression, the surface, the substance of the human spectacle." But throughout the Prefaces James redresses the balance in favor of the "exact . . . grammar of painting" by supplying his own grammar of fiction, which is extremely precise because it is drawn from and related back to his own work. Because much of James' terminology has become the standard critical rhetoric for the 20th century, it is easy to forget that terms such as "point of view" or "center of consciousness" are ultimately derived from James' interpretation of visual art and from his attempt to transpose the grammar of painting into its literary equivalent. When James uses visual terms such as "foreshortening," "reflector," "surface," "picture" and "frame" to describe novelistic techniques, he is emphasizing the fact that in his own work he continually explores "the community of method" of writer and painter.

It is hard to determine whether or not in referring to the sister (or brother) arts of literature and painting, James is aware of the long tradition of ut pictura poesis. If not, it is a significant coincidence that James constantly associates the analogy of writing to painting with his notion of conscious difficulty, the virtuoso performance of rivalling an art in another medium. As Jean Hagstrom points out ut pictura poesis and the difficulté vaincue have been associated since Homer, and this aesthetic configuration "arises whenever the frontier that separate the arts are knowingly and intentionally crossed"¹ For James the difficulty is a basic necessity to be faced if the novelist is to "represent" rather than "state" and from The Art of Fiction to the Preface of The Golden Bowl James uses painting as the primary model for representational art, so that by thinking in terms of the analogy he

progressively discovers more ways in which language as a medium can be enriched by annexing new rhetorical powers. Perhaps James' most general use of painting as a metaphor for the novel is based on the self-sufficiency, the self-containedness of a painting as a framed artifact. James often expresses his mistrust of the "mere, muffled, majesty of irresponsible authorship" because he saw how easily Victorian novelists could fall back on the authorial voice to simply tell the reader about an action, rather than making the action itself sufficiently expressive. If language is not made to "render" the material and reverts to mere statement, the writer is being "irresponsible" and his work suffers a loss of aesthetic intensity. The writer is subtracting from the ability of the work to speak for itself:

Processes, periods, intervals, stages, degrees, connexions, may be easily enough and barely enough named, may be unconvincingly stated, in fiction, to the deep discredit of the writer, but it remains the very deuce to represent them, especially represent them under strong compression and in brief and subordinate terms; and this even though the novelist who doesn't represent, and represent "all the time," is lost, exactly as much lost as the painter who at his work and given his intention, doesn't paint "all the time."

When James says that the writer, like the painter, must "represent all the time" he means more than that there should be no momentary lapses, as with Trollope, in which the author intrudes directly into his own narration. This is only a flagrant example of the more pervasive tendency of the novelist to rely on his authority to tell the reader what is happening, thereby, in a sense, directly mediating between the story and the reader, instead of "rendering" his material to make the novel become the direct and immediate experience of what it represents, self-sufficient, in this respect, as a painting is self-sufficient. The concrete aspect of James' theory of the novel is emphasized by his frequent description of his prose as a "representational surface": surface implies actual texture for James, just as it does for Pater, and throughout the Prefaces, metaphors of embroidery, tapestry, weaving, and sewing slide in and out of the dominant comparison to painting. To think of prose as a "surface" is to think of it, in some sense, as spatial and tactile, as somehow a more tangible and concrete medium than a "mere" narrative voice. For Pater one of the functions of "conscious" prose was to call attention to itself as a medium, and James' prose comes increasingly into the "foreground" of his works, until in the most concentrated scenes of the late novels the prose almost becomes synonymous with what it represents, primarily because the experience of reading, the rhythm of consciousness imposed by the syntax, is precisely identical to the process "represented" as taking place in the consciousness of the character.

There is an extended discussion of the difference between language as "representation" and language as "statement" in the Preface to The Altar of the Dead:

One's working of the spell is of course--decently and effectively--but by the represented thing, and the grace of the more or less closely represented state is the measure of any success; a truth by the general smug neglect of which it's difficult not to be

struck. To begin to wonder, over a case, I must begin to believe-- and to enjoy that profit I must begin to see and hear and feel. This wouldn't seem, I allow, the general requirement--as appears from the fact that so many persons profess delight in the picture of marvels and prodigies which by any, even the easiest, critical measure is no picture; in the recital of wonderful horrific or beatific things that are neither represented nor, so far as one makes out, seen as representable: a weakness not invalidating, round about us, the most resounding appeals to curiosity. The main condition of interest--that of some appreciable rendering of sought effects--is absent from them; so that when, as often happens, one is asked how one "likes" such and such a "story" one can but point responsively to the lack of material for a judgement.

The apprehension at work, we thus see, would be of certain projected conditions, and its first need therefore is that these appearances be constituted in some other and more colourable fashion than by the author's answering for them on his more or less gentlemanly honour. This isn't enough: there is no basis of opinion in such matters without a basis of vision, and no ground for that, in turn, without some communicated closeness of truth.

The major contrast of the passage is between the "projected conditions" which form the "basis of vision" and the author's "gentlemanly" word of honour, his reliance on his authority simply to tell rather than to show. When the conditions are projected onto the surface of the novel, the reader is provided with an immediate basis for his own vision, and the immediacy of effect is not diluted by the author's mediation. To simplify, take the situation of Thackeray in Vanity Fair, relating his tale, on the one side, to his readers, on the other, in a voice imbued with personality, which often intervenes between the reader and his direct experience of the novel, and compare it to James, whose projected vision places the work itself in a central position, with its process and surface directly accessible to the reader's inspection. Many of James' techniques evolve out of the attempt to circumvent the author's direct mediation between the work and the reader: the syntax, imagery, chapter structure, diction, and rhythm serve as the mediating agents, the prose becomes the medium, and although the author is never obtrusive, he is everywhere present through the intimate and pervasive means of style. The attempt to detach the work from the author is prevalent in symbolist aesthetics, often in the form of the author disappearing in order to leave the work "autonomous," and although James tries to make the novel a self-sufficient artifact, like a framed painting, he is too pragmatic, too aware of necessary imperfection and failure, to attach any sense of the aesthetic absolute to his ideal of self-contained form. The concept of aesthetic autonomy has become a major point of critical contention in the twentieth century, often construed as a kind of achieved inviolability, as if the work of art, through some transcendent technical process, closes itself in, and becomes immune from any considerations that lie outside its own structure. But James continually emphasizes the "exquisite correspondence" between art and life and his efforts to make the novel a self-contained form are directed towards rhetorical intensification; to make the process more lucid, the surface richer, so that

reading the novel becomes the primary experience for the reader. James would agree, I think, that we read Madame Bovary, not to find out more about Moeurs de Provinces, but to read the novel that Flaubert has written, yet this does not mean that the "subject," the provincial life represented, is unimportant. In fact James says that the major technical flaw in Madame Bovary is that the subject is not as good as the treatment. Whereas Flaubert dreams of the perfect novel as pure form, with no subject whatsoever (and the subject of Salammbo is a pretext for craftsmanship), James repeatedly says that technique is stretched to new levels of beauty by the attempt to render difficult subjects and that the form of the novel gains aesthetic value in proportion to the generality, comprehensiveness, and depth of human life that it "contains" within its frame.

Technique grows out of subject, and the clearest example of James' need for a containing novelistic frame occurs in the opening Preface, when he defines his subject, at its most general, as "relations." James places this passage at the very beginning of the Prefaces because it serves as a comprehensive statement relating technique to subject and expresses both with a visual metaphor.

The painter's subject consisting ever, obviously, of the related state, to each other, of certain figures and things. To exhibit these relations, once they have all been recognized, is to "treat" his idea, which involves neglecting none of those that directly minister to interest; the degree of that directness remaining meanwhile a matter of highly difficult appreciation, and on which felicity of form and composition, as a part of the total effect, mercilessly rests.

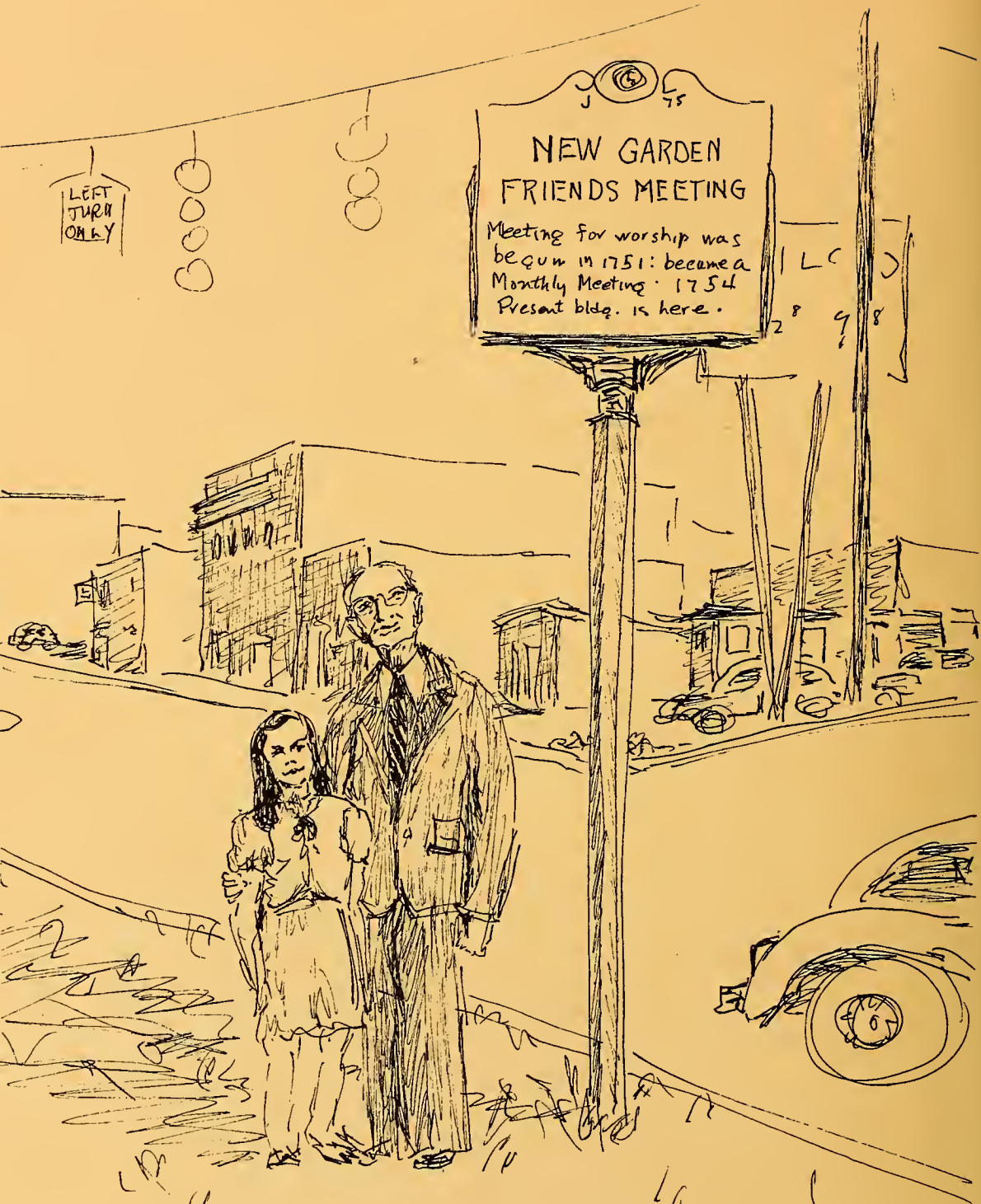
Really, universally, relations stop nowhere, and the exquisite problem of the artist is eternally but to draw, by a geometry of his own, the circle within which they shall happily appear to do so. He is in the perpetual predicament that the continuity of things is the whole matter, for him, of comedy and tragedy; that this continuity is never, by the space of an instant or an inch, broken, and that, to do anything at all, he has at once intensely to consult and intensely to ignore it.

As "relations stop nowhere" but endlessly multiply in all directions, the novelist must find a visibly appointed "stopping place" and the delimiting circle can only "appear" to stop the ceaseless and incoherent motion of life; the fact that the bounding line is necessarily arbitrary is manifested by the way in which James frequently ends his novels. The final scenes of The Portrait of a Lady, The Wings of the Dove, and The Ambassadors bring the novels full circle by reflecting the first scenes, but this formal closing leaves the characters suspended before an open and ambiguous future, and instead of finalizing their story James leaves the reader with an indicated direction, capable only of extrapolation as it is projected beyond the pale of the book. The image of a "field" of relations contained within a circle is such a condensed and central expression of James' aesthetic that it will take successive explanations to unravel all the implications, but one major significance of the figure is that the circular novel is the precise opposite of linear, sequential narrative. When James tries to write in order to make the reader see a "field" of relations, he intends for this vision to comprehend "everything" (a key word in the late style) at once, a simultaneous perception of the "related

state" of all the parts. Although James never abandons straightforward chronology in the overall structure of his plots, many of his techniques are designed to keep the total "field" in the reader's view, so that instead of following a series of actions, the reader sees an action, a gesture, an event as part of a related pattern. For example, when Chad and Madame de Vionet row into Strether's ken, an unprecedented "action" in the minimal world of The Ambassadors, the event is not a simple and direct causal link in a chain to further actions, but precipitates a rearrangement in the relationship between the three characters that changes "everything" so that all future action in the book is affected by the chance meeting, and the idea of a simple causality is lost in the welter of ramifications. Each of the late novels is a demonstrated "process of vision" and the total picture does not come into focus until the process is completed by the last page of the novel; the successive stages do not seem to follow each other, but to be superimposed, so that vision doesn't progress but deepens, and one of James' most powerful effects is the way he renders the almost imperceptible gradations in intensity of vision. For James, the "painter" of the "related state," the sense of time is determined more by the laws of visual perception than the laws of narrative sequence, and the intricacies that James derives from the ut pictura poesis analogy are a complex refutation of Lessing's classic distinction between the static art of painting and the temporal art of literature.

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¹Jean Hagstrom, The Sister Arts (Chicago, 1958), p. 35.



NEW GARDEN
FRIENDS MEETING

Meeting for worship was
begun in 1751: became a
Monthly Meeting: 1754
Present bldg. is here.

AT MARKER DEDICATION

11/1/79

ALGLE NEWLIN & JENNIFER BILLS

A L G I E I. N E W L I N : ACROSS THE CONTINENT

Fifty-six years ago I made my first trip across the North American Continent in an automobile, if a 1919 model Ford roadster can be classed as an automobile. My confidence in that vehicle and my affection for it were strong enough to give it credibility, in my mind, at least as a full-fledged automobile, and day by day and week by week they grew stronger as we sputtered our way from one end of the United States to the other.

Would any sensible young man start out alone on such a trip without a nickel's worth of accident or hospital insurance? In my thinking, these, like germs, had not been invented at that time--at any rate they had not broken into the main stream of my thinking. I did not ask Triple-A for a chart of the route I should follow: had it been born at that time? Well, did I complete the journey? of course! How much space and time did it cover? Near 3,500 miles and just over one calendar month, on the winding route which led from Berkeley, California to Guilford College, North Carolina. And all this was done in the most compact car that Ford ever produced. On this journey "Betsy" and I jiggered our way over 3,500 miles of road which varied from good to worst--nine-tenths of it unpaved. Was it a lonely ride? Perhaps, at times, but I was not always conscious of it.

If I am to tell some of my experiences on this solitary mad-cap safari I should give some of the background from which it was launched, some of the developments which led to it.

While in my first year teaching, at Burlington High School, I was offered the position of Professor of History and Political Science at Pacific College, in Newberg, Oregon. The offer caused me to feel the need for a bigger hat. I accepted the offer. My job at Pacific gave me as much work and as much joy as any bachelor should experience in any one year of work. Before the second semester ended I received an invitation from President Raymond Binford to fill the position of Professor of History and Political Science at Guilford College. My year at Pacific had worn some of the glow from the expansive title attached to the position, but the Guilford College offer carried a strong appeal to me which put me in a quandary: my love for Pacific pulled on me to stay there, but my yearning to get back to my Alma Mater pulled with greater force. The decision was made to go back to the other side of the continent.

As the Pacific College Commencement of 1924 approached, at least four of the younger members of the faculty of that institution made their plans for the coming summer. The summer session of the University of California had caught my attention. Two great names in my field of interest would be there: I wanted their courses. I soon learned that three members of the Pacific College faculty--Dwight Michener, his wife Ardis Michener, and their friend, Murl Clark--were planning to go to Southern California on a visit. They intended to make the journey in Dwight's Ford touring car, a luxury which I did not possess. Would I go with them? The car had been given an ingenious remodelling to equip it for camping use. The back of the front seat had been cut from its mooring and the bottom hinged to enable it to be laid back to cover the space between the two seats. A couple of

suitcases would fill the space under the dashboard. In this luxury-sleeper the two women could sleep while Dwight and I slept in the tent pitched near by. I liked the idea.

In 1924 there were a few camping grounds scattered along the main highways, even some towns had set aside space in their parks for free camping by tourists. When public camps were not available we were free to choose any favorable place in unoccupied land along the road.

On our journey to Berkeley we had an adventure which I prize as one of the memorable experiences of my sojourn in the West. We wanted to see Crater Lake. Oregonians had described it as one of Nature's wonders. After seeing it a couple of times I agree with them. It is located in southern Oregon and, as its name indicates, the lake is located in the crater of what is called an extinct volcano.

When we began the ascent of the road which led to the summit of the mountain we rode into a gentle but persistent rain. Halfway up the six or eight mile climb the rain changed to snow. For the seventeenth of June, the day of our arrival there, that was not unusual for the western mountains. Before we arrived at the summit we found ourselves in a snow storm which had covered the ground with one or two inches of snow. The tourist season had not opened and no one had made any move to open the one hotel near the rim of the crater. We found only one person at the tourist center, a man who was getting his souvenir shop ready for the approaching season.

We hurried to the rim of the crater for our first view of the marvelous blue lake. It was not there. The density of the falling snow filled the great cup full of a white cloud which completely hid the lake, a thousand feet below, from our view. We found a camping place, near by, set up our tent, built a fire and waited for the snow-laden cloud to leave us, especially to leave the lake. We waited until mid-afternoon. No luck! We packed our tent and started regretfully to the road for our descent to a warmer climate to camp for the night. The man at the souvenir shop stopped us: "You are not thinking of going down tonight are you?" "Yes, of course." "Anyone who knows that road would not dare attempt it." That stopped us. We were equipped for camping, but not for camping in a snow storm. The snow was now three or four inches deep. Again we set up our tent beneath some of the giant trees, scrounged for dry wood, built a huge fire and cooked our supper.

Sleeping was another matter. We were short on blankets, but stones were in abundance and we soon had some of them on the fire for foot-warmers. When they were heated to the right temperature we wrapped a couple of them in towels and put them through the car door for the women to use. Dwight and I had barely settled for the night when a scream from Ardis started us to the rescue: "This towel is on fire." And one of the stones with the smoking towel around it was kicked through the door of the car. We gave the hot stone a brief roll in the snow and again wrapped it in the towel and returned it to the occupants of the car.

We survived the night, and so did the snow. When morning came the blanket of snow was six or eight inches deep and still falling. About ten o'clock the snow stopped falling, the sun broke through the clouds and we hurried to the rim for our coveted view of the lake - and a marvelous view it was. It made us feel that it was worth all of our snow-storm experience. The rim of the crater is 7,100 feet above sea level, higher than Mount Mitchell in North Carolina. The surface of the lake is 1,000

state" of all the parts. Although James never abandons straightforward chronology in the overall structure of his plots, many of his techniques are designed to keep the total "field" in the reader's view, so that instead of following a series of actions, the reader sees an action, a gesture, an event as part of a related pattern. For example, when Chad and Madame de Vionet row into Strether's ken, an unprecedented "action" in the minimal world of The Ambassadors, the event is not a simple and direct causal link in a chain to further actions, but precipitates a rearrangement in the relationship between the three characters that changes "everything" so that all future action in the book is affected by the chance meeting, and the idea of a simple causality is lost in the welter of ramifications. Each of the late novels is a demonstrated "process of vision" and the total picture does not come into focus until the process is completed by the last page of the novel; the successive stages do not seem to follow each other, but to be superimposed, so that vision doesn't progress but deepens, and one of James' most powerful effects is the way he renders the almost imperceptible gradations in intensity of vision. For James, the "painter" of the "related state," the sense of time is determined more by the laws of visual perception than the laws of narrative sequence, and the intricacies that James derives from the ut pictura poesis analogy are a complex refutation of Lessing's classic distinction between the static art of painting and the temporal art of literature.

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If I am to tell some of my experiences on this solitary mad-cap safari I should give some of the background from which it was launched, some of the developments which led to it.

While in my first year teaching, at Burlington High School, I was offered the position of Professor of History and Political Science at Pacific College, in Newberg, Oregon. The offer caused me to feel the need for a bigger hat. I accepted the offer. My job at Pacific gave me as much work and as much joy as any bachelor should experience in any one year of work. Before the second semester ended I received an invitation from President Raymond Binford to fill the position of Professor of History and Political Science at Guilford College. My year at Pacific had worn some of the glow from the expansive title attached to the position, but the Guilford College offer carried a strong appeal to me which put me in a quandary: my love for Pacific pulled on me to stay there, but my yearning to get back to my Alma Mater pulled with greater force. The decision was made to go back to the other side of the continent.

As the Pacific College Commencement of 1924 approached, at least four of the younger members of the faculty of that institution made their plans for the coming summer. The summer session of the University of California had caught my attention. Two great names in my field of interest would be there: I wanted their courses. I soon learned that three members of the Pacific College faculty--Dwight Michener, his wife Ardis Michener, and their friend, Murl Clark--were planning to go to Southern California on a visit. They intended to make the journey in Dwight's Ford touring car, a luxury which I did not possess. Would I go with them? The car had been given an ingenious remodelling to equip it for camping use. The back of the front seat had been cut from its mooring and the bottom hinged to enable it to be laid back to cover the space between the two seats. A couple of

suitcases would fill the space under the dashboard. In this luxury-sleeper the two women could sleep while Dwight and I slept in the tent pitched near by. I liked the idea.

In 1924 there were a few camping grounds scattered along the main highways, even some towns had set aside space in their parks for free camping by tourists. When public camps were not available we were free to choose any favorable place in unoccupied land along the road.

On our journey to Berkeley we had an adventure which I prize as one of the memorable experiences of my sojourn in the West. We wanted to see Crater Lake. Oregonians had described it as one of Nature's wonders. After seeing it a couple of times I agree with them. It is located in southern Oregon and, as its name indicates, the lake is located in the crater of what is called an extinct volcano.

When we began the ascent of the road which led to the summit of the mountain we rode into a gentle but persistent rain. Halfway up the six or eight mile climb the rain changed to snow. For the seventeenth of June, the day of our arrival there, that was not unusual for the western mountains. Before we arrived at the summit we found ourselves in a snow storm which had covered the ground with one or two inches of snow. The tourist season had not opened and no one had made any move to open the one hotel near the rim of the crater. We found only one person at the tourist center, a man who was getting his souvenir shop ready for the approaching season.

We hurried to the rim of the crater for our first view of the marvelous blue lake. It was not there. The density of the falling snow filled the great cup full of a white cloud which completely hid the lake, a thousand feet below, from our view. We found a camping place, near by, set up our tent, built a fire and waited for the snow-laden cloud to leave us, especially to leave the lake. We waited until mid-afternoon. No luck! We packed our tent and started regretfully to the road for our descent to a warmer climate to camp for the night. The man at the souvenir shop stopped us: "You are not thinking of going down tonight are you?" "Yes, of course." "Anyone who knows that road would not dare attempt it." That stopped us. We were equipped for camping, but not for camping in a snow storm. The snow was now three or four inches deep. Again we set up our tent beneath some of the giant trees, scrounged for dry wood, built a huge fire and cooked our supper.

Sleeping was another matter. We were short on blankets, but stones were in abundance and we soon had some of them on the fire for foot-warmers. When they were heated to the right temperature we wrapped a couple of them in towels and put them through the car door for the women to use. Dwight and I had barely settled for the night when a scream from Ardis started us to the rescue: "This towel is on fire." And one of the stones with the smoking towel around it was kicked through the door of the car. We gave the hot stone a brief roll in the snow and again wrapped it in the towel and returned it to the occupants of the car.

We survived the night, and so did the snow. When morning came the blanket of snow was six or eight inches deep and still falling. About ten o'clock the snow stopped falling, the sun broke through the clouds and we hurried to the rim for our coveted view of the lake - and a marvelous view it was. It made us feel that it was worth all of our snow-storm experience. The rim of the crater is 7,100 feet above sea level, higher than Mount Mitchell in North Carolina. The surface of the lake is 1,000

feet below the rim of the crater, leaving an impressive circular wall, now truly snow white, around a lake of deep blue water. Phantom Island, one of the attractions of the lake, rises above its surface and it too has a crater which during part of the year is filled with water.

Oregon hospitality did not stop there: a government truck arrived at the summit as we drank in the beauty of the lake. We could now follow, safely, the tracks of the truck to the foot of the mountain, and we were soon on our way, happy with the outcome but conscious of the anxiety experienced during the previous twenty-four hours.

Near the end of the summer session in Berkeley my mind was often filled with the thought of how I should make my return trip to North Carolina. Would it be by train, one of the few, and the most logical means available? I had gone out by train the year before, using "script," to enable me to stop at any place or point which attracted me. On that journey I had spent nearly three weeks and it had broadened my concept of the size, shape, and condition of this giant country. Now I wanted a closer look than the train afforded. I wanted a more intimate feel of the life of the people in the society which spread from the Pacific to the Atlantic Ocean. The month of August and a few days in September would separate my summer school from my classroom at Guilford College. Would my pocketbook allow me to buy some sort of car? It would have to be a used car; but it must take me across the continent.

There was no used-car dealer in Berkeley, but I learned of one in Oakland, a town next door to Berkeley. The street car enabled me to get there. A 1919 model Ford roadster caught my eye. To test its road-power and to get some idea of its durability I was allowed to drive it into the hills back of Oakland. The hum of the motor was music to me and it took the hills as if it were hungry for a trip; at least it seemed so to me. I didn't think any other test or examination was needed. "How much?" "One hundred and twenty-five dollars." "Um...that's a lot of money." "Yes, but this is a superior car." I paid him and drove away, proud as a patrician. My first car!

Driver's license? I didn't even think of it. It had not been required in North Carolina and it never occurred to me that I would have any need for it. In not one of the eleven states through which I travelled did anyone ask to see my driver's license--which I did not have.

I tried to find some other young man who would be willing to rough it with me on our way back to North Carolina. I found one man in the University who was going to his home in North Carolina; but no thank you. He preferred the train. So the decision was inevitably made: go it alone.

I would need to acquire a bit of equipment for the journey. For camping, I bought an army cot. A tent was too expensive and I would not need it. I bought two blankets, a frying pan, and a coffee pot. I would drive until dark, cook and eat my supper, unfold my army cot, crawl between the two blankets and sleep soundly until daylight. Where would I camp? I believed that an occasional public camping ground would be found and I knew people were accustomed to camping on any vacant spot in uninhabited country. I bought a strong spotlight and fastened it on the outside of the car, to the left of the driver's seat; I thought it might be useful in case of my encountering one of the dense fogs which sometimes baffled motorists in some of the western states.

I drew plenty of advice from my friends. I would need an extra tire and one or two extra inner tubes. When I reached the desert

of Nevada I would have to reduce the pressure in the tires; if I did not they might become over-inflated by the intense heat and blow out. Betsy's wheels had wooden spokes, and this would present another danger in the desert: the spokes would become so thoroughly dried out that the wheels might collapse, if I failed to give them proper attention. So I bought a can of "Spoke-Tight," which I would spurt between the spokes in the hub of each wheel. It was expected to swell the wood and enable me to avert disaster. The only thing I knew about the state of the clutch bands was that they were likely to give out at any time along the way, so I bought a set of the bands and the tools which I thought I would need in the process of installation. I bought a five gallon can for a supply of extra gasoline. I filled a quart bottle with motor oil. And I must not forget my "Desert Bag." It was a canvas bag in which I carried two gallons of cool drinking water for the journey; and of course it met the needs arising from the thirst of the radiator of the car.

The trunk of the car, if it had one, was under the turtle shell which decorated the rear end of the car behind the rear seat and the top. I removed the turtle shell and strapped my wardrobe trunk, well loaded with my personal belongings, between the two rear fenders. It would provide the traction which I would need while climbing the gravelled roads on the hills. I tied the turtle shell to the trunk. With the car-top let back upon the trunk and the side-flaps of the hood folded together over the motor, to give maximum ventilation for the motor, Betsy and I made our way State by State across the Nation. What a picture! And could we raise a dust! With that we paid our compliments to the motorists who tried to pass us. Most of them succeeded, but I remember a contest with a Dodge car on a long hill of the Rocky Mountains. On several occasions where the road was wide enough he made attempts to pass but Betsy would never allow it.

Did I have a road map? Such a question! It had not been invented and nobody had thought of numbering highways. A few highways were named and were identified along the way by a set of bands painted around telegraph poles in specific colors. I had a map of the United States which identified the cities and important towns and gave the course of the railroads. This map was helpful and I supplemented it by asking people along the way for the best route to a certain town on my proposed route. Did my system work? Well, I arrived at my North Carolina destination in time to meet my first class of the year.

Undaunted by the distance from home and by the direct warnings of my friends in Berkeley I drove Betsy out of town to the east on the narrow paved road leading toward Yosemite National Park. Elated? You bet! The paved road ended before I got half way to Yosemite, but one part of the much which I did not know about the trip ahead was that I would see no more paved road until I reached Kansas City except the paved streets in some of the towns through which I would pass.

How magnificently the gateway to Yosemite greeted me! El Capitan, the towering mass of rock, looked down upon Betsy and me and must have seen us as a road flea kicking up a little stream of dust as we fluttered along the narrow road. Then came Yosemite Falls! It disappointed me, by its absence. At this point in the summer the stream had completely dried up, and only the imprint of the falls on the cliff told me where it had been.

Chinquapin Road--where was it? Before El Capitan or after? I think it was before, but anyway this narrow dirt road led to Lookout Point and the famous Balanced Rock, fifteen or twenty miles away. These

I wanted to see at close range. So I took off up the narrow Chinquapin Road which I found infested with potholes, loose rocks, and pesky little hills. After two or three miles I came upon a big car (for that day) stuck fast on one of the many short sharp hills which punctuated the road most of the way to Lookout Point. An elderly man and a young woman were struggling "manfully" to surmount the obstacle but without success. I had hardly volunteered my manpower when two young men in a rather large car stopped behind Betsy and volunteered their services. The aid given by the three of us was sufficient. The grateful couple stopped beside the road to enable the three of us to drive on ahead of them. The two men volunteered to stay behind to render assistance if any should be needed. I insisted that Betsy's speed would make it necessary for me to bring up the rear and for them to cruise on ahead. A few miles more of this dusty hilly road and Lookout Point was reached.

The one hotel had an outdoor restaurant with large round tables beneath giant trees. I needed parking space, not a hotel room, but the outdoor restaurant attracted my attention. Camping sites were free for the taking and several carloads of people had already requisitioned camping sites in choice places beneath the giant trees, and had set up housekeeping for the night. I chose a spot near a ravine on the outskirts of the temporary colony, a position made necessary by my lack of a tent. There I staked out my claim by parking Betsy and sauntered past the hotel to get my first view of the Canyon before darkness closed the show. The view was breath-taking. And there nearby, was the Balanced Rock: half as long as a boxcar, with what appeared to be half of it, but not quite, sticking out into the open air beyond the edge of the cliff. From the tip of that rock it was said to be more than 3,000 feet straight down to terra firma. Some one asked the Ranger, "Does a person often fall from this cliff?" "No, lady; only once." I was thrilled by the view. Near the rim of the cliff two men were burning a batch of wood to produce the live embers needed for the "firefalls" display after dark. This was one of the main reasons why I had chosen to make this round-trip detour of thirty or forty miles.

I went back to the hotel's outdoor restaurant and ordered my evening meal, feeling equal to the "big shots" sitting at the other large round tables. My costume was one reason for my pride: a pair of what had been cream-colored corduroy trousers, a sweatshirt which once showed a light gray color, and a rather broad-topped gray cap. This costume was my version of the popular costume of the young men of California University. The rough usage to which the costume had been subjected during the past few weeks gave it the necessary coloration to bring it completely into style. I wondered about the oversized round tables with the sugar and salt in the very center of each one; but not for long. Before my meal was served two full grown, graceful does sauntered into the space among the tables. One of them came straight to my table, paid no attention to me, and reached "long-fully" for the sugar bowl in the center of the table. But try as she did she still needed a few inches more of neck and nose. I obliged her by pouring some of the sugar on the table within her reach. She quickly swept up every grain of it, looked hungrily for more and then went to another table to continue her begging.

After my dinner the "firefalls" beside the Balanced Rock was my first priority. A crowd was gathering. The pile of glowing embers had grown to the size of a truck-load but we had to wait until darkness filled the canyon before the show could begin. The Balanced Rock caught my attention.

It offered a balcony seat--actually a belly-flop place from which I could view the full length of the "firefalls." I crawled out near the suspended end of the huge boulder and bellied down upon it for the coveted view. As I lay there peering over the edge of the boulder waiting for the show to begin another young idiot crawled out and bellied down beside me. I learned that he was a student at Haverford College, where I had received my master's degree two years earlier. I wondered if this sort of behavior is a by-product of Quaker education? Just to look down the sheer face of the tremendous cliff was awesome.

I thought the "firefalls" was worth any risk a visitor might take. Two men with hand-rakes kept a solid stream of embers flowing from the edge of the cliff. The embers kept their maximum glow in falling through the atmosphere as rapidly as the law of nature would allow and kept a solid stream of fire flowing straight down through the darkness for the length of ten football fields stacked end on end. It was a thrilling sight! I spent the following night on the floor of the canyon, and on the opposite side from Lookout Point. Watching the "firefalls" from this distance robbed it of some of its close-up wonder but it gave me its more mystic dimension.

On the floor of the valley I was on the main route of the summer tourists and I found that camping space was not free. I paid a dollar for a specific spot. As I was walking from the open-air office of the Ranger I heard someone say: "Here is a man's wallet: it feels as if it has some money in it." I walked back to the Ranger's desk and asked; "Does that wallet have a little green card from the University of California with Algie I. Newlin's name on it?" "What is the middle name?" "I-n-n-m-a-n." "You are a lucky man." I agreed. This purse contained all the money that I thought I would need to take me all the way to Guilford College, and I had only begun the journey. What would I have done if I had lost it? The thought had never occurred to me and perhaps would not have entered my mind if this instance had not arisen.

The big trees of Yosemite attracted my attention, especially the one through which a tunnel had been cut large enough for a road to pass through it. I suppose I did not think as much about the mutilation of the tree as I did when I read, recently, that the tree had fallen because it had been fatally weakened by the ordeal.

Leaving Yosemite behind I headed for Reno, Nevada. A bachelor going to Reno! It was on the route which I had chosen for my journey to Guilford College. A short distance from Yosemite I ran into trouble. Betsy's motor began acting up. On the second day out of the national park, after travelling long miles of gravel road, over what seemed to be an endless series of hills and through uninhabited country, the motor stopped and steam poured from the radiator. I waited for the motor to cool, filled the radiator from my "desert bag," and spun the crank handle. I invoked no response. I wore myself out spinning the crank and still there was no response from the motor. I had not seen a house for several miles back toward the southwest. Then over the hill from the southwest came a car. For that day it was a big car. Two young men were in it. They had a tow line and they hitched Betsy on behind it. A short drag and Betsy's motor broke into its familiar tune. The young men kept just ahead of me for a few miles then drifted on out of sight. They had barely disappeared when Betsy's motor stopped again. After I worked for nearly a half hour in a futile effort to get the motor started I saw my two benefactors coming over the hill from the east to get me out of trouble again. When I warmly

offered to pay them for their trouble and for their assistance they flatly refused. One of them said: "Don't you remember us? The three of us helped the old man get his car up the hill on Chinquapin Road three or four days ago. And you insisted on our going ahead while you followed his car to Lookout Point." They stayed in sight of me until we reached Toulume Meadows. There a telegram was waiting for one of them: his father had died. They turned back to Los Angeles. I never heard of them again.

Toulume Meadows had a post office, a general store and a ranger station. Here I could get supplies and here I would do what I could to get Betsy's motor in working order. I set up my camp by parking the ornery roadster, a few yards from a tumbling stream of cool clear water. Here I brought out the tools and the material which I had acquired in Berkeley to grind the valves of the motor and give it as much of an overhauling as my tools, my time, and my knowledge would allow. Believe it or not the motor ran smoothly after I put it back together.

Here at Toulume Meadows I was given a stern lesson in ecology: a word which had not entered my vocabulary at that time. It was in water pollution - my first one in that field. To wash my greasy hands I took a cake of soap to the rapidly flowing stream and began the ritual. The Ranger saw me and approached me rapidly, flailing his arms and shouting, with words which I will not repeat, that washing hands or anything else, was not allowed in that stream. I gave my apology and after a few minutes we were conversing in a friendly manner.

After one night at Toulume Meadows I took to the road again headed toward Nevada with the formidable Sierra Nevada looming up ahead of me. Near the foot of a nine mile climb I passed a Ranger Station, perched beside a little stream. The long slope meant a climb in low gear. It was a narrow winding road, just a shelf on the steep mountain side. It was a single track road most of the way. About half way to the summit Betsy stopped, but the motor kept going. I knew what was wrong: the use I had given the low gear had worn out the clutch band. I didn't dare attempt backing the vehicle down the four or five mile hill to the Ranger Station, but did back down to a place where cars could pass me. At that point a retaining wall kept the road and me from sliding down the mountain side. I sat and waited. Eventually a car came down the mountain road from the east. I asked the driver if he would please stop at the Ranger Station and ask the Ranger if he would bring his truck and pull my vehicle to the top of the mountain pass. I waited, and waited. After about two hours he came and towed Betsy to the summit. "How far is it to a garage?" I asked. "I don't know. It is twenty-nine miles to the first house, but it is only six miles to a camping place. (A camping place was where one could get water.) You will be able to make it in high gear." When I told him I had the clutch bands and the tools necessary for their installation he asked to see the tools. He told me that I needed a certain wrench, and took it from his tool box and gave it to me. "But how will I get it back to you when I have finished with it?" "Give it to the first car you meet and ask the driver to drop it off at the Ranger Station." "How much do I owe you?" "Nine dollars." I paid him, gladly, and started on my six mile drive to Porcupine Creek. As the Ranger had said, the road was "up and down" but no hill was too steep for me to negotiate in high gear.

In a meadow-like patch of ground beside Porcupine Creek I settled down for work and for the approaching night. Darkness caught me with the crank case open and in the early stage of removing one of the

worn-out bands. Here my spotlight came into use; I could work even after darkness enveloped me. Then I lost my nerve: what if I should drop a bolt or a nut into the machinery in the crank case? I decided to wait for daylight for this delicate work. I prepared and ate my evening meal, set up my cot and crawled between the two blankets for a good night's sleep, not knowing if there was any other human being, or any other living creature within fifteen miles of that spot on Porcupine Creek.

Soon after "retiring" a peculiar noise from up-stream caught my attention. No, it was neither the product of imagination or of hallucination. It kept repeating from time to time and getting closer. I soon decided that the noise was similar to one I had heard repeatedly during the night which I spent at Lookout Point. It was a herd of deer following the course of the stream where the grass was still green. I took my spotlight in hand and waited. When I felt that the deer had come as close as they could without getting wind of Betsy or me I pressed the light switch. It was a large herd and in their mad dash to get away they seemed to evaporate into the darkness.

At last I reached Tioga Pass. From there it was a long descent into Nevada. One continuous slope extended for ten miles down the east side of the mountain range. As was true of most mountain roads this decline was mostly single-lane, with "turn-outs" at intervals, for passing. The up-hill traffic had the right of way and those going downhill had to keep a look-out for approaching traffic, or back up hill to the first "turn-out" to allow the approaching vehicle to pass. I had that experience when I rounded a sharp curve and came head-to-head with a heavily loaded truck.

Darkness had covered me for more than an hour when I crossed the California-Nevada line. It was a lonely spot with no evidence of human habitation anywhere near. But soon I came to a man standing in the middle of the road swinging a lantern as a signal for me to stop. Was I about to be robbed? Even my "advisers" in Berkeley had not briefed me on the possibility of robbery as one of the points of interest, as I planned my trip. But now it was a possibility. "Drive over here!" he shouted as he pointed to a place beside the road. "This is a State of Nevada station for the control of the foot and mouth disease." I knew that the State of California was wrestling with that problem. "Do you have any pets?" "No." "Get out and shuffle your shoes in the sawdust while we spray your car." With Betsy thoroughly sprinkled with a liquid which had some of the aroma of creosote I pulled out of the sawdust pit and drove to a semi-desert area which seemed suitable for camping for the night.

Before reaching Reno I passed two ghost towns, sad monuments to the mining rage which had swept several of the western states a few decades earlier. At that time much of Virginia City was a ghost town. Carson City and Reno, the two principal towns of Nevada, did not detain me. I guessed that many of the out-of-town cars which I saw parked at Reno were owned by temporary residents.

At Reno two highways led out across Nevada to the east: one was the Lincoln Highway and the other the Victory Highway. What should I take? I was a strong admirer of Lincoln but I had learned enough about Nevada's roads to have little respect for them. I chose the Victory Highway, the more northern of the two routes. It led to Salt Lake City and I wanted to go there. My desire to cross Nevada must have been strong, for it took me five days to get across the state. I had hit the Nevada roads near the first of August after the summer traffic had worn them into a terrible

state. The Victory Highway was a continuous succession of dust-filled pot-holes, filled so completely with heavy dust that one could not tell how deep they were until the car wheels dropped into them. I travelled most of one day in low gear and covered less than one hundred miles of the miserable course.

I learned that I could make better time by following the tracks of one or a few automobiles which had travelled across the sparsely scattered sagebrush on a line parallel to the highway, than I could on the highway itself. In one of the little towns I heard that there was a short-cut across the sagebrush which might save me several miles of low-gear travel and a lot of time. In my eagerness to find it I stopped at what I took to be a mercantile establishment to make inquiry. It proved to be a gambling joint. I asked one of the men standing near the door if he had heard of such an alternate route. He freely gave me directions to it, then hesitated, and mentioned a different course to it. In the face of his uncertainty I suggested that I could consult someone else. That was a mistake. He cursed me out for not trusting him. I followed his first direction, found the trail and followed it for fifteen miles to a point deep in the desert where the other cars had turned back. I had wasted thirty miles of travel and about two hours of driving time.

When the wooden spokes in Betsy's wheels began to cry from the dry desert heat, I responded to the warning by getting out my "Spoke Tight" and squirted the liquid between the spokes of every one of the wheels. But the more of the stuff I squirted the louder the spokes cried. The emergency demanded some other remedy if the wheels were to be kept intact. I stopped at the first store I came to which had any hardware and bought enough bolts to replace every bolt in each of the four wheels. To cut all the bolts in the four hubs with a cold chisel, replace them with the new bolts and brad every one of them was hard work and time-consuming, but it paid off--for never again did I hear a peep from any spoke in Betsy's wheels.

It was also in Nevada that the radiator in this valiant little car sprung a leak. My desert bag was my salvation, but I knew that sometimes there was as much as twenty-five or thirty miles between watering places and the leak could pose a real threat. (The Victory Highway follows the Humboldt River Valley for nearly a hundred miles, but there was no river in the riverbed when I saw it.) Advice along the road was free and abundant. One man said the best remedy for a leaky radiator was horse manure. Just let a handful settle into the radiator. The water will carry particles of it out to, and into the puncture where they will lodge and stop the flow of water. I tried it and got some measure of success. Later I found a chemical solution which was guaranteed to stop any leak in a radiator. I bought it and found it a bit more effective than the other remedy but I had to remove the radiator from its mooring and wash it out before using the liquid remedy.

I had been advised to stop at every gasoline pump and fill up with gasoline even though my tank would take no more than a gallon, for a traveller never knew how far it was to the next pump. This rule I followed for both gasoline and water. The price of gasoline varied from twelve cents to forty cents a gallon. Lovelocks, Winnemucca, Elko and Wells were the Victory Highway towns which sank into my memory. At Wells I stopped for the night and to tighten some of Betsy's connecting rods. The camp ground was nearly full when I arrived. While flat on my back beneath the car

busily occupied with my repair work, I saw Ardis Michener passing by with an empty pail. When she returned with a pail of water I called her name and asked for a drink of water. She looked at me with an expression of wonder, or was it annoyance, and started on. She stopped and returned: "Is that Algie Newlin? Come over to our camp for supper." I completed my job, washed up and showed up at the Michiner camp at the appointed time. Dwight threw up his hands in despair: "Surprise for supper! I thought I was going to get something extra to eat." They were on their way from Los Angeles to Idaho to visit some of Ardis's relatives.

Crossing Nevada was the one part of the journey in which I gave way temporarily to a degree of discouragement. Driving in low gear from one chuck hole to another was a slow method of travel. I decided that my trunk might be too heavy for Betsy. At Winnemucca I stopped at a garage (converted from a livery stable), bought some boards and began making a crate in which to ship the trunk by train to Guilford College. When the crate was half completed the thought of climbing the grades in the Rocky Mountains and the need for weight to give traction for Betsy's rear wheels changed my mind, and I gave up the idea of sending the trunk on by train. While I was at the garage an Indian came by to talk with the proprietor. The proprietor asked the Indian which of the two threshing outfits in the area was he expecting to get to thresh his wheat. "Neither. I aim to use my hosses to tread it out: it's much cheaper than I can get it threshed." This is the closest that I have ever come to what I think of as an eighteenth century method of threshing wheat.

At last I succeeded in crossing Nevada's eastern border. Utah's roads were better and I made good time: something like thirty miles an hour. I felt that only the dust could keep up with me. I had passed the Salt Flats and had reached the border of Great Salt Lake when I was stopped by a punctured tire. I had no extra wheel, or tire on a rim. I had to remove the tire, patch the innertube and then replace the tire. Since the puncture was made after dark I had to make use of my spotlight in the process. That was a necessity but it proved to be a painful mistake: it was a signal for every mosquito in the Salt Lake area to zero in upon me. By sprinkling myself with gasoline I was able to make the repair. Of course I had to see the Temple and Tabernacle in Salt Lake City but I could not tarry very long. While crossing the Rocky Mountains Betsy was my faithful and hardworking friend. For some reason I wanted to see if she could climb Pike's Peak, so it was south from Denver to Pueblo and then east on the road to Kansas City. I made good time through Colorado and through Kansas, but at Lee's Summit, Missouri, I was delayed for the greater part of a day.

Entering that little town I parked Betsy, facing the curb, underneath the restaurant window, went in, sat at the counter and ordered my noon meal. Betsy and I made a spectacle; each of us carried some of the dirt accumulated during the travel of the past few days. A neatly dressed man came in and sat down beside me. His opening remark was: "Do you belong to that outfit out there," pointing through the window at Betsy. "Yes." "I see you are from California. Where are you headed." "To North Carolina." "What is your business, or profession?" "I'm a school teacher." "Where did you teach during the past year?" "At Newberg, Oregon." "Um, that's interesting. I have been to Newberg." When I answered some of his questions about Newberg it seemed to establish my credibility in his mind. I let him know that I intended to spend the afternoon working on my car. Was there a camping place in Lee's Summit? "Yes, we have an excellent camp ground in one segment of Lee's Summit Park." He told me how to get

there. As we parted he gave me his card: I'm the Editor of the Lee's Summit Journal. If you are in town for a while come over to my office--just across the street." I have often wondered if I made the local news page of his Journal.

I found the camp ground and chose my parking place. Two or three cars had already taken their places there. One of the men was an automobile mechanic who had a portable garage on an old truck, on which he had constructed a sort of prairie schooner top. He sported a beard which was cut to the model of that worn by General Robert E. Lee. I felt obligated to allow him to do the work which Betsy needed, rather than have him watch me do it. He completed the work in time for me to get a couple of hours' driving on the road to the east, but the "General" had some fatherly advice for me. "Son, you will make more time on the road if you will spend the night here, get a good night's sleep and get an early start tomorrow morning." He would see to it that I got started soon after daylight, as he always began his day before daybreak. The next morning he shook me awake in what seemed to me to be the middle of the night; and invited me over to his camp for a cup of coffee. It was still dark.

I left Lee's Summit shortly after daybreak, my record for the trip. About twenty miles out I routinely pulled out my watch to see what time it was. The watch chain came out but there was no watch attached to it. I felt in the watch pocket: it was empty. I stopped the car and searched every possible place to which it could have gone. I didn't find it. My disappointment was complete. I treasured the watch: it was a graduation present from my father and mother, a year before the death of my mother. It could have fallen through the slot in the floor of the car, in which the handbrake operated. I turned back toward Lee's Summit, scanning the road as best I could for the lost watch. No luck.

Back in the camp ground, two vehicles remained: my "General Lee" image, and a man who said he was on the police force of Kansas City, Kansas. They helped me look the camp ground over--every square foot of it which I had touched that morning. Then my friends had a possible answer: the three young men whose camp had been near mine could have found the watch. They needed money. They were too nearly broke to buy a second-hand tire from the "General", and they needed the tire. They lived beyond Kansas City. The policeman seemed sure that they would pawn the watch in Kansas City. He promised to check all the pawn shops along their route through Kansas City. The two men took my name and address and I left them.

Again I was heading out on the road to the east, but when I reached the twenty mile point, where I had turned back to Lee's Summit, I stopped again. My longing for the watch got the better of me and I turned back again toward Lee's Summit. The camp ground was deserted so I took my time and searched, very carefully, every part of the camp ground to which I could have gone that morning. Still no watch. Then I thought of the Editor of the Lee's Summit Journal. It was Sunday morning but I would hunt him down, if he were in town. I found him at his home and gave him the wording for the advertisement which I wished to insert in the lost and found section of his paper. I paid him for running the advertisement in three successive issues of the paper and left Lee's Summit for the last time, still without my watch.

The journey from Lee's Summit through Missouri, Illinois, Indiana and to Cincinnati, Ohio was uneventful. My modest rate of speed enabled me to get a fair knowledge of the life of people along the way.

On the long drive through Colorado and Kansas I passed through a number of towns and ranching areas which still had some of the atmosphere and spirit of the "Old West," at least it seemed so to me. At one time I found myself completely imprisoned in the middle of a herd of several hundred head of cattle. A couple of cowboys came to the rescue, and by riding ahead of me they made a lane by which Betsy and I could escape.

In Colorado I broke my no-hitchhikers rule and took a Mexican on board. On the hundred mile stretch in which he rode with me we did not exchange a half dozen sentences. In one of these he told me where he wanted to get off. The second hitchhiker was an elderly man. He had spent the night in the schoolhouse behind which I had camped. The old man had run away from his family in Illinois and was making his way back home. I deposited him in front of his home with the "wise" admonition to stop running away from his family.

I was eager to stop in Cincinnati for a visit with Harry Johnson, a schoolmate at Sylvan High School and at Guilford College. He was doing his intern work at Cincinnati General Hospital and had invited me to stop for a visit with him on my return journey to Guilford. I drove to his apartment, changed clothes and waited for Harry's return. The next morning I went with him to the hospital and soon made my near-fatal mistake. "Jim", as he called me, "how about going with me to watch some operations?" "Sure." "I'll get you a white coat and everybody will think you are an intern." I followed Harry from one operation to another. After two or three I told him that I was in need of fresh air. He agreed. "You have been in the operating room long enough. Some interns can't take it this long." When we left the operating room my memory of our actions left me. Harry told me the story later. We walked to a stairway, to the floor above, and the full length of a hall and through a door leading to an outside porch. We had been chatting all the time since we left the operating room. When we stepped out on the porch I stopped in the middle of a sentence and fell backward to the tile floor. When Harry saw the blood running from my nose and ears he rushed me back to the operating area of the hospital. As they were doing the X-ray examination I regained enough consciousness to detect some sort of machinery operating over me. When I asked what was going on, Harry replied that everything was all right: "Go back to sleep." When I came to life a few hours later I was alone in a hospital room. I told Harry that I wanted to go to his apartment. "Not yet." When the doctor came in I didn't tell him the whole truth about my feeling and he told me I could go to Harry's apartment if I would stay there a couple of days.

At noon the following day Harry returned to find me dressed. "What's the idea?" "I'm going to watch you play baseball this afternoon." (He was on the Interns Team.) I wanted to test my strength to see if I could start for Guilford College the next morning. It worked out as I hoped it would.

I spent two nights on the road between Cincinnati and Guilford College. At no time on the trip did I become so tired as I did on those two days. When sleepiness got the better of me I would pull out beside the road, drop my head on the steering wheel, sleep for a few minutes and then drive for another short time. The mountain roads across West Virginia and Virginia and into North Carolina were rough, to put it mildly. They were ungraded, narrow, hilly, and often strewn with loose rocks, several inches in diameter. Betsy was equal to the ordeal, and I made it.

I reached Guilford College, reported for duty, got settled and

had a good night's sleep. But still the weight did not lift from my head. Would it ever? There was no mail from Missouri: no word about my watch.

On the day following my arrival at Guilford College I was wearing a respectable costume, Betsy had been given a good wash, and I drove to South Alamance County to see my father and other members of the family. When I came within five miles of the home, people along the way began telephoning the family: "Innman [as they called me] is on the way." Or "Innman has just passed here." So the family was ready for me when I arrived. But this does not complete the story. I had two disappointments which cut me deeply during my first few weeks of teaching at Guilford.

The first of these was the loss of all of the pictures which I had taken in the course of my journey across the continent. I took the eleven rolls of film to the most reputable place in Greensboro for the purpose of developing. When I went for the prints every one of them had been ruined by the solution used in the developing.

I could not keep from believing that my watch would catch up with me, and for a few weeks I went to class and about the campus without the guiding influence of a watch. Then I succumbed. I went into Greensboro and bought a seven-jeweled Elgin pocket watch. It cost me ten or fifteen dollars. A few weeks later I received a letter from a jeweler in Lee's Summit, Missouri: "I have your watch." Then he told me his story. A boy had found the watch on the road about twenty miles east of Lee's Summit. It had been run over by a car and the boy didn't think it could be repaired. A few weeks later he brought it to town with him and asked the jeweler if it could be repaired. The jeweler could not look at it at that time. Eventually when he had time he opened the watch; the picture in the back of the watch caught his attention. It was the picture of my mother and me which I had mentioned in the advertisement as a means of identification. The picture reminded the jeweler of the advertisement in the Lee's Summit Journal. He called the office of the Journal for my address. They had lost my name and address but the Editor remembered that I had taught school in Newberg, Oregon, the previous year, and he knew the Superintendent of Schools in that town. So the Editor wrote him. The Superintendent had not met me but he knew that I had taught in Pacific College, so he called President Levi Pennington for my name and address.

I sent the reward money to Lee's Summit and a few days later my watch arrived, with the picture in the back still intact. My youngest brother, Ira, was in the freshman class at Guilford so I gave the seven-jeweled Elgin to him. My prized watch had been permanently damaged and it never gave accurate time. A jeweler in Greensboro told me that the jeweler in Lee's Summit had done all that could be done for it. Since then I have gone through two other watches and I am now using one that is not too reliable, but Ira tells me that he has used the Elgin pocket watch for fifty-six years, that it still keeps perfect time and he has never even had it cleaned.

So the door closed upon my memorable journey with Betsy. It had taken me through eleven states, across almost the full length of the United States and it had kept me on the road for a little more than one calendar month. It was marred by only one serious bout with circumstances—but how many did I narrowly miss? I do not know. My lack of a tent for camping needs some attention. On two nights I was driven by rain from my open-air sleeping quarters into the Ford roadster. Yes, it was cramped sleeping quarters but I slept—some. In Cincinnati I spent three nights

under cover, under a roof. All of the other approximately thirty nights I slept on my army cot with the open sky as a roof, sometimes in camp grounds, sometimes beside or near the road.

On this 3,500 mile sashay I encountered a host of people, perhaps a cross-section of the population of this vast country, as it was spread across the continent. In all this experience I met only three people whom I had known before I began the journey: Dwight and Ardis Michener in Wells, Nevada and Harry Johnson in Cincinnati, Ohio. I was satisfied with this mad-cap safari; so well satisfied that I have never taken another of comparable madness. I felt enriched by what I had learned of Americans scattered across this nation. I had found in them democratic qualities which enhanced my pride in American people. I had found in their benevolence what seemed to me to be an unselfish willingness to help even a stranger. Was it not this which made it possible for me to make a solitary journey across a continent? I think of Chinquapin Hill, Yosemite Canyon, Toulume Meadows, Porcupine Creek, Lee's Summit and Cincinnati General Hospital: all of these stand out in my memory. Above all wasn't it the Great Benevolent Spirit, working through people in all these places, which kept me going? And I wonder if that Spirit didn't watch the little beetle, of which I was a part, kicking up a tiny stream of dust as it scurried across North America. And did that Spirit follow it with a smile?

My head damage was the only toll taken by the trip. From this I recovered--or did I? At least it can't be said that "I was kicked in the head by a mule."



IN NO STRANGE COCOON OF LONELINESS

for Algie Newlin

In nineteen sixteen
a youngster who'd never been
from Alamance
did prance,
throwing stones at trees and "rabbats"
instead of balls at bats.
He'd never seen such as "thats."
The only "pigskeen"
he'd ever seen
was on a pig filled with food and ease
instead of a compressed breeze.
With a twist
of the wrist
strong and true
through the air the ball he threw.
A cousin,
of which he has a hundred dozen,
came 'round
to make a touchdown.
Or so he brags
without lags.

Student of history and debater,
and no woman hater.
With equal vim
they loved him.

To Haverford
and West in a Ford.
To Hopkins, "Wisconserne,"
Chicago and Berne--
Though not in chronology
with due apology.

In no strange cocoon
of remoteness
friend to friend soon
with strength of greatness.
Given to the world in Geneva
with Eva.

In no strange cocoon of loneliness
as friends came with Mexican
and extract of Japan.

Tenderness and compassion and love
Laid away a brother to an infinite life
above.

The same hands dealt
knowledge without raising a welt.

Teacher, demander of fact and lore:
the number of buffalo in '94.

Under the spreading oak,
by a clod
of Guilford sod,
stand two sticks as a yoke,
marking the spot
to which a squirrel got
from the limb of a tree
when listless became the class and he.
Poor squirrel!
What a twirl!
What a world!

Shyme(r)
on the rhymers!
Makes "Busy dean"
the same as "Dizzy bean"
and guillotine;
and "Munt"
with Man-dean's grunt;
and loose
goes with the understructure of a golden
goose.

Dispenser of humor and wit
if the occasions permit
sometimes twice-barbed:
even extracted through the hide
tears its demands of the garbed.

Builder of character
for us
stronger than a nuclear reactor
comes to an end this clonus.
Not farewell, old Fren'--
Auf wiedersehen.

INTRODUCTION

A roar was heard in the submarine canyon, rapidly increasing in volume. Two hours earlier, fifty miles upcanyon, a square mile area of the Bahama Bank margin had collapsed into the sea. A short time later, a turbid cloud of water, thick with sand and mud, quickly outdistanced the submarine landslide. The turbidity current advanced at race-horse speed down the steep Bahama Escarpment towards the adjacent deep-sea plain. Transverse waves arose constantly within the flood, churning the mud-laden torrent into mud-tinted foam, as the current eroded sediment from the sea floor and grew to a height of more than one hundred feet. On looking across the flood, it was seen that the rate of flow was generally uniform, a little more sluggish about obstructions, a little swifter over the interspaces. The flood maintained its vigor for a short time, and even seemed to augment in volume. Then, slowing rapidly, it traversed one hundred miles of flat abyssal plain floor in less than thirty hours. Finally, the advance of the frontal wave slackened. The turbidity current shrank and vanished, leaving behind a nearly continuous layer of sand and mud on the slopes of the Bahama Escarpment and the abyssal plain floor.

The power of turbidity currents and their capacity for carrying large quantities of coarse sediments great distances across the deep-sea floor have captured the imagination of geologists for the past thirty years (Walker, 1973). No one has ever observed a major oceanic turbidity current, yet most geologists believe they exist. This is due largely to the efforts of Bruce Heezen and Maurice Ewing of Lamont-Doherty Geological Observatory and their documentation of the successive breakage of submarine telegraph cables along a line stretching 300 miles south away from the epicenter of an earthquake which occurred on November 19, 1929 beneath the continental slope south of Newfoundland. Heezen and Ewing's explanation was simple - the cables were bent, twisted and broken by a turbidity current triggered by a submarine landslide in the vicinity of the earthquake epicenter (Heezen and Ewing, 1952). Subsequent sampling of the sea floor with piston corers revealed a meter-thick bed of graded silt containing shallow-water microfossils on the ocean bottom in the area of the cable breaks, further evidence of a turbidity current which carried sediment from shallow depths into deeper waters. The timing of the cable breaks suggested that the flow reached speeds over 40 miles per hour as it plunged down to the adjacent abyssal plain.

Great advances have been made in documenting the extent of turbidity current-deposited sediment in the deep sea since Heezen and Ewing published their ideas. Theoretical and experimental studies have revealed much about the flow of these currents. Unfortunately, these studies have generally been limited to small flows in flumes. A great deal still remains to be learned about the deposition of sediment by major oceanic turbidity currents.

SILVER ABYSSAL PLAIN TURBIDITY CURRENT

The layer of carbonate sand and mud deposited by the Bahamian turbidity current described above is now covered by a meter-thick layer

of abyssal clay which has accumulated since the flow rushed down the Bahama Escarpment towards the adjacent Silver Abyssal Plain approximately 20,000 years ago (fig. 1). The account of the flow, probably more fiction than fact, is based on the pattern of sediment deposition by the turbidity current (fig. 2). Flow velocities and the thickness of the current were estimated from the speed at which the largest particles deposited by the flow settle in water (Van Tassell, in preparation). The sediment particles deposited by the turbidity current are dominantly skeletons and fragments of benthonic and planktonic organisms, mixed together with clay. Dense particles such as coralline algae, bryozoans, echinoderms and benthic foraminifera are concentrated at the base of the sand layer deposited by the turbidity current. Skeletons of lighter planktonic foraminifera and pteropods occur in greater quantities near the upper boundary of the sand layer. The percentages of different-sized particles deposited by the turbidity current appear to be closely related to the estimated flow velocity at the time of deposition (fig. 3), and there are indications that individual species of planktonic foraminifera and pteropods, which varied only slightly in density, were selectively sorted out and deposited in different positions within the sand layer by the turbidity current. This demonstrates how effectively large oceanic turbidity currents sort and concentrate different types of sediment particles.

A LONG-DISTANCE PROBLEM

There has been an explosion of solid waste disposal in the oceans along the continental margins of the world in the past few decades. Much of this material may eventually be spread across the depths of the sea by turbidity currents. It is clear that our knowledge of turbidity currents has not yet progressed to the point where it could be used to predict where pollutants may be concentrated and assess how great an impact this will have on deep-sea ecological systems. It is encouraging that the percentages and types of particles deposited by the Silver Abyssal Plain turbidity current appear to be directly related to the flow velocity. Someday, it may be possible to use computer or actual scale models of local bottom topography to predict the paths and velocities of possible turbidity currents originating in waste disposal areas. Hopefully, this will allow future researchers to predict and plan for the possible ecological effects of pollutants deposited by turbidity currents in the deep sea.

* * * * *

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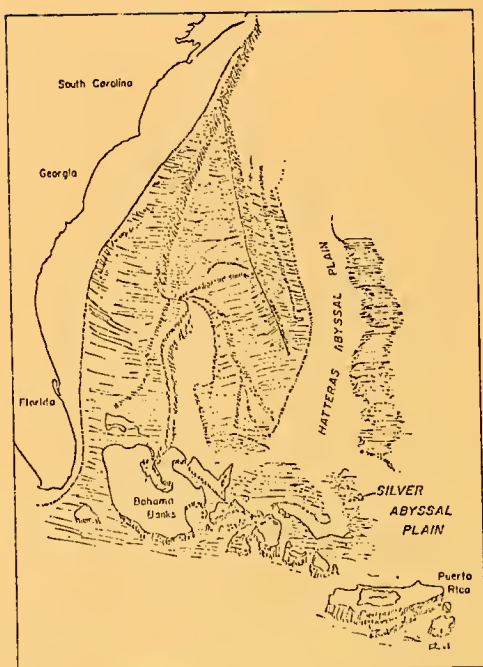


Figure 1.

Location of the Silver
Abyssal Plain.

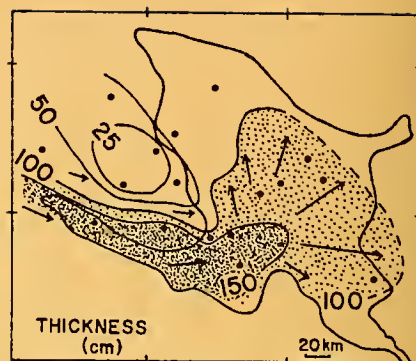


Figure 2.

Thickness of the layer of carbonate sand and mud deposited on the Silver Abyssal Plain approximately 20,000 years ago. Arrows indicate possible directions of flow.

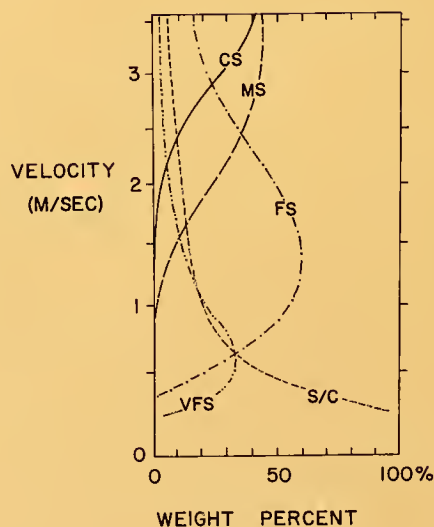


Figure 3. Average percentages of different-sized particles deposited at different velocities as the Silver Abyssal Plain turbidity current slowed down. Note the progressive increase in the percentages of smaller particles as the flow decelerated. CS: Coarse sand; MS: Medium sand; FS: Fine sand; VS: very fine sand; S/C: Silt and clay.

FREDERIC R. CROWNFIELD: 1890-1900--AN IMPORTANT DECADE IN WHITEHEAD'S DEVELOPMENT

In attempting to understand the development of the thought of such a complex mind as that of Alfred North Whitehead, an obvious procedure is to think of it in terms of a succession of stages--in his case: University of Cambridge, London University, Harvard University; or from another point of view mathematics, philosophy of science, metaphysics. Whether this road leads uphill or downhill will then be an obvious point for argument. The truth, is, however, that this schematization, while it reflects certain obvious features of his career, obscures a very real continuity over a long period.

Whitehead himself hints at this fact in a letter to Bertrand Russell: "My ideas and methods grow in a different way from yours and the incubation period is long, and the result attains its intelligibility in the final stage." (Russell, 1968, 100-101.) Toward the end of his life he told Lucien Price, "My writings on philosophy were all after I came to this country, but the ideas had been germinating in me for the better part of a lifetime. Some of them I had when at school before I ever went up to the university." (Dial., 326-7. Italics added.)

A more specific statement is reported by Nathaniel Lawrence on the basis of a conversation with Mrs. Whitehead. It is of particular interest as suggesting the underlying continuity of his religious thought. For a period of seven years, beginning in 1891 shortly after their marriage, the Whitehead couple read together "widely and intensively in the literature of Catholicism...it was in this period that the ideas were born which were to emerge with little external warning thirty years later in Religion in the Making...Many of the dominant ideas of Adventures of Ideas were shaped in this early period." (Lawrence, 21.)

This does not imply a steady, continuous progress. There were obvious concentrations of interest. But none of his interests was ever entirely absent from his mind. In particular, his interest in religion seems never to be absent. From this point of view, the decade between 1890 and 1900 is of particular interest.

MARRIAGE

Certainly one of the important events in what I have called an important decade of Whitehead's life was his marriage in December 1890 to Evelyn Wade. Of it he says, "The effect of my wife upon my outlook on the world has been so fundamental that it must be mentioned as an essential factor in my philosophic outlook." Her background was completely different from his. "Her vivid life has taught me that beauty, moral and aesthetic, is the aim of existence; and that kindness, and love, and artistic satisfaction are among its modes of attainment. Logic and Science are the disclosure of relevant patterns, and also procure the avoidance of irrelevancies." (LLP-W, 8.)

If this suggests that without his wife he would have been largely devoid of aesthetic feeling, it would be completely misleading. The boy who in his spare time at Sherborne read poetry--"especially Wordsworth and Shelley"--may have had his aesthetic sense broadened and deepened, but it

was already there. However, it may well be that without his wife this side of his nature would have been increasingly neglected until, like Darwin, he found himself no longer responsive to either poetry or religion. In any case, his tribute to his wife's influence cannot be discounted.

THE BREAK WITH ANGLICANISM

We are told that the theological reading already mentioned was undertaken with a view to possible conversion to the Roman Catholic Church, both of them "being somewhat disaffected with Anglicanism." (Lawrence, l.c.) To this reading Mrs. Whitehead was able to contribute a knowledge of Catholicism. Though not a Catholic, she had grown up in Brittany and had been schooled in a convent. (*Dial.*, 159.)

The question naturally arises: What was the nature of this disaffection with Anglicanism? We are not told in this connection, but many years later in a conversation with Lucien Price, Whitehead does give an opinion of the Anglican Church, and it seems reasonable to suppose that this represents a continuing attitude, though it had doubtless been sharpened and clarified by later reflection. "The Anglican Church," he says, "is admirable for its purpose--the beautiful ritual, the music, the architecture, the good voices--it has everything except religion. It is sociological.... The Anglican service is a symbol of the aristocracy's responsibility for governing a nation." (*Dial.*, 159-60.) If this is not entirely fair, it is not a judgment which was limited to Whitehead. It is one way of putting the protest of the Anglo-Catholic party, and expresses the underlying feeling which took Newman and others to Rome.

The mention of Newman calls attention also to a more positive influence leading to this theological reading. Bertrand Russell tells us that "As a young man he was almost converted to Roman Catholicism under the influence of Cardinal Newman." (Russell, 1956, 103.) For one disaffected with Anglicanism this seems a natural direction to turn, especially for one with the native capacity to appreciate the brilliance and subtlety of Newman's mind. But no conversion took place, leaving us wondering just why. Unfortunately Whitehead does not tell us, and we are left to speculate. One factor which may well be involved will appear shortly. The lasting effect of this extensive reading on Religion in the Making has already been mentioned.

THE REVOLUTION IN PHYSICS

Meanwhile another process was going on in Whitehead's mind at this time: The beginning of a realization that the foundations of Newtonian physics were laid upon sand. Speaking of it later he says:

[T]here is not a single concept...which was taught us as a whole truth that has not now been displaced. The Newtonian ideas are still useful, as useful as they ever were, but they are no longer true in the sense in which I was taught that they were true. This experience has profoundly affected my thinking. To have supposed that you had certitude once, and certitude about the solidest-looking thing in the universe, and then to have had it blow up on your hands into inconceivable infinities has affected everything else in the universe for me. (*Dial.*, 238. *Italics added.*)

Many others shared in this loss of certitude, but the important characteristic of Whitehead's loss of certitude is that he lost any belief in certitude itself. "It taught me to beware of certitude," he observes. (Ib., 362.) "The most fundamental assumptions of supposedly exact science [were] set aside. And yet in the face of that, the discoverers of the new hypotheses in science are declaring, 'Now at last we have certitude,' when

some of the assumptions which we have seen upset had endured for more than twenty centuries." (Dial., 131.) For Whitehead it was not a case of replacing an unjustified certitude by a justified one. He was learning not to expect any such thing.

It seems probable that this is one reason why Newman, with his careful analysis of the nature of assent and certitude and its fundamental role in religion, was unable to make a Roman Catholic out of Whitehead.

However that may be, there is still another important result of the Whiteheads' theological reading which bears on the topic. The only book specifically mentioned as read at this time is Paul Sarpi's History of the Council of Trent, of which Whitehead says in the preface to Adventures of Ideas, that it was one of half a dozen books influencing his general way of thinking about the history of civilization. The nature of this influence is clear from two references to Sarpi in the opening chapter of Science and the Modern World. He is discussing the scientific revolution of which Galileo was one of the pioneers and says: "It is a great mistake to conceive this revolt as an appeal to reason. On the contrary it was through and through an anti-intellectualist movement. It was the return to the contemplation of brute fact." (SMW, 8; cf. 27.)

What Whitehead discovered in reading Sarpi was that the Papal Legates to the Council of Trent demanded that decisions be made on the basis of Scripture, tradition, authoritative councils and other authorities. It was a repudiation of the use of reason as found in Thomas Aquinas and other scholastics. If at first this seems to be the antithesis to the observations of the scientists, they have this in common: they both appeal to something believed to be fixed and given, before thought takes place, which, properly used, would lead to certainty. The "brute facts" appealed to are quite different in each case, but each appeals to supposedly hard, ultimate facts. Whitehead does not think one can get along without facts, and no doubt preferred the facts of the scientists. But the breakdown of Newtonian physics showed that something else was involved. The question it forced him to face was how supposedly brute facts could conflict. "By 1900 the Newtonian physics was demolished, done for!" (Dial., 345.) Yet in all the areas where it had been serviceable it was as useful as ever, and still is. If science simply dealt with facts, you might add more facts, but facts cannot conflict. Reading Sarpi did not give him the answer directly, but it acted as a catalyst to the process of finding one.

Whitehead's answer is found in his conception of speculation which comes to full expression in the first chapter of Process and Reality. It is the search for a scheme or system meeting the demands of logical consistency, coherence among its fundamental concepts, and adequacy to our experience. This is necessary even in science. Newton, despite his boast-- "hypotheses non fingo"--did make hypotheses. The law of gravitation is an hypothesis which provided an understanding of a wide variety of human experiences outside as well as inside the laboratory. What happened to Newtonian physics was the discovery that though it was applicable to a wide range of experience, the range was limited. Relativity and quantum physics indicate limits within which classical physics applies. Within those limits it works as well as ever. What is lost is the belief that we can obtain conceptual schemes which have no limits. Whitehead came to hold that neither in science nor in religion was it possible to discover such schemes with unlimited validity. The theme of Religion in the Making is rational religion, not as the basis for arriving at certitude, but with the hope of an ever-growing adequacy of general ideas to experience.

THE UNIVERSAL ALGEBRA

From this decade, too, comes Whitehead's first book, the Universal Algebra, begun in 1891 and published in 1898. The writing of it was thus coincident with the Whiteheads' theological reading and with the beginnings of the revision of classical physics.

Victor Lowe (pp. 125-131.) indicates that there are three chief points of interest in this book: (1) the emphasis on means for the facilitation of reasoning; (2) the relation of mathematics to logic; and (3) an attack on the classical conception of mathematics as the science of number and quantity (e.g. the idea that mathematics deals primarily with discrete and continuous magnitude as represented by algebra and geometry). This last is also the burden of Whitehead's article on mathematics contributed a little later to the eleventh edition of the Encyclopedia Britannica. Lowe summarizes the consequences thus: "The identification of mathematical meaning with logical implications... liberates mathematics from confinement within certain frontiers of fact, and gives it, in theory, free rein in the realm of possibility." (Ib., 131.)

The bearing of this conception of mathematics on the topic of this paper is strikingly brought out in one of the conversations related by Lucien Price. He reports Whitehead as saying:

The educated people who have been brought up as Protestants and then embraced Catholicism--as a few did in the 1920's and 1930's...strike me as people who have read history without understanding it, or else as people who do not know history. No one who had ever meditated on the meaning of historic events would knowingly so retrogress. Stagnation of thought is one of the pitfalls of mankind. It is easier to grasp from the history of mathematics than from history of theology. Mathematics is the study of possibilities. (Dial., 313.)

Though the date of this conversation is some forty years later than the decade under consideration here, surely he is speaking from his own long experience. He had been exploring conversion to the Roman Catholic Church at the same time he was writing his Universal Algebra--and at the same time the foundations of physics were being profoundly modified. No certitude was to be found in either religion or mathematical physics; not only so, but both emerged the better for it. Mathematics, especially, in becoming the exploration of possibilities was revolutionized. The claim of the Church that its faith was, in the familiar phrase of Vincent of Lerins "quod semper, et ubique, et ab omnibus creditum est" represented a static ideal which was inherently unrealizable and undesirable if it could be realized.

Not only was this accent on possibilities a reinforcement of Whitehead's abandonment of the "quest for certainty" but it is the basis for his later concept of the primordial nature of God. Sheer unbounded possibility can produce nothing.

In introducing the concept of God in Science and the Modern World (Chapter XI) he asserts that actuality must be conceived as "in essential relation to an unfathomable possibility." (SMW, 251.) As a further element in the situation there is required a principle of limitation, composed of conditions, particularizations, and standards of values." (SMW, 256.) This becomes in Process and Reality the Primordial Nature of God.

In this sense mathematics is the source of the problem for which God is the solution, though this does not mean that Whitehead makes God

to be a mathematician (as did his pupil, the astronomer Sir James Jeans).

WHITEHEAD'S AGNOSTICISM

The immediate effect of the failure to convert to Catholicism, and the loss of any expectation of achieving certitude was to leave Whitehead in some sense agnostic. There are two bits of testimony bearing on this point.

The first is E. A. Whittaker's report in his obituary notice of Whitehead that for a time "he became an outspoken and even a polemical agnostic." (Lowe, 231-232.) This is confirmed by a letter of Russell's to Victor Lowe in which he says: "Throughout the time I knew him well--that is to say, roughly from 1898 to 1910--he was definitely agnostic." (Ib., 232.)

The other bit of information seems at first sight to be in conflict with this reported agnosticism. Norman Pittinger says: "We have been told that in his years in Cambridge, England, Whitehead attended church with fair regularity. It is said that he went to a so-called 'high' parish, amusing evidence for which is found in Process and Reality, where he mentions incense as a typical religious symbol, evocative of feeling tones which mysteriously communicate profound truth." (Pittinger, 52, 53.)

However, we can hardly set aside the testimony of Whitaker and Russell. It is clear and unambiguous. Both men were in a position to know whereof they spoke, especially Russell, who during the work of Principia Mathematica was for extended periods an intimate member of the Whitehead household, and says that they discussed everything under the sun. (Lowe, 8.)

The argument that agnosticism is inconsistent with the fact that he continued to attend church is countered by three facts: (1) Whitehead's appreciation of the subjective effects of worship. He told Price (Dial., 159.) the most impressive services he remembered were a low mass in Germany and one of a series of morning devotions at the Quaker center at Woodbrooke, England, where he gave a lecture. There could not be much in common between these except the subjective effect. (2) Such behavior was not unique. George Romanes, the physiologist, was a publicly acknowledged agnostic but continued to attend church. (Turner, 147.) (3) Also, the question was argued among churchmen whether agnostics should be encouraged to go to church. Presumably this was not a purely hypothetical question. (Chadwick, v.II, p. 127.)

The term agnostic does not have a simple, unambiguous connotation, but Whitehead had certainly come to the point of denying the possibility of the kind of knowledge that orthodox Christians claimed. He also continued to deny until the end of his life certain positions which agnostics denied, and for the same reasons, especially the doctrine of God as the all-wise, all-powerful creator, perfect in goodness. It is interesting to compare Whitehead's statement to Price on November 11, 1947--hardly more than a month before Whitehead's death--with a passage from Leslie Stephen's An Agnostic's Apology. Whitehead says: "An all foreseeing creator who could have made the world as we find it now--what could we think of such a being? Foreseeing everything, yet putting into it all sorts of imperfections to redeem which it was necessary to send his only son into the world to suffer tortures and hideous death; outrageous ideas." (Dial., 370-71.)

Some fifty years earlier Stephen had written, in a book which it seems likely Whitehead would have read, "When this deity ['the Almighty Chief Justice'] is promoted to be the absolute creator of the universe, when he has made the beings whom he tortures, it is obvious, to put it mildly, that his justice must be understood in a non-rational sense. To reconcile

the theory of a 'Moral order of the Universe' with the theory of an omnipotent creator who dooms his failures to eternal torment, is a problem I leave to the theologians." (Stephen, 121.) There is an obvious difference between the two statements, but the basic feeling is the same.

This moral objection to traditional theism is one of the basic roots of Whitehead's agnosticism, and his later theism undertakes to avoid it.

SUMMARY

I have called the last decade of the 19th century a significant decade in Whitehead's career, in which emerged interests and problems which continued with him for the rest of his life. All of them had a bearing on his religious ideas.

His marriage helped preserve his unusual balance between the scientific and the humanistic aspects of reality. His extensive exploration of classical Christian theology left him critical of such doctrines as the divine omnipotence in general, and the doctrine of creatio ex nihilo in particular, and the doctrine of original sin.

This decade also saw the dawn of ideas which developed, in the way characteristic of his mental operations, over the next thirty or more years. He became an agnostic not simply in doubting certain traditional doctrines, but in the fundamental sense that he doubted the possibility of attaining certainty in such matters. Where Whitehead differed from other agnostics was in denying that any ultimate certainty could be reached even by the methods of the sciences. What he found necessary and possible was an ever-growing adequacy of understanding, based on what he came to call speculative philosophy.

Contributing to this was his growing recognition that mathematics was not essentially "the science of discrete and continuous magnitude," but that it is an exploration of possibility, rather than the surest key to actuality. As such it played an important role in his later vision of the primordial nature of God.

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MARGARET CROWNFIELD

AUTUMN HAIKU

Up toward the stars
Our plane soared, while down below
Stars clustered in towns.

With clear cries, stirring,
Like sounds of distant trumpets
The wild geese fly south.

BEE IN THE WINDOW

He cannot see around the sash, and so
the only way he tries to go
is up and out. Does he know
escape lies just an inch or so below?
Is there anxiety or torment
in his Existential Predicament?
Some fear of being
or non-being?
Or is the solution dependent
on his natural equipment?
I must not second-guess Creation;
he is a marvel of concentration.
Eventually,
from sheer exhaustion, he
will drop onto the
ledge and fly away indignantly--
proving once again the theory
that for a Methodist bee
salvation is completely free
or that--contrarily--
for a Presbyterian bee
what is to be will be.

TIME AND OVERTIME

The minutes melt in the heat of my hands--
long and short.
Loose the unicorn. The horn is wound
at midnight for Rosh Hashanah.
Celestial lights hung days and nights
and aeons wander.
Chimes strike out of time with London
and with Naval Observatory.
How shall I know when to sleep
and when to make love?
I shall get moon-burn and star-struck
and sun-dust in my eyes.
Let me to the marriage of all minds
admit impediments.
Love is still the tyrant
or the furnace.
A choice of hells can be
a luxury.
What is the hand writing
on the wall?

T H E V I S I T

For Thomas Wolfe

You really can't go home again.
Home is not there; it could not stay.
The rumbling behemoths have had their way.
The longleaf pines, the paths beneath them,
 pushed into oblivion.
The sandy, shady wagon road sleeping
 under black bitumen.
The faces, voices, hands I knew gone the way
 of all flesh--silently.
The L-shaped weatherboarded house only
 a somber memory.
All is level and white and green
 and unfamiliar.
Even then I should have known that all things
 good and bad come and go--
But never home! For wherever I would go
 home was always there to come to.
Now I know the rest:
All that is left is what I took with me.

A N N E S H O P E : THE FRIENDS ASSOCIATION FOR HIGHER EDUCATION

A concern held by Quaker educators for strengthening Quaker values in higher education led to a conference on the Wilmington College campus, Ohio, June 22-27, 1980. There this concern was explored by fourteen workshop groups and various aspects of the theme were addressed by the three major speakers, Landrum Bolling, Thomas S. Brown and Charles Browning. It was at the close of this conference that approval was given for the formation of the Friends Association for Higher Education.

Most of the sixteen Quaker institutions of higher education were represented. Fifteen persons were there from Guilford College, the institution with the largest representation. George Fox College, Newberg, Oregon; Whittier College, California; Wilmington College, Ohio; and Earlham College, Richmond, Indiana each had from six to eight representatives.

In summarizing the conference, Theodor Benfey, Dana Professor of Chemistry at Guilford, stated that the event was the culmination of three strands in Quakerism leading back 300 years or so, that is, right from the beginnings of Quakerism. Some people seem to think that because George Fox denounced Oxford and Cambridge he was not interested in education. That is not so. Almost everywhere he went he encouraged Friends to educate young people properly, but not in the way of Oxford and Cambridge. By 1695, Bristol Meeting was calling on Friends to educate their young people not only to learn to be scholars but Christians also. In the same year, within 50 years of the founding of Quakerism, London Yearly Meeting had a vision of the Society of Friends essentially educating all of England. "See that schools and school masters who are faithful Friends and well qualified, be placed and encouraged in all counties, cities, great towns or places where there may be need. And that such school masters. . . sometimes correspond with one another for their help and improvement in such good and easy methods as are most agreeable to the Truth, and of the children's advantage and benefit." They pointed to an important way we can help each other to find the easy ways of teaching well so that we are not endlessly worn down feeling those enormous demands to teach properly.

That is one strand. The second is Helen Hole's little book on Quaker education, Things Civil and Useful. Helen Hole is a member of the Board of Guilford College, and former Provost of Earlham College. She has been very concerned about the state of Quaker education, its strengths, its very important traditions and the real danger that we might lose them. In her book she says this:

Perhaps the time has come...to form a broad national committee which can provide support and a link with tradition in the Quaker educational world, as the Friends Committee on National Legislation does for political justice.

And then there came a focused personal concern particularly from Charles Browning, sociologist from Whittier College, who had become the sole surviving Quaker on the Whittier faculty, and who called on us not to follow that example. Since he first voiced his concern, one of

the chemists there has become a Friend and much more recently they have found a new president, a Quaker, Eugene Mills. The news that Guilford College has a new Quaker president, was warmly welcomed. But there was also some sobering news. Two Quaker colleges decided to select non-Quaker presidents. One of the concerns of Charles Browning and Canby Jones of Wilmington College was the danger of following the pattern of so many colleges and universities that have severed their connection with their governing religious bodies. This de-Quakerizing of Quaker colleges haunted them and haunts many others. There is a real feeling that if the Quaker schools continue to move in this direction they will lose something tremendously precious and important and become simply more examples of typical liberal arts colleges, with the typical problems they are having these days about survival and finances--and soon. One of our great strengths is the Quaker tradition.

Evident throughout the conference was appreciation for those professors and administrators of other denominations who serve on our Quaker college campuses. Their dedicated work and stressing of Christian values as they teach reflect the shared concern that church-related colleges are fast losing their religious emphasis and are becoming more and more closely aligned with liberal arts colleges.

Landrum Bolling, former president of Earlham College and new Director of the Council on Foundations with offices in Washington, D. C., gave the keynote address on "Distinctive Contributions of Quaker Education." He recognized that:

The future of Quaker colleges is not guaranteed to be easy, but I'm convinced that it remains promising. There is something distinctive about Quaker colleges....

It seems to be an awfully important thing for people to have at some stage in their life, preferably young in their life, certainly in the very formative years of adolescence, membership in the community to be part of something that they can feel a sense of identity with--where they can feel that they are respected, and that they are trusted and they have responsibilities within that community. This, of course, gets back to the question of size. I thank God that we have no big Quaker colleges or big Quaker universities....

I think that one of the thrilling things that has happened, at least in my observation of Quaker education over the last twenty years, has been the development of Peace Studies Programs of one kind or another in many of our Quaker colleges. I know that they are still struggling to establish themselves, to achieve the kind of identity that they want, to get the support that they need, and to have the status within the academic pecking order that they don't get perhaps, but whatever the difficulties, whatever the barriers to full acceptance and development, I think it is nonetheless true that these Peace Studies, these interdisciplinary Peace Studies programs have tremendous potential. They say something about the Quaker view of education in one sense and they say something else about the Quaker view of the importance of peace-making....

The second peace-making issue, the racial conflict, we've been struggling with for a long time. We've made a lot of progress in dealing with it, but it isn't solved, and we still

have very grave racial conflicts....

The third is the women's revolution, and it's not yet won. A lot of tensions have developed in our society as women have become more aware of their desires and rights. Now, fortunately Quakers have been way out in front in this, way out in front in terms of respect between the sexes, but nationwide and worldwide the women's revolution is there and has to be dealt with in a constructive and a conciliatory way. This is important.

Landrum Bolling also dealt with the conflicts between the "haves" and the "have nots" and the need for reconciliation among the religions of the world. He expressed the opinion that "there is a commonality among the great religions of the world that ought to be explored." In conclusion he stated that:

I think the Quaker colleges have a great future. The limitation will not be resources, it will not be bodies, it will not be money; it will be imagination and dedication. If there is imagination along with dedication, the great mission the Quaker education institutions have can be realized for our communities, for our students, for our meetings, for the world.

Charles Browning, professor of sociology at Whittier College, shared his concern for "Strengthening Quaker Higher Education" and presented the need to reestablish Friends colleges on their original Quaker-Christian basis. He traced the history of church-related colleges to the current status of Quaker Higher Education, stating that:

The general pattern which appears to be emerging as denominations and colleges seek to come back together is described as "a new mature relationship" in which the colleges will be "able to give to, as well as receive support from the churches," thus achieving an "interdependence," a "partnership," that goes far beyond mere mutual freedom....

The most formidable frontiers, which we face today are spiritual, and the breakthroughs we seek are spiritual. Surely, we have enough light by now to move forward with this important work.

Let's walk in the light--together--directed and empowered by the Father, Son, and Holy Spirit.

During one evening session, Thomas S. Brown, former Executive Director of the Friends Council on Education, traced "The Religious Roots of Quaker Education." The four theses that he developed were:

- 1) The essential roots of Quaker Education both historic and current are decidedly Christian.
- 2) These roots must be continually nourished by worship, study, work and playfulness within the teaching-learning community.
- 3) The fruit should not be the training of wielders of power, but the preparing of effective servant-leaders.
- 4) Trustees must be determined to make that institution an outstanding seedbed of servant-leaders as they themselves must be working models of such.

In the spring issue of the Guilford Review we read the words of Hiram Hilty, in the editor's note, on religious roots.

In our secular age it is easy to forget that higher education is deeply rooted in the church. The religious tradition is the matrix from which western learning sprang, with due credit to the Greek sources, which were themselves acculturated by the church. Guilford

College was born in and nurtured by a religious community. The relationship between the scholar and the guardians of religious tradition has not always been an easy one, although in our case we have been less restricted by theological dogma than is sometimes the case in church-related colleges. Yet, we have our own latent dogma, if you wish, a pro-human, 'tender' view that gives us a dedicated preference for the road that leads toward The City of God.

The founding of the Friends Association for Higher Education is an attempt by modern day Quaker educators to put into practice the concern of George Fox "to bring all persons to the Teacher within themselves."



C O N T R I B U T O R S

KATHRYNN A. ADAMS began teaching psychology at Guilford this September. She received her Ph.D. from the University of Alabama and has taught at Wake Forest and at Birmingham-Southern College. Her research interests span the social-developmental area of psychology, including such topics as sex and race differences in dominance behavior, the social and cognitive development of toddlers, fatherhood, learned helplessness in children, and spouse abuse. Her work on dominance behavior has appeared in Sex Roles and the Journal of Personality and Social Psychology. Her husband, Robert Doolittle, is serving as college physician.

EDWARD F. BURROWS taught history at Guilford from 1948 to 1979. He graduated from Washington and Lee summa cum laude, and received his master's from Duke and his doctorate from the University of Wisconsin. After a time in prison as a draft resistor, he worked with the Race Relations Institute at Fisk University. In 1967-68 he spent his study leave working in Asian and African studies, traveling extensively in Africa, Asia, and the Middle East. He was active in the development of Guilford's Non-Western Studies program, and in interdisciplinary studies. He took early retirement in 1979, and is currently writing his memoirs, baking bread, gardening, swimming--all while still remaining active in ACLU, Amnesty International, and the Guilford Faculty Development Council. And "loving every minute of the freedom of being unprogrammed." As for family, he has shared his home on Arcadia with 45 "sons" and one "daughter" over the years.

FREDERIC R. CROWNFIELD served as Professor of Biblical Literature and Religion from 1948 to 1971, and was named Craven Professor in 1967. He graduated from the College of the City of New York and the New Church Theological School, and received his S.T.M. and Ph.D. from Harvard University. During his time at Guilford he taught mathematics, astronomy, natural science, and Greek, as well as religion and philosophy. His articles have appeared in the Journal of Biblical Literature, Religion and Life, and the Journal of Religion, and his book A Historical Approach to the New Testament was published in 1960 by Harper & Bros. He is presently at work on a book dealing with religion in the philosophy of Alfred North Whitehead.

MARGARET E. CROWNFIELD was secretary to President Clyde A. Milner at Guilford from 1948 until 1965. She received her A.B. from Tufts and served as secretary to the editor of The New Church Messenger, and briefly at Pendle Hill. In 1926 she married Frederic Crownfield. Their three sons are a professor of physics, a professor of religion and philosophy, and a communications engineer. Margaret's book reviews, skits, plays, and poems have appeared in newspapers and Friends' publications.

HIRAM H. HILTY taught foreign languages at Guilford from 1948 to 1978. He graduated from Bluffton College in Ohio, took his B.D. from Hartford Theological Seminary, and received the Ph.D. from Duke University in history. His dissertation, now being considered for publication, was on "North Carolina Quakers and Slavery." He has served as pastor of a Friends meeting, on the American Friends Board of Missions in Cuba, and on the board of the American

Friends Service Committee. His articles have appeared in The American Friend, Friends Journal, Quaker Life and other publications, and his book Friends in Cuba was published in 1977. He has translated works of Spanish Literature and served as president of the Greensboro Writers Club. He and his wife Janet have participated in many service projects for AFSC, Friends World Committee for Consultation, and Friends United Meeting. They have three daughters.

CHARITY JAMES teaches part time in the Religious Studies Department of Guilford. Born in England, she read Greats at Oxford and did graduate work at Radcliffe College, the University of Glasgow, and Cambridge University. She taught at London University for some ten years. She served as director of the Goldsmiths' Curriculum Laboratory in London, and was co-founder of what is now the Scottish National Ballet. In 1970 she came to teach at Boston University, and the next year received a Ford Foundation study award. She has published many articles on educational theory and practice, as well as two books on the education of adolescents: Young Lives at Stake (1968) and Beyond Culture: An Educator's Journey. She is now an education consultant and teacher of Siddha meditation.

LEE JOHNSON is a new member of the English Department. He graduated magna cum laude from Tulane, having spent his junior year at the Sorbonne. He attended Stanford graduate school on a Woodrow Wilson Fellowship and received his Ph.D. in English and Comparative Literature in 1970, after spending 1968 in Paris on a Fulbright. He has taught at Albuquerque Academy, the University of Albuquerque, and the University of New Mexico. His book, The Metaphor of Painting: Essays on Baudelaire, Ruskin, Proust, and Pater, will appear in December. He is currently working on a book on Henry James, from which the article included here has been adapted. He and his wife Alice have two children.

MARY ELIZABETH "EBBIE" KENT taught in the Department of Religion at Guilford for several years during the 1940's and continued to be part of the Guilford community through her husband Daryl, former dean and teacher of philosophy. She graduated from the College of Wooster, received her B.D. from Hartford Seminary, and did further study in art and art education at Columbia University. She has done counseling and clerical work with various social and religious organizations, specializing in religious education. Her drawings have appeared in past issues of the Guilford Review and in other publications. The Kents have three children.

HARVEY LJUNG came to Guilford in 1931 as Professor of Chemistry and taught until his retirement in 1973. He also served as Academic Dean for a period of seventeen years. He received his B.S., M.S., and Ph.D. in chemistry from the University of North Carolina at Chapel Hill, and taught for brief periods at Chapel Hill and at Georgia Tech. After his retirement he worked in a pathology laboratory in Savannah, and now is a chemical consultant in Greensboro. He and his wife, Maxine, a former teacher of music at Guilford, have three daughters.

ALGIE I. NEWLIN was chairman of the Department of History and Political Science from 1924 to 1966. He had received his A.B. from Guilford, his master's from Haverford, and his doctorate from the University of Geneva

in Switzerland. He also did graduate study at Johns Hopkins, Columbia, and the Universities of California, Wisconsin, and Michigan. Before coming to Guilford he taught history and coached football and baseball at Burlington High School, and taught history and political science at Pacific College. His historical studies include: The Arbitration Policy of the U. S. Since 1920, The Newlin Family, The Battle of Lindley's Mill, and The Battle of New Garden. He continues to research the lives of Quaker families and communities in North Carolina. Algie and his wife Eva now live in Friends Homes. They have two children: James Newlin, Business Manager of Guilford College, and Jo Newlin Poole.

JOHN MOSES PIPKIN taught in the Department of Religion from 1963 to 1979. He came to Guilford after fifteen years in the Quaker ministry, and was the first graduate of the Guilford master's program in religion. As a member of the Friends World Committee, he traveled in East Africa, Europe, and England. He has been active in the North Carolina Poetry Society, presenting readings in many communities, and publishing frequently. His books of poetry include: Half-A-Love (1970) and Half-After Love (1976). He has three daughters.

WILLIAM ROGERS took up the presidency of Guilford College this year. He graduated magna cum laude from Kalamazoo College, received his B.D. magna cum laude from Chicago Theological Seminary, and his Ph.D. from the University of Chicago. He held Danforth and Blatchford fellowships and was awarded an honorary M.A. by Harvard University. At Earlham College he taught psychology and religion and served as Director of Student Counseling and Associate Dean. He taught pastoral counseling, psychology, and religion in the Divinity and Education Schools of Harvard. He has contributed many articles to professional journals, and his books include: The Alienated Student (1969) and Project Listening (1974). His wife, Beverley, is a specialist in childhood education. They have three children.

ANNE SHOPE is co-director, with her husband Nathaniel Shope, of the Friends Association for Higher Education, now located on the Guilford campus. She graduated from Guilford College and received her master's from the University of North Carolina at Chapel Hill. She has taught at all levels from kindergarten to college (Appalachian State University) and has been active in professional and social organizations. Nathaniel Shope is Professor Emeritus of Appalachian State University. They have two children.

JAY VAN TASSELL is Visiting Assistant Professor of Geology at Guilford. He graduated from Bowdoin College and received his M.S. from the University of Wisconsin. His Ph.D. was awarded through a cooperative program of Duke and Emory Universities. His studies have included oceanographic cruises in the Gulf of Mexico, the Northwest Atlantic, the Caribbean, and the Mediterranean. He has presented papers on the Silver Abyssal Plain study from which the present articles comes, and other related subjects. His article on granite weathering appeared in the Journal of Geology recently. He hopes to start a wrestling club at Guilford this winter.

